MEMORIES:

An Autobiography

WALTER MACFARREN

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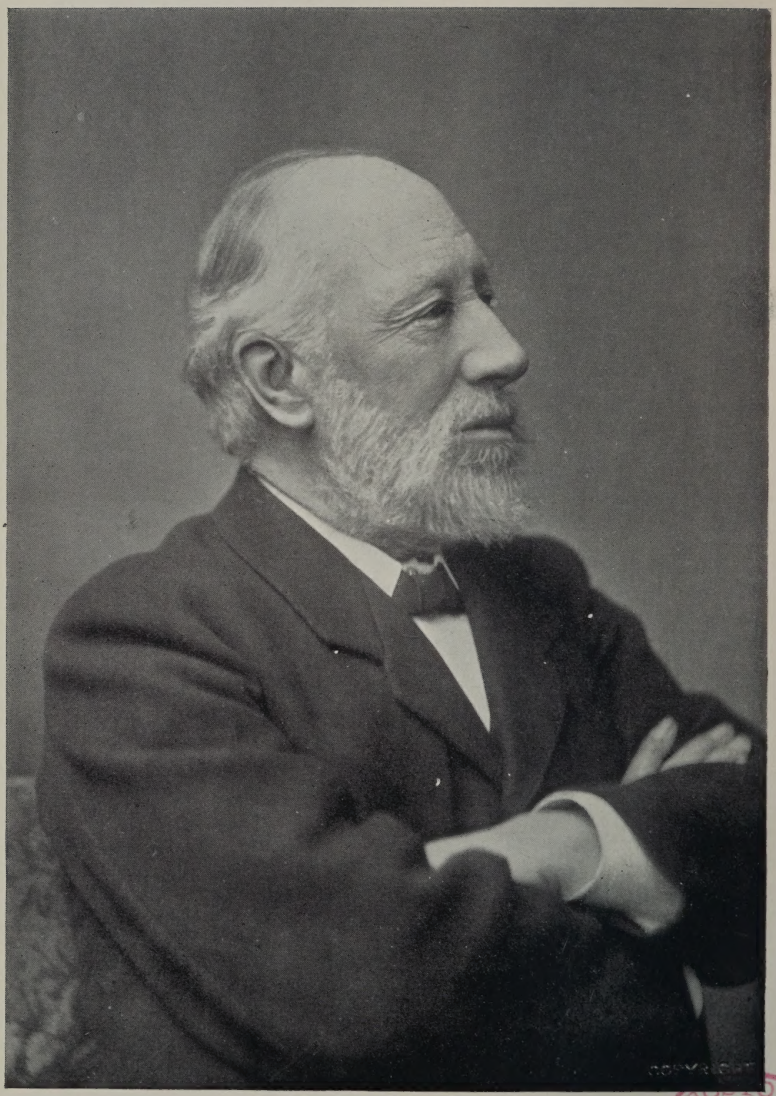

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William Macpherson

MEMORIES:

An Autobiography

BY

WALTER MACFARREN,

F.R.A.M.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Memories: An Autobiography.

CHAPTER I.

1826-36.

Birth—Parentage—Earliest recollections—Family traditions—Father's literary taste and dramatic aspirations — Failure of father's theatrical speculation and consequent ruin—Various dwelling-places—Frederick Goodall, R.A.—Wellington House Academy—John Hullah—W. H. Holmes—J. W. Davison—Chorister at Westminster Abbey.

Upwards of three-quarters of a century's experience has convinced me that this world of ours is not rightly described as a "vale of tears"; for while admitting that Life is fraught with manifold cares, anxieties, and some bitter disappointments, is it not redeemed from this lachrymal description by untold joys, bright hopes, and the sympathy of "troops of friends"?

It is due to the oft-repeated and urgent solicitation of my intimates, and the invitation of my publishers, that I have undertaken to set down the chief incidents of my career, and

the varied experiences of a life prolonged considerably beyond the limit assigned to Man by the Psalmist.

There is one, not unimportant, "memory" in connection with my life which I cannot recall; but, according to the family Bible, which records the event with commendable precision, my birth took place on Monday, the 28th day of August, 1826, at five minutes past eight in the evening; so that I cannot be said to have first seen the *light* until the following morning; and this circumstance may perhaps account for my partiality for late hours, for, if I ever picked up the worm, it was certainly not as the "early bird." Although I do not remember any of the circumstances connected with my entrance into the world, I have been told on reliable authority that it occurred at the same house (24 Villiers Street, Strand) where, thirteen and a half years before, my eldest brother, George Alexander, was born. The eldest and the youngest of the family, both destined to follow music, came on the scene in the same abode; while my other brothers and sisters were born in different localities. These were:—Eliza (1814), who died on the first anniversary of her birth; John (1818-1901), a gifted water-colour artist, who lost his sight in early manhood, and was thus prevented from following his profession; my beloved sister Ellen (1821), who has been for many years and until very recently my right-hand;

and Basil (1824-37), a promising young musician cut off in the prime of his youth. The selection of Walter as my first name was doubtless due to the enormous popularity of Sir Walter Scott at the period of my birth, and the second name, Cecil, I derived from my godmother, Cecilia Dolan.

Villiers Street is one of a cluster of streets off the Strand, built on the site of the palace of that Duke of Buckingham who perished miserably by the hand of the assassin Felton in the year 1628. George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street perpetuate his memory. In the Duke's day the Thames was really a silvery stream, and the noblemen whose palaces adorned its banks had each their barge, wherein they made pleasant excursions up and down the river, a custom that prevailed until a much later date. Handel composed his Water Music to propitiate George the First on one of these aquatic excursions. The beautiful water-gate, designed for the Duke by Inigo Jones, which is still extant, marks the spot whence his stately barge emerged from his palace. This water-gate stands near the end of Buckingham Street, and a terrace was approached from Villiers Street by a flight of steps. My sister and I well remember in our childhood's days that this terrace, overlooking the river and commanding a view of Inigo Jones's gate, was our favourite walk, and we used there to meet and play

with the children of Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., who resided in Buckingham Street. I have said that Inigo Jones's work still remains, and although surrounded by many imposing edifices, it is still discernible; but what a change has taken place in its vicinity since my early childhood!—the Thames Embankment, the South-Eastern Terminus and Bridge across the river, the new Westminster Bridge close by, and the adjacent imposing Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament—all have appeared since that period.

Many people have imagined that because I have a "Mac" in my name I must necessarily be of Scottish origin. Well, all I can say is, that the descent on the paternal side is very remote, as I know that my father and his father were both born in London, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. There is, however, a tradition that the name was originally Macfarlane, and that an ancestor concerned in the '45 rebellion found it convenient to change his patronymic, and to turn his face southwards. The Scottish origin was much nearer on my mother's side, her father—whose name, by-the-bye, was Jackson—hailing from Glasgow. My grandfather Jackson's cousin, Major Jackson, and his son, Colonel (then Lieutenant) Jackson, were both on the field of Waterloo, and met there under remarkable circumstances. The Major (who was, I believe, in command of the lumber-train) observed

a young staff-officer riding at full speed, when his horse was shot under him; and on the latter appealing to the Major for his mount, as he was bearing important despatches, father and son mutually recognised one another. Few words passed, and they separated, not to meet again for some years, as Major Jackson, after the battle, returned to England, while his son went with the victorious army to Paris, and afterwards to St. Helena, in Sir Hudson Lowe's suite. Colonel Jackson, every inch the soldier and the gentleman, was one of the last surviving Waterloo officers, and he died at Ross in Herefordshire (whither he had retired) in 1889, at the advanced age of ninety-four.

My father, George Macfarren (1788-1843), was educated at Archbishop Tenison's School in Castle Street East, Leicester Square, and amongst his notable schoolfellows was the great tragedian Edmund Kean, and Liston, the original "Paul Pry," was one of the ushers. Subsequently he was articled to the once celebrated Mr. Bishop, Court dancing-master; but, although devoted by his profession to the Muse Terpsichore, my father's real enthusiasm was for Thalia and Melpomene, and he wrote a considerable number of dramatic works, which were produced at Drury Lane, the Surrey, and other theatres. These included *Malvina*, *Gil Blas*, and *Oberon* (founded, like Weber's opera, on the poem of Wieland) at the larger house, and

many successful farces, and the drama of *Guy Fawkes* (which is, I believe, occasionally performed now) at the smaller ones. My father also wrote the libretto of my brother G. A. Macfarren's two earliest operas, and his strong poetic instinct is, I

GEORGE MACFARREN.

think, happily manifested in the following extract from a poem dated "Midnight," on the day of my birth :—

"Receive, O God, my prayers
For honour, joy, and genius to my boy;

And howsoe'er Thou shalt dispose his mind—
To arts, to arms, to learning, or to trade—
Make him an upright man, a faithful friend,
A tender heart with an unbending spirit,
A pious soul without hypocrisy;—
Thus wilt Thou bless my son, and blessing him,
Give Heaven to all around him!"

My father's love of the drama culminated in theatrical speculation, and he took that house in Tottenham Street (designated the "Queen's," in compliment to Queen Adelaide), in which some thirty years later, under the title of "The Prince of Wales's," the Bancrofts had such a vastly different experience. It was in the month of February 1831 that he opened with a dramatic version of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., painted the drop-scene, and there were efficient principals, chorus, and orchestra, Cipriani Potter being the conductor. At this time I was a little four-and-a-half-year-old chap, and having caught up "Acis's" air:

ELIZABETH MACFARREN.

"Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct my way, kind genius of the mountain,"

I was eternally singing it about the house, and I believe this was the earliest indication I gave of a feeling for music. *Acis and Galatea* had some success, but nothing else prospered, and even the appearance of my father's old schoolfellow, Edmund Kean, and of Mesdames Glover, Nesbitt, Humby, and other popular favourites, failed to draw money to the unlucky theatre. In less than two years its doors were closed, and its unfortunate manager had to play hide-and-seek for some time, then make acquaintance with the King's Bench, bankruptcy, and general ruin.

It was at this time that Mr. Lejeune (father of Henry Lejeune, A.R.A., who only recently joined the majority), an intimate friend of my father's, on leaving the house where the latter was secreted, was arrested and lodged in Whitecross Street for the night, in the belief that they had collared my father, for which mistake the sheriffs had to pay dearly. The family now, under very altered circumstances, migrated to a little one-storeyed house in Spring Place, Paddington, immediately adjacent to where now stand the terminus of the Great Western Railway, Eastbourne, Westbourne, and Gloucester Terraces, and all that vast district

now known as Tyburnia, none of which existed in 1832. Opposite our little domicile in Spring Place, as far as the eye could see, were only gravel pits and waste land. However, although this was a time of privation, I must admit that the year we passed in this humble abode was to me a very jolly one, by reason of its freedom from lessons, and many hours' play in the open air with my brother Basil; it also included the important incident of my *first learning my notes.*

In the autumn of the following year (1833) we removed to a more commodious dwelling in Crescent Place (now Mornington Place, Mornington Crescent), in which there were two houses, ours being No. 2. This dwelling was separated only by the garden in the rear from Grove Cottage, the abode of Edward Goodall, the well-known engraver of J. M. W. Turner's illustrations of Campbell's poems, and other works of the like character. Mr. Goodall, most accomplished of engravers and genial of men, was the father of an artistic family, his eldest son Edward and his youngest son Walter becoming well-known water-colour painters, and another son, Frederick, having by his genius and consummate skill rendered the name of Goodall familiar all over the world. I remember very well the future R.A. (four years my senior) evincing in those early days that natural gift for the art of which

he became afterwards so perfect a master, and the delight I had in witnessing at an evening party in Grove Cottage the performance of *The Dragon of Wantley* in a toy theatre, the scenes and characters (including "The Dragon!") being the work of his budding genius. At that time the three houses to which I have referred stood alone, the site of Albert Street and Mornington Road being occupied by an extensive nursery-garden. I well remember also the commencement of the London and Birmingham (now L. and N. W.) Railway, and the deep cutting to Chalk Farm, upon which an army of navvies was employed within an easy stone's-throw of our house. I now went (a little urchin under eight years) to Wellington House Academy in the Hampstead Road, that same school immortalised by the fact of Charles Dickens having been some ten years earlier one of its *alumni*. A Mr. Jones was the head-master of this establishment; but as far as I can remember he took no share in imparting knowledge to his numerous pupils, but devoted himself exclusively to that which in those days was regarded as all-important—the exercise of the ferule, in which he indulged in season, and out of season, with fiendish joy. A Mr. Scott and a Mr. Stanley, his ushers, were capable and kindly masters. Wellington House, its schoolroom, and its extensive playground (where I learned to use my juvenile fists), have all been absorbed by the L. and N. W. Railway, whose

voracious appetite seems to know no bounds, whole streets having recently been demolished in this neighbourhood to satisfy its craving, like Oliver Twist's, for "more." I may here record my distinct recollection of the burning of the Houses of Parliament in 1834, and my sitting up late into the night observing the flames, which were visible even from that distant point of view. During the two years passed at this day-school, I was cultivating music at home, learning to play the pianoforte, and especially to sing, for it would seem that I was developing a voice, and I remember being taken to the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music, to exhibit that juvenile organ, when he condescended to pat me on the head. The late John Hullah (the apostle of the Mainzer system of sight-singing), W. H. Holmes (a brilliant pianist), and J. W. Davison (the afterwards famous musical critic of the *Times*) were *habitués* of our house at this period, and I recollect singing to the first-named, and to his satisfaction, his song, "The Cold Hand of Sorrow;" and the last-named took some part in my musical instruction. I was certainly ambitious at this time of being thought a musical composer, for I was in the habit of writing numerous imaginary title-pages of concertos, sonatas, etc., by myself, never dreaming that in years to come my name would appear so frequently in that character. In 1836 we removed

to No. 9 Camden Street (a house since demolished), and shortly after its occupation I was admitted a chorister in Westminster Abbey, and as this event formed an important epoch in my career, it fitly closes this chapter.

CHAPTER II.

1836-42.

Abbey experiences and associates—Minor Canons and Vicars-Choral—Death of William IV. and coronation of Queen Victoria—Duke of Cambridge and Sir Robert Peel—King's College Chapel—Passion for sister art of drawing—Experiment in commerce—First meeting with Mendelssohn—Duke of Wellington and Charles Lucas—Sir John Rogers, Hawes, and Tom Cooke—First appearance at R.A.M., 1837—Student in October 1842—Theatrical experiences.

From the days when I first donned the surplice, and became a very humble member of the ecclesiastical institution hight Westminster Abbey, I entered upon an entirely new phase of my existence. Hitherto tied to my mother's apron-strings, I now, barely ten years of age, was suddenly thrown on my own resources, and became a very small man of the world; for be it known there was no school or home for the choir-boys in those days, and I had frequently to trudge twice a day backwards and forwards between Camden Town and the Abbey, and besides ofttimes to a City dinner in the evening. Dr. Ireland (whom we rarely saw) was Dean at this time, and Lord John Thynne (an amiable and earnest clergyman) Sub-Dean. James Turle (1800-80) was the organist and choirmaster,

and to him was entrusted the musical education (such as it was) of the boys; general education there was none. The minor canons were two reverend gentlemen named respectively Repton and Butterworth, whose method of intoning was in curious contrast, the former being the most rapid, and the latter the slowest I have ever known. We youngsters greatly rejoiced in the former gentleman's month of office, for we then left the Abbey at least twenty minutes sooner than when the latter was on duty. The Lay-Clerks, or Vicars-Choral as they are now called, whom I best remember included J. W. Hobbs, a little man with a shiny face like a Ribston pippin, who was a really charming vocalist and a source of great attraction, the congregation being very large when his month was on, and he was likely to sing "Comfort ye" and "Every Valley," or Martin Luther's hymn. Mr. Hobbs, I may mention, was the composer of "Phyllis is my Only Joy," and other popular songs of the period, and his daughter is the wife of the accomplished Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, Dr. W. H. Cummings. Others of these singing gentlemen whom I remember were J. B. Sale, the late Queen's vocal instructor in her girlhood; Young, an eminent alto, who used to sing "Oh thou that tellest," and "He was despised," at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, before the contralto voice was in vogue; and Lloyd, the father

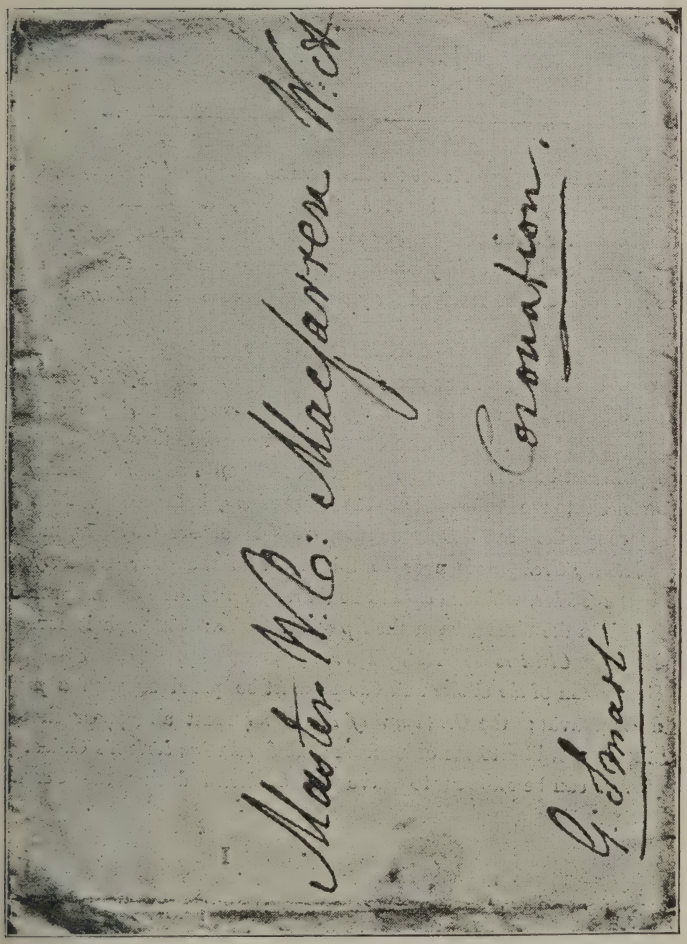
of the retired eminent singer, Edward Lloyd. These Vicars-Choral were also choristers at the Chapel Royal; and as the Abbey service commenced at ten, and the St. James's function at twelve o'clock, they were enabled to hold dual engagements; so at the end of the Communion service they trooped out from the former in a manner as unusual as it was indecorous. Of my own associates, two only, boys named Herring and Brain, I believe, are still extant. The only other names of my schoolfellows worth recording are James Howe, an excellent singer, who retained his boy's voice to the age of twenty-one; and William and James Coward, the last-named for many years, and until his death, the skilled organist of the Crystal Palace. In my day there were but ten boys and nominally six men in the Abbey choir; I say *nominally*, because of the latter there were frequently on week-days only three, two, or even one, who put in an appearance. At the present time there is a competent choir of men and boys, and the latter are brought up as young gentlemen; they are housed, fed, and educated; they are not permitted to accept outside engagements, and their personal chastisement is strictly prohibited. Further than this, the musical training of the boys in the hands of the present accomplished organist and choirmaster, Sir Frederick Bridge, is thorough, and this gentleman is a real friend to the little fellows

under his control, who regard him with sincere affection. Surely I am justified, then, in saying that the present contrasts favourably with the slip-shod state of things which existed formerly!

The first incident of importance after I joined the choir was the death of William IV., which occurred on June 20th, 1837, and which, I am ashamed to say, was not the occasion of unmitigated grief to us Abbey boys, music being dispensed with for some months during the preparation for the Coronation of Queen Victoria, which commenced long before the occurrence of that august event, thus occasioning the dismantling of the choir. Service was held on Sundays, however, and in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where, there being no organ, Mr. Turle used to give us the key on a long wooden pitch-pipe, which produced a very ludicrous effect. The facsimile, on opposite page, of the wrapper which enclosed my ticket of admission, received from Sir George Smart, the director of the music at the Coronation, was a source of great pride to the little boy concerned, and may perhaps be read with amusement by some of his friends at the present day.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria was not a brief function, for, although the actual ceremony did not commence until noon, the vocalists and instrumentalists engaged had to be in the orchestra at 8 A.M., and were not released until 4 P.M. Long as

these hours were, however, everything was so new and so enthralling that they passed with me like a



dream; and although I will not attempt to describe the varied incidents of that memorable day—they

have been delineated by far abler pens than mine—I must place on record my deep impression of the central figure, the cynosure of all eyes, on that 28th day of June 1838. The fair and slight young form of the Queen still dwells in my memory, and I shall never forget the combined grace and dignity of her bearing throughout that long and trying ordeal.

I should here record the successful production, in the month of August 1838, of my brother's first opera at the then styled "English Opera House," but more recently the Lyceum Theatre. Although this work was called *The Devil's Opera*, I ought to say, lest this title should shock the ears of the susceptible, that it had nothing whatever to do with the gentleman with the cloven hoof.

My Abbey days comprise some incidents of which I was at that time reasonably proud; for instance, when at a City dinner at which the Duke of Cambridge (father of the recently deceased fine old soldier) presided, his Royal Highness called me up and presented me with half-a-sovereign to mark his approbation of my singing of Arne's "Where the Bee sucks"; and again, when the great Sir Robert Peel noticed me, walked at my side on two or three occasions after service in the Abbey, and on turning off to his residence in Whitehall tipped me with half-crowns, a circumstance which, I have no doubt, at the time weighed with me even more than the

honour of being accosted by the great statesman. My engagements as a vocalist, apart from the Abbey, comprised, besides many City dinners, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Festival of Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's, the "Ancient" and "Vocal" Concerts, and the dinners of the old Madrigal Society. *Apropos* of the "Ancient" Concerts, I have been told the following amusing anecdote respecting the great Duke of Wellington, by the late Charles Lucas, who for many years was the conductor of these functions. It should be premised that the directors of the "Ancient" Concerts were noblemen and gentlemen of exalted rank, who took it in turn to select the programmes, it being a rule that no work should be included in the scheme the author of which had not been dead at least twenty years. Well, it came to the great Duke's turn to select a programme, so he sent for Mr. Lucas and addressed him in the following terms: "As I know nothing at all about music, you must arrange this affair for me; but my father, the Earl of Mornington, was, I have heard, something of a composer, and as he has been dead more than twenty years, it would show respect for his memory if I were to include something of his in my programme." He then astonished the conductor by saying that he had understood his father once composed a chant! To which Mr. Lucas replied, "That is true, your Grace; but we can do

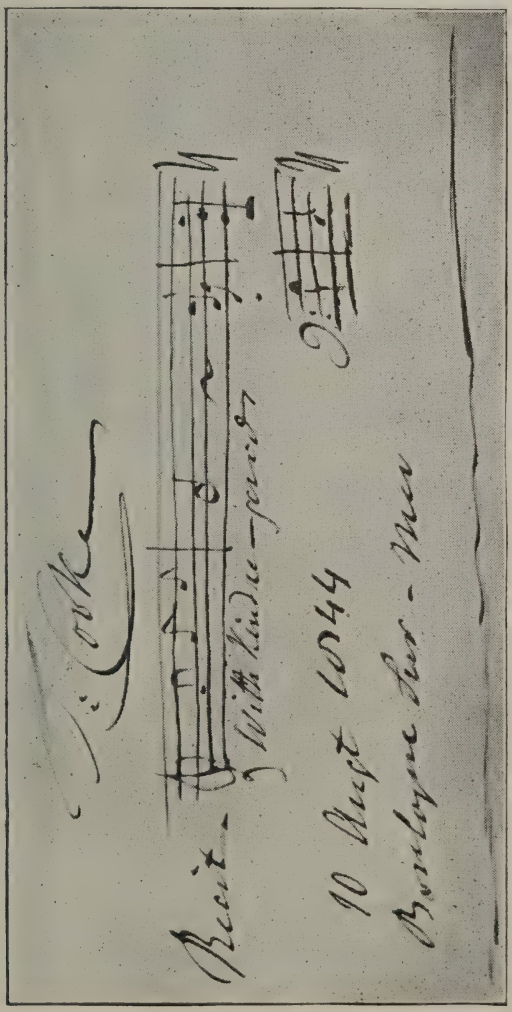
better than that, for we can have the Earl's melodious glee, 'Here in Cool Grot.'"

An anecdote in connection with the Madrigal Society, of which Sir John Rogers was the president, is also worth recording. At one of the dinners of this fine old Society, the president in the chair, Mr. Hawes (master of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's boys) on his right, and genial Tom Cooke (composer of "Strike the Lyre" and other well-known glees) on his left, the former observed: "My voice, Sir John, is a remarkable one, for I can not only sing very high, but I can sing very low!" "Yes," interposed the witty Tom Cooke, "and also very middling!" The humorous autograph opposite was written when I met its author at Boulogne.

My Abbey days came to an end in 1841, owing to the failure of the higher notes of my voice, which, like that of the famous Edward Lloyd, never broke, but gradually got lower. For about a year after I left Westminster I was engaged as alto at King's College Chapel, Somerset House, where I met with an intimate friend of after-years in the person of the late W. H. Monk, editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

From early days I had the habit of scribbling faces and figures on every scrap of paper I could get hold of, and this habit grew now into a passionate desire to follow the sister art of painting, and to abandon music. With this view, I was per-

mitted to join a night academy, which stood on the



AUTOGRAPH OF TOM COOKE.

site of the present Empire Theatre in Leicester Square, where, under the guidance of a Monsieur

de Mouchet as instructor, and Mr. George Foggo as lecturer, I consumed a vast amount of Italian chalk and drawing-paper in the delineation of Venuses, Niobes, Apollos, Ajaxes, and the like. Although I went on with music to some extent, this drawing craze was strong upon me more or less for a couple of years, and it certainly gave me the power of better appreciating the pictorial art, if nothing else.

Towards the end of 1841, there being already two artists in the family, one musical and the other pictorial, my friends thought it advisable that I should turn my attention to some branch of commerce in which my music would come in. With this view I entered, on a three months' trial, the music and musical instrument warehouse of Wright & Son (now Potts & Co.), Brighton. There I attended behind the counter, tried pianofortes for customers in the show-room upstairs, and played accompaniments for singers, amongst whom, I am proud to remember, was the gifted Adelaide Kemble (Madame Sartoris), then at the very zenith of her splendid powers. The winter of 1841-42 was an abnormally severe one. The perpetual colds, chilblains, and drudgery from which I suffered at Brighton disgusted me with commerce, and at the end of my three months' purgatory I returned home and led a purposeless life between music and drawing during several months. I used still to sing amongst the altos in the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic

Society at Exeter Hall. It was at one of these, in April 1842, that I first met Mendelssohn. The concert consisted of anthems and services with organ accompaniment, and Mendelssohn, between the parts, played on the organ Bach's great Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; and on being urged to play a second time, he improvised a Fugue on Handel's so-called "Harmonious Blacksmith," which astonished and delighted every one. I had on this occasion some unimportant part to sing in an anthem, which caused my name to be printed in the programme, and Mendelssohn perceiving this, accosted me, inquiring if I was related to G. A. Macfarren, the composer of the Overture *Chevy Chase*, which he had recently conducted at one of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig. On my informing him that G. A. M. was my brother, he at once seemed to take an interest in me, asked what I was doing, and urged me to lose no time in deciding my future course of life. He, in fact, exercised a very important influence on my subsequent career by his kindness and the earnest tone of his conversation; he also invited me to attend the rehearsal of his 'Scotch' Symphony by the Philharmonic Society in the old Hanover Square Rooms, and I may boast of having been present at the initial trial of that beautiful tone-poem. I retain a vivid impression of his quick, decisive, but ever-patient manner with the band, and the nimble way

in which he would run up the orchestra to show some of the wind instrument players how he wanted particular passages executed. I heard in this year the celebrated Franz Liszt, who greatly astonished me by the power he threw into his transcription of the Overture to *Guillaume Tell*, and, I may add, delighted me also by the delicacy of his touch.

The foregoing circumstances, and my brother George's strong advice, induced me to leave off coquetting between the sister arts, music and painting, and to devote myself henceforward with real energy to the former, for it must be remembered that for some time I had been in the position of Captain Macheath in the *Beggars' Opera*, and could equally with Gay's hero say, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." Having, however, resolved to follow my brother's advice, I, in the month of October 1842, entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student, and this important step, as will be seen subsequently, coloured the whole of my future career.

Before quitting this period of my life I must record some of my theatrical experiences, as, for instance, Lord Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*, in its first run at Covent Garden, with Macready and Helen Faucit (Lady Theodore Martin) as the hero and heroine of that romantic drama; Sheridan Knowles's play *Love*, at Covent Garden, with Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) and Anderson;

Lord Lytton's comedy *Money*, at the Haymarket, with Macready, Helen Faucit, Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed), the elder Farren, Wrench, and other notabilities of the time in the cast. Then there was Macready's revival of *Acis and Galatea* at Drury Lane, to the success of which Stanfield's lovely scenery and novel effects largely contributed. I was also present at the first performance at Covent Garden of Dion Boucicault's comedy *London Assurance*, with the following remarkable cast:—Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Humby, the elder Farren, Bartley, Charles Mathews, Keeley, and other well-known actors of that period; and I retain a vivid recollection of Mrs. Nesbitt and Keeley as Lady Gay and Mr. Adolphus Spanker, and the former's brilliant hunt speech. I also witnessed the performance at Drury Lane of the tragedy of *Othello* for Anderson's benefit, that actor taking the part of the Moor, Macready that of Iago; while Ward impersonated Brabantio; F. Vining, Cassio; Hudson, Rodrigo; Helen Faucit, Desdemona; and Mrs. Warner, Emilia;—a cast, I fancy, it would be difficult to equal in the present day. Old Astley's Theatre, too, was at the summit of its glory in my early days, and in the sixpenny gallery, on many occasions, I witnessed the mimic *Battle of Waterloo*, with Gomersall as Napoleon Bonaparte, whom he resembled to a nicety. Astley, it is recorded, chid

a horn-player at rehearsal for not playing, and was met with the answer that he (the performer) "had fifty bars *tacet;*" upon which Astley indignantly replied: "Get out, sir; I don't pay you eighteen shillings a week to be *tacet!*" Alas! Ducrow, the horses, the circus, and all the glories of that whilom unique establishment have passed away, and Astley's mantle has fallen upon the present Hippodrome.

CHAPTER III.

1842-46.

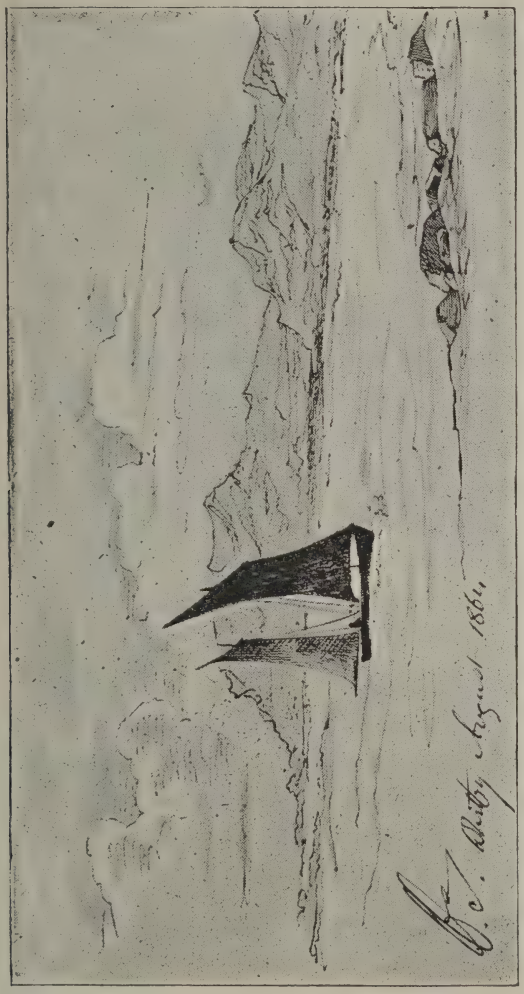
Academy studentship—*Début* as pianist—Earliest compositions—Concerts of G. A. M. and J. W. Davison—Mendelssohn—Ernst—W. L. Leitch—J. W. Davison's Séances—Jessie Morris (Mrs. Kuhe) first pupil—Society of British Musicians—Sonata in C sharp minor and J. W. Davison's criticism—Southampton adventure.

My first appearance at the Royal Academy of Music was under singular circumstances. In the month of June 1837, the male students gave an entertainment to their lady associates and the professors, which they called "a farce concert," when the boys were attired in the costume of George II.—knee-breeches, bag-wigs, and all; and needing two sopranos to fill the characters of lady vocalists, they enlisted the services of the younger brothers of two of their number. In this way, young Richards became Madame Molly-brownie (Malibran), and young Walter Macfarren, disguised in his sister's frock and a coal-black wig of curls, became Signora Pastorale (Pasta). We comported ourselves in our novel characters so as to elicit roars of laughter from the assembly of professors, their wives, and the lady students.

Walter Macfarren

When in 1842 I became a student at the Royal Academy of Music there were indoor as well as outdoor students, male and female; and all told they numbered probably about eighty, and of these the boys were in a majority. At the present time there are no indoor students; the number averages between five and six hundred, and the females are in a majority of at least six to one. The pianoforte was my principal study, and my professor, W. H. Holmes; harmony and composition I took with my brother, G. A. Macfarren, and Cipriani Potter. I also attempted the violin and viola, and was considered very great on the latter instrument when I had a holding note on the open string C. Amongst my fellow-students was Kate Loder, who was twice elected King's Scholar, and whose great talent gained for her a distinguished position in the profession, her amiable character endearing her to a large circle of friends. This accomplished pianist, after playing repeatedly at the Philharmonic Concerts and elsewhere, retired from public life after her marriage with the late eminent surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., but retained to the last all her old interest in the art of which she was so distinguished a mistress, and her recent demise on August 30th, 1904, was a source of deep regret to every one, including myself. Sir Henry Thompson was also an artist, as the sketch on the opposite page will testify. John Thomas (Pencerdd

Gwalia) was another of my fellow-students in



PEN-AND-INK SKETCH FROM MY ALBUM, BY SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

the Academy, with whom I have continued on intimate terms to this day. It is almost unneces-

sary for me to add that this gentleman, by his great talent and indomitable industry, has raised himself to the very summit of his particular branch of the profession, for he is not only harpist to the King, but also *facile princeps*, the greatest performer on his instrument of the present generation. The Christmas report of my doings by the then Principal, Cipriani Potter, recorded the gratifying fact that he "was much pleased with Master W. C. Macfarren's progress in the short time that he had been a student."

The year 1843 was to me a very important one, as in the month of March I made my *début* as a pianist at one of the Chamber Concerts given by G. A. Macfarren and J. W. Davison. These concerts, by-the-bye, were really the forerunners of the numerous concerts of similar character, including Monday and Saturday "Pops.," which subsequently took so strong a hold of musical London. In this initial performance I was associated with my master, W. H. Holmes, in Mozart's Duet for two pianofortes. A facetious reporter in the *Morning Post* stated that Master Walter Macfarren (I had then attained sixteen and a half years) "favoured the audience by taking his lesson in public!" My first published composition was, at the instance of J. W. Davison, inserted in *D'Almaine's Album*, and consisted of a setting of Burns's "To Mary in Heaven," and this was

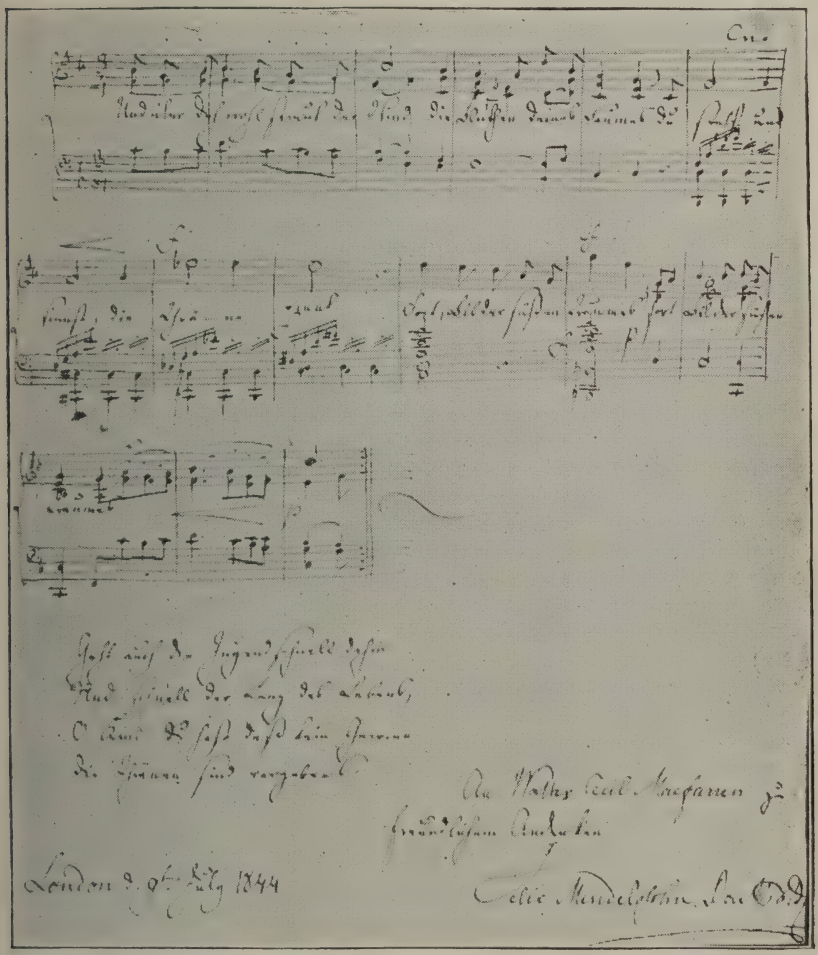
followed by a pianoforte piece, entitled "Vivace," dedicated to my master, W. H. Holmes. Subsequently, in this year, I had considerable success in a setting of Lord Byron's words from the *Hebrew Melodies*, "I saw thee weep," which was sung very much by both sopranos and tenors. In the month of June of this year I played at an Academy concert, in the old Hanover Square Rooms, a Trio in C minor of my own composition, a fact which I well remember was recorded in the *Morning Herald* (now *Standard*) in the following friendly phrase:—"This young composer is evidently possessed of much *æsthetical* feeling." I must not omit to record in this year the first performance of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, at which I was present; and although the work is not one of a very exalted type, yet it possesses enduring qualities, which have caused its continued popularity to this day—why, it was only while writing these words that I heard "Then you'll remember me," ground on a street-organ! It was my pleasing duty (?), some years later, to arrange the whole opera for piano solo.

The year 1844 was one of still greater significance to me, for in that year I renewed my acquaintance with the master-musician, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who conducted six of the Philharmonic Concerts, and was consequently in London during several months. As he was a frequent visitor to my brother, with whom I then

resided, and to J. W. Davison, who was our opposite neighbour in Berners Street, I saw a great deal of the composer of *Elijah*, played to him and submitted to him my juvenile attempts at composition. I not only admired his brilliant gifts and accomplishments, but his truly modest and amiable character, and grew to love him and look up to him as an elder brother. I think it was due to my intimacy with Mendelssohn that I set up an autographic album, for he promised to write in it something expressly for myself; but this was deferred from time to time until the very eve of his departure from London, and hearing that he was to be at Cramer's House in Regent Street at a particular hour, I waylaid him, book under arm. He at once perceived me, and putting his arm round my neck, said: "I have not forgotten my promise and have something in my mind for you; give me your book and call upon me to-morrow morning at Mr. Klingemann's house in Eaton Place to say good-bye, and I will have it ready for you." On the following morning I received the book from him neatly tied up in paper cover, together with affectionate adieux, and it was not until I reached home that I found, to my great delight, that a whole page of the album was filled with a little song and an inscription in which my name is associated with that of the great composer, a miniature facsimile of which is here reproduced.

First Contribution to my Album

About this time we were very intimate with that charming water-colour painter, W. L. Leitch,



who was the late Queen's instructor in that delightful art, and frequently had the honour of

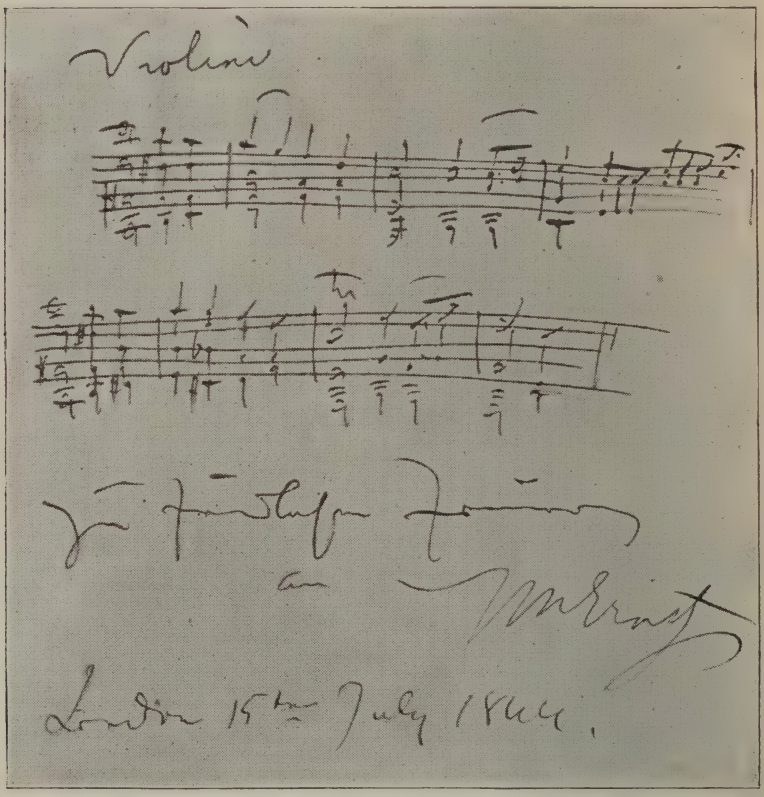
attending her Majesty in her open-air sketching expeditions in Scotland. Leitch had been scene-painter to my father at the Queen's Theatre, and although no musician, he was an ardent lover of music—more particularly of the works of Mozart. He would sit for hours by my side if I would only play the compositions of his idol; then on leaving me he would exclaim: "Ah! when I hear such music as that I could lie down on the floor and kick up my heels like a donkey!" On requesting Leitch to draw some trifle in my album he readily assented, seized pen and ink, and opening the book at the first page, in the course of half-an-hour or so produced an elaborate frame, and then remarked: "We must now have a picture for the frame," and after another half-hour's work, a beautiful Italian landscape appeared, in which "Apollo playing to the three Graces" is the prominent feature. This impromptu pen-and-ink sketch is so charming and so interesting that I am sure my readers will like to make its acquaintance, especially as it forms the frontispiece to the album before mentioned.

Another much-valued autograph, that of H. W. Ernst, the great violinist, is connected in my recollection with the first performance in England of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music at the Philharmonic, and the striking impression it produced. Ernst happened to call on

W. L. Leitch

the following morning, and of course I was ready with my book and happy in catching another big

fish. Judge then, O reader! of my amusement when I found that Ernst had inscribed the first eight bars of the "Wedding March" which had



AUTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT VIOLINIST, H. W. ERNST.

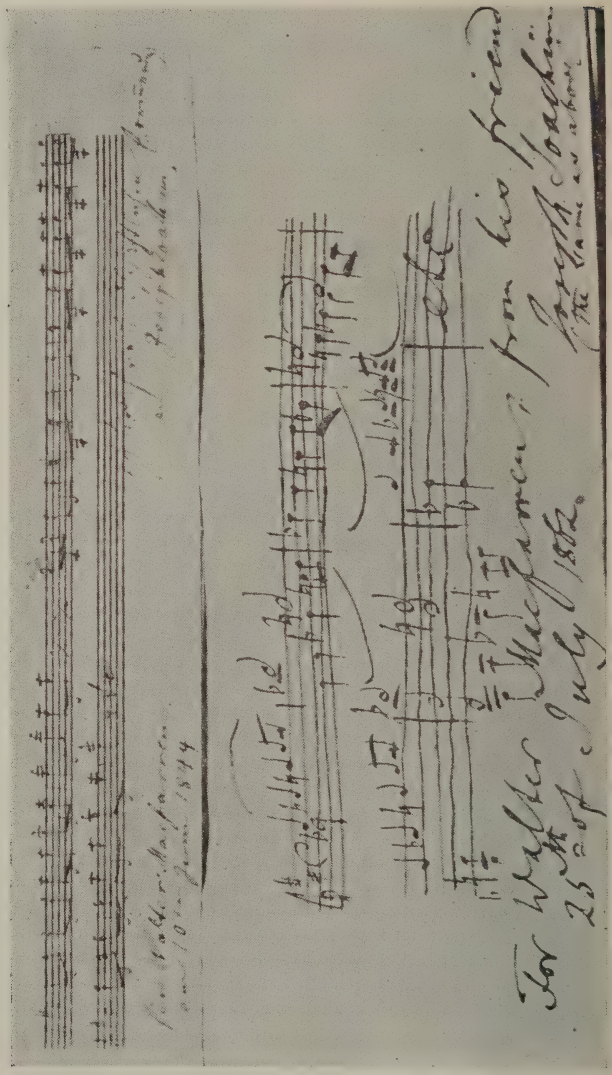
been encored by acclamation the previous night, arranged for one fiddle, a facsimile of which is shown above.

Another great violinist in the person of Joseph

Joseph Joachim

Joachim first came to this country in 1844, a little boy of thirteen summers. He brought letters of introduction to my brother, with whom it will be remembered I was residing at this time, and I saw much of him. We two boys became very intimate, playing much together, while I accompanied him at most of his engagements. On May the 27th Joseph Joachim played at the Philharmonic Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and took the town by storm, his mastery of his instrument, his phrasing and his reading of the work being, if not quite as powerful, quite as artistic and perfect as in later and maturer years. He wrote me a little scrap of the *cadenza* which he composed for that occasion, and eighteen years later, on the same page in my album, he inscribed a passage from the *cadenza* he then introduced, which is particularly significant as showing the growth of his musicianship in the interval, and it will interest his admirers (whose name is legion) to contrast the writing and composition of the boy and the man (p. 38).

When, at the end of the season, Joachim was leaving London, I accompanied him to Claudet's Daguerreotype Studio, at the old Adelaide Gallery in the Strand, for the purpose of sitting for some portraits, a process which was very different from that we experience in these days of photography, for instead of seconds, the patient—or shall I say victim?—had to remain in one position for several

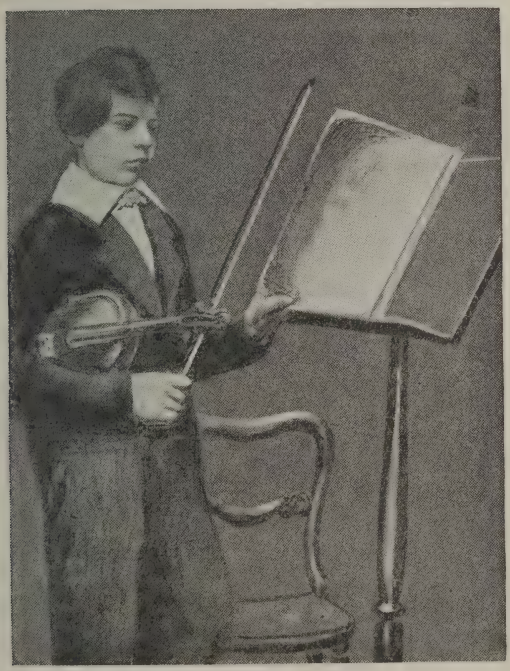


AUTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH JOACHIM, FROM MY ALBUM.

minutes. Joseph Joachim gave me one of these pictures, which, notwithstanding the years that

have elapsed, is still in perfect preservation, and my readers will rejoice at the opportunity of seeing what this great artist was like when he first visited London.

My brother, in conjunction with J. W. Davison,



A PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH JOACHIM AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

gave in this year another series of Chamber Concerts, which took place at the Princess's Concert Room, at the back of the Princess's Theatre, long since disused for musical purposes. At one of these concerts Mendelssohn played his Trio in D minor

(then little known in this country), and it was my privilege to turn the leaves for him. Later in the evening my second attempt at concerted music, a Trio in E minor, formed an item in the programme, and Mendelssohn insisted on fulfilling the same office for me, wittily remarking, "One good *turn* deserves another."

The year 1844 was remarkable on account of the assemblage in London of so many musical artists; for not only were Mendelssohn, Ernst, and Joachim here, but the violinists Sivori and Sainton, Piatti the violoncellist, Leopold de Meyer, and a host of other pianists. These musical stars all courted the favour of the English public, and my old friend and whilom instructor, J. W. Davison, used to hold levées on Sunday mornings in his rooms in Berners Street, on the site now occupied by the great publishing firm of Novello & Co. It should here be mentioned that, although J. W. Davison was not at this time connected with the *Times*, he was the proprietor of the now defunct *Musical World*, and he was likewise the editor of the extinct *Musical Examiner*, a class paper published by Wessel & Co. (now Ashdown), and regarded as a critic of authority and influence. This circumstance may account for the assemblage at these levées of all the musical talent in London. On these occasions Leopold de Meyer was a great star, and his performances excited wonderment by

their astonishing brilliancy, his fluency and alternate power and delicacy being quite as remarkable as any display of virtuosity I have heard in recent years. Smoking was not prohibited at these *séances*, and it was indulged in to such an extent that it soon became difficult to distinguish objects a yard off.

In the latter part of this year (1844) I commenced my career as a teacher, and one of my earliest pupils was Miss Jessie Morris, afterwards Mrs. Wilhelm Kuhe, with whom and her excellent husband I have enjoyed a lifelong friendship, the recent demise of that lady being a source of deep regret to me and her large circle of friends. About this time I was elected a member of the Society of British Musicians, an institution long since defunct, but which for some twenty years rendered active service to young musicians of native growth. On February 13th, 1845, I played at one of the Society's concerts a Sonata in C sharp minor of my own composition, and it not being the custom to play from memory, J. W. Davison turned over the leaves of my manuscript, and the following extract from his remarks upon the occasion, which appeared in the *Musical World* of February 20th, will be read perhaps with some little interest at the present time:—

"We were pleased with the introduction of young Walter Macfarren's Sonata at these *soirées* for more than

one reason. In the first place, it is a work of merit; and in the second place, it is a sonata—a form of composition nowadays almost entirely neglected; albeit the noblest which pianoforte music can assume. An artist courageous enough to compose a sonata, in defiance of the tyranny of fashion, merits every possible encouragement. His labour is purely one of love—gain, in such matters, being altogether out of the question. Nor are his efforts addressed to the secondary object of producing an effect, as the term is—hare-brain fantasias *à la* Liszt serving much better for that purpose. Solely, then, as an artist does he write, and as such, if what he produces contain anything out of the common way, he is entitled to respect and legitimate applause. Moreover, the existence of the sonata for pianoforte solo—under which nomenclature Beethoven, Mozart, Clementi, and Dussek have invented so many masterpieces—hangs upon a thread so slender that, unless all true artists combine to prop it up, nothing can avert its fall; and once down, with the foot of popular caprice upon its neck, it will be hard for it to rise again; only a miracle or a new Beethoven can revive it. Therefore—to make short tale—when we find a youthful aspirant like Walter Macfarren so zealous for the good old forms of art as to labour in the production of a sonata—and a *grand sonata* too, a symphony to all intents and purposes—it should make some of us that are more experienced, if less gifted with natural talent, ashamed to be outdone in wholesome zeal by one of the youngest members of the Society. The Sonata in question, which was played by the composer with the utmost ardour and feeling, if not with absolutely irreproachable mechanism (a quality which our clever young artist has yet to acquire), was received by the audience with unanimous approval. The first movement,

in C sharp minor, *Moderato assai appassionato*, is very long —the themes are developed to the utmost, and the detail minute and elaborate. We find the whole somewhat overspun—too much of one character, and too many recurrences to the same idea; to which we may add a word in disfavour of the passages, which display too much of the plain arpeggio—a frequent shift with composers not thoroughly accomplished in the resources of the instrument they write for. On the other hand, we must adduce on behalf of the young musician a flow of beautiful melody which is unsparingly used, a thorough feeling of rich and uncommon harmony, and a vein of melancholy sentiment which proves how thoroughly unvulgar is the mind whence it emanates. The Scherzo in E major, *Allegro Giojoso*, is less pretensive, but more complete; it is full of vivacity, and introduces a glimpse of quaint, fresh melody in the form of a trio, which wants no argument but its own declaration of its presence in favour of its beauty. The Romance in A flat has some charming bits of melody and some effective points of harmony, but the whole is deficient in continuity, and a constantly-recurring passage, which recalls the slow movement of Beethoven's C minor to the hearer's mind, robs it of its otherwise original feeling. The best part of the Sonata is assuredly the Finale in C sharp minor, *Presto Agitato*, which, but for a redundancy of climax and a passage out of one of Sterndale Bennett's concertos, may, without hesitation, be pronounced masterly."

Later in this year (1845) I played at one of this Society's concerts another Sonata of my own composition, in the key of A, and I must also place on

record the fact of my playing, at the Royal Academy of Music, Sterndale Bennett's Second Concerto in E flat, and also that in the same key by Beethoven, to which J. B. Cramer gave the grotesque title of "The Emperor," a nickname which has stuck to the work ever since. My first orchestral composition, an overture to the romantic subject of "Bluebeard," was played at an Academy concert in this year, and I mention the circumstance because it is connected with my first acquaintance with that admirable artist the late Prosper Sainton, who had just taken up his residence in England, and had been appointed professor and *chef d'attaque* of the Academy Orchestra, in which capacity he led in the performance of "Bluebeard." That acquaintance ripened as years rolled by into one of intimate friendship, and when, in the year 1890, that fine musician and eminent violinist Prosper Sainton passed away, I lost a colleague the memory of whose brotherly affection I shall cherish as long as I live. I do not remember if it was in this year or in 1843 that the great pianist Thalberg was in London during the summer months, but I do distinctly remember playing to him his celebrated study on repeated notes in A minor, in the front drawing-room of the old Hanover Square Rooms, and the eminent virtuoso having his hand on my shoulder, indicating by increased pressure when he wanted a *crescendo*, a *ritardando*, or any of the other *nuances* which give to interpretation its

greatest charm. I was then a mere boy, and knew not nervousness, so perhaps I acquitted myself fairly well. At any rate, at the conclusion of the piece the composer warmly praised me. In the month of October 1845 I went, on the recommendation of Sterndale Bennett, to Southampton, with a view to purchasing the connection there of a professor who had recently died. For three weeks I took up his teaching and his parish organ, but when I ascertained the prohibitive terms on which I was to retain the deceased musician's *clientèle*, I "threw up the sponge" and returned to London and the Royal Academy of Music. While at Southampton I witnessed a performance at the theatre of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* under remarkable circumstances, the orchestra consisting of one capable violinist (the late E. W. Thomas), who sat in the conductor's chair, one cornet, one flute, one double-bass, and drums, and, as well as I can remember, the chorus was on the same scale of magnificence, the principal performers only occasionally in accord with the orchestra, and the *tout ensemble* decidedly more curious than interesting. This Southampton experiment proved that Fate did not destine me for a provincial life, and I concluded that London was henceforward to be the scene of my actions, whether for better or for worse the subsequent chapters of this little history will reveal.

CHAPTER IV.

1846-50.

Associate and Assistant-Professor, R.A.M.—Earl of Westmoreland —Cipriani Potter—W. H. Holmes—Charles Lucas—Sterndale Bennett — Charlotte Helen Dolby — Reverends F. Hamilton and W. W. Cazalet—Production of *Elijah* at Birmingham —Mendelssohn's last visit to this country and performances of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall — Mendelssohn's departure from London—Death of Mendelssohn at Leipsic, November 7th— Full professor at R.A.M.—Organist of Harrow School—French Revolution of 1848—Frederick Chopin—Charles Hallé—Thalberg —Sonata in D for violin and piano—Associate of the Philharmonic —Chartists' fiasco—Visit to Norfolk Broads — Jenny Lind and *Elijah* — Mendelssohn Scholarship — Retirement from Harrow School—Success in Novello's Part-Song Competition.

With the close of the year 1845 also closed the period of my studentship at the Academy; but it was not destined that this should be the end of my connection with my *Alma Mater*, for in January 1846 I was elected an Associate and appointed Assistant-Professor of the institution; and thus commenced a career which has only recently terminated. Before finally quitting my student days, let me say a word or two respecting my pastors and masters. Of the Earl of Westmoreland, President and Founder of the R.A.M., I did not see much at this time, as he was away as Ambassador at the Court of Vienna;

but I must pay homage to the memory of the man by whose exertions the Academy was brought into being, and by whose influence with royalty and aristocracy its fortunes were maintained to the end of his life. Lord Westmoreland delighted to pose as a creator of music, and two operas at least and a mass bear his signature; but I have always had my doubts as to whether these works were exclusively his own. However, let that be. His lordship was a courtly gentleman of the old school, habituated, as was the custom in those days, to the use of strong language, but ever ready to advise and help the *alumni* of his pet child, the R.A.M. Cipriani Potter, the Principal during my student days and for many a year afterwards, and also my master in composition, was not only a fine musician and pianist, but an accomplished linguist and a man of wide reading. He was genial, kindly, and beloved by every one with whom he was brought into contact. A man of ready wit too, as was evidenced when Lord Westmoreland, on entering the concert-room, on a rehearsal day, exclaimed, "Potter, Potter, why do those boys play so loud?" "Because they *are* boys, my lord," was Potter's apt reply.

W. H. Holmes, my pianoforte master, was himself a fine pianist, and really great on variety of touch and tone, and the use of the pedals. He was simple and guileless as a child, addressed everybody

as "sir" (ladies as well as gentlemen), and was so modest that in visiting a great house in his professional capacity, he would ring the servants' bell in his desire not to appear proud to the domestics.

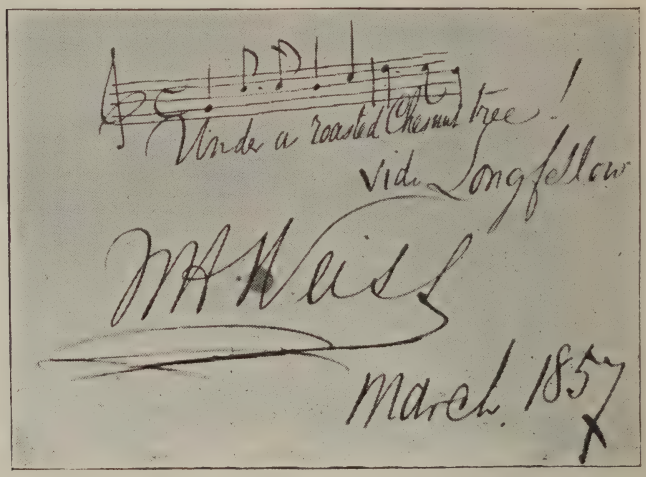
Charles Lucas, the conductor of the choir and orchestra after Potter, and Principal for seven years, was a musician whose sterling worth has, I think, never been fully appreciated, for he was not only the principal violoncellist at the Opera, the Philharmonic, and all the provincial festivals, but he had a fine musical instinct and a marvellous memory, which seemed to grasp in its folds all schools of music alike; moreover, although a little brusque in manner, he was as honest as the day, and a thoroughly trusty friend.

William Sterndale Bennett I knew before entering the Academy as a student, my brother having taken me to him for an expression of his opinion respecting my musical attributes. I very early looked up to him as a model, and although not actually his pupil, I may say without hesitation that he greatly influenced my musical progress. My acquaintance with that delightful vocalist and charming woman, Charlotte Helen Dolby (Madame Sainton), commenced in those student days, and continued throughout her life, during which she and her husband were amongst my best and most intimate

friends, to whom I owe more than I can here adequately acknowledge. In the time of which I am writing there were officers of the Academy who went by the name of Superintendents, and of these the Rev. F. Hamilton and the Rev. W. W. Cazalet deserve special mention. The former was an active little man of very choleric temper and autocratic bearing, who had been a soldier and fought at Waterloo, and subsequently took holy orders. On retiring from the R.A.M. he married a titled lady, whose grief at his loss is recorded on a tombstone in the beautiful and retired little churchyard of Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight. There was in those days a traditional tune known as "Academy March," which it was customary to play on October 22nd, the Rev. F. Hamilton's birthday, and on these occasions the boys played on any instruments they could get hold of, claimed the privilege of invading the ladies' department, and marched up and downstairs, making the air hideous with their cacophony. The other clerical gentleman who officiated as Superintendent was a ponderous and good-natured man who produced a *History of the R.A.M.*, published some forty years ago, and who recorded to me his unique experience as a preacher of the Gospel, which occurred when he was a curate at All Souls' Church, Langham Place. He had prepared his first sermon, and on reaching the pulpit he was so nervous that he could not even give out his

text. He had nothing left but to descend the steps, which he never re-mounted.

My brother's (G. A. Macfarren) productions are so intimately associated with my own career that I make no excuse for mentioning here the initial performance of his second opera, *Don Quixote*, at Drury Lane Theatre, in December 1845, the late



AUTOGRAPH OF THE BARITONE VOCALIST, W. H. WEISS.

W. H. Weiss taking the title-rôle, for which he was perfectly suited by figure and face, as well as by his admirable singing. Weiss humorously refers to his popular song, "The Village Blacksmith," in the autograph. I wrote a "grand" fantasia on *Don Quixote*, which I dedicated to Julius Benedict, from whom I received a most flattering acknowledgment.

The year 1846 was memorable as that in which

Production of "Elijah"

the great oratorio *Elijah* was produced at Birmingham (I believe on my birthday); and although I was not present on that occasion, a fact which I have always regretted, I did attend the preliminary rehearsal in the Hanover Square Rooms, with orchestra and principals, but without chorus. The chief vocalists were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Maria B. Hawes (daughter of that Mr. Hawes alluded to in a former chapter), Mr. Charles Lockey (whose fresh and beautiful tenor voice and artistic singing greatly pleased the composer), and the eminent German basso, Herr Staudigl. Although unable to attend the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham, the glowing account of this remarkable occasion which appeared in the *Times* from the pen of J. W. Davison afforded me ample proof of the enthusiastic reception with which the work was greeted, and it is perhaps hardly necessary to add that Birmingham has shown its exultant pride in having been the scene of this grand work's introduction to the world, by repeating it at every subsequent Festival. Of course, Mendelssohn was occupied from morning till night during his brief stay in London; but the kindly nature of the man was evinced in his recognition of me after an interval of two years, and his ungrudging bestowal of a few minutes to make inquiries concerning my doings since last we met.

With my mother and sister, in this year (1846)

I took up my residence in the then unfinished Albert Street, Mornington Crescent, on the site of that large nursery ground to which I have referred when we were residing in Crescent Place, and there I devoted many hours to earnest study, and submitted to the public several of my early compositions through the medium of the Society of British Musicians. These included a Concerto in B minor and several Overtures.

The dawning of the year 1847 found me making progress as a teacher and a humble votary in the art which has given me bread, and the chief comfort and solace of my life. In this year I came to what is called "man's estate," but I can truly say that the estate was so very small that I have never been able to discover it by the use of the most powerful magnifying-glasses.

Mendelssohn came to this country for the tenth and, alas! the last time, in the year 1847. He was engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society to conduct four performances of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, and there was such a pressure to gain admission to hear this great work that he was induced to prolong his stay in order to conduct a fifth performance. It was on one of these occasions that the late Queen Victoria and her Prince Consort were present, and between the parts the latter wrote on the back of his programme and handed to Mendelssohn the words which have become historical, in which he

likened the composer to Elijah, "true to the best traditions of his art, although surrounded by false prophets." I was present at two of these performances, and heard the oratorio as completely reconstructed and revised by the composer, who was so fastidious that he would not allow his work to be printed until he had heard it in its entirety, and then reconsidered the points that failed to satisfy him. In this way I believe that not only was the trio "Lift thine eyes" an interpolation, but that every number of the work presented some change more or less, and all I can say is that it impressed me in a manner impossible to describe, and that intimate acquaintance with *Elijah*, and every renewed hearing of that noble composition, has still further fixed that initial impression on my mind. At these performances Miss Dolby was the contralto, and Mr. Henry Phillips took the part of the Prophet. Mendelssohn conducted his work at Birmingham and Liverpool during this visit. He also conducted his Symphony in A minor and "Midsummer Night's Dream" music at the Philharmonic, on which occasion he likewise played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G, Costa conducting. I well remember Mendelssohn's wonderful cadences in the first and last movements, and how, on Costa raising his bâton in the expectation that the soloist had nearly finished, the latter gently put up his hand again and again and smil-

ingly shook his head. It was after this remarkable exhibition of virtuosity, and in my hearing, that the late Mr. Bartholomew (the translator of the words of *Elijah*) congratulated him on his fine performance, to which Mendelssohn replied, "I am glad that I did well, as there were two ladies present I particularly wished to please; one was the Queen, and the other Jenny Lind." I had heard Mendelssohn play this same work, which he used to call his *cheval de bataille*, in 1844, when he dispensed with a conductor altogether, and intimated his wishes by the motion of his head, and when his impromptu cadences were equally astonishing. The Society of British Musicians entertained Mendelssohn at a conversazione during this year, when a programme of purely British music was submitted to him, and at its conclusion he sat down at the pianoforte and improvised a brilliant Fantasia on themes he had just before, and for the first time, heard. These themes were respectively a Motet by the late Lovell Phillips, a Scherzo by the late Charles Horsley, and a setting of Metastasio's poem "Ah! non lasciarmi no," for tenor voice, by my brother, G. A. Macfarren. I also recall the almost historical performance of Bach's Triple Concerto in D minor by Thalberg, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn, the latter of whom again amazed all his hearers by his extempore cadence. I saw and heard much of the great musician during this visit, and recollect in

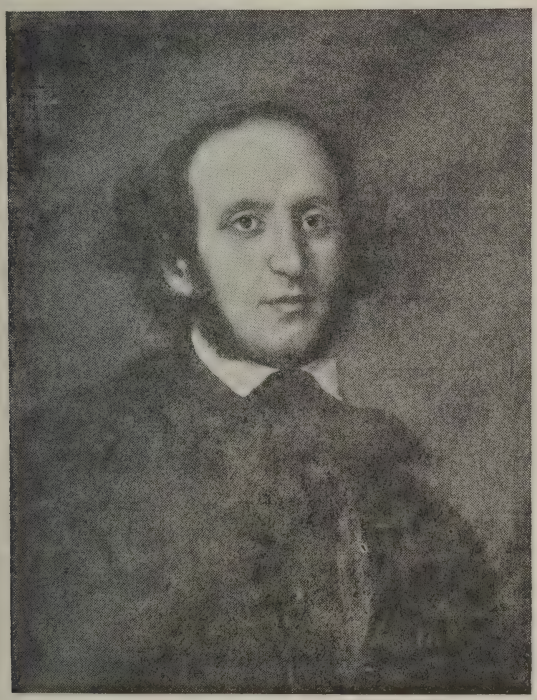
particular one evening when I met him at the house of Mr. Buxton (Ewer & Co.), and heard him play nearly the whole of the "Lieder ohne Wörte," interspersed with remarks which gave to them increased interest. I also met him at the house of Moscheles, No. 3 Chester Place, and heard the two musicians improvise a pianoforte duet, which was received by the assembled guests with shouts of laughter. He left these shores (after a long interview with the Queen and Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace) for the tenth and last time at the end of May. Hearing at Frankfort suddenly of the death of his favourite sister Fanny, he lost consciousness for some hours; and although he somewhat recovered during a subsequent stay in Switzerland, he never entirely got over the shock he had sustained, and breathed his last at Leipsic on the 7th of November, to the unspeakable grief of his friends and relations, and the irreparable loss to the Art of which he was so consummate a master and so brilliant an exemplar.

News did not travel so fast in those days as now; there was no electric telegraph to "put a girdle round the world," as Puck has it, and it was quite two days after the event that I heard of Mendelssohn's death, at a ball given to celebrate the marriage of Mr. David Falcke. When the sad news spread throughout the large room of the Freemasons' Hall, it produced a profound sensation.

I also heard from my brother, who was then in New York, that on its receipt there it was regarded as nothing less than a public calamity. To me, I need hardly add, the passing away of my kind and sympathetic friend was a terrible blow. Many years after, on the death of Bennett, I came into possession of the life-sized portrait of Mendelssohn, by Magnus of Berlin, which had been given by the Mendelssohn family to the English musician on the death of his friend, and which I regard as one of my most interesting and valuable belongings. This portrait of the great composer, with his noble head, large, expressive eyes, and mobile mouth, recalls him vividly to my recollection as I knew him, and as a work of art it is so intrinsically valuable that I shall make no apology to my readers for presenting its facsimile to them in miniature.

The year 1848 was signalised by my promotion to full Professorship of the pianoforte in the Academy, a position I have held uninterruptedly for well-nigh fifty-eight years, in the course of which I have had a vast number of pupils under my care, of some of whom I may speak hereafter. In the month of January in this year I also accepted the position of organist to the Harrow School Chapel at the hands of the late Dr. C. J. Vaughan, who had, I believe, the unique record of having refused three bishoprics, but who, after retiring from Harrow, was successively Vicar of Doncaster,

Master of the Temple, and finally Dean of Llandaff. Dr. Vaughan's suave manner and gentle persuasive alto voice were strangely in contrast to his strong character and power as an organiser and disciplinarian, qualities which, I think I am justified in



FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, BY MAGNUS OF BERLIN.

saying, mainly contributed to restore the fallen fortunes of the Harrow School. The great political event of this year was the French Revolution, which occurred on the 23rd of February, and relegated into obscurity Louis Philippe, the King

of the French, who had been regarded up to this time as the wisest of European monarchs, and who was destined two years subsequently to die an exile in that England where he had formerly made a scanty livelihood by teaching his native tongue. It may be asked, what had the French Revolution to do with me or the art of music in this country? I will endeavour to show how it influenced both. Frederic Chopin, already a sufferer from pulmonary disorder, fled to our shores to escape from the political turmoil in which Paris was involved, with its prominent figures, La Martine, Ledru-Rollin, and General Cavaignac. The advent of the Polish composer and pianist here exercised a very potent influence on musical taste. I was fortunate enough to hear him play on two occasions; and although at the time he was in such a weak and exhausted condition, that he could not mount the stairs at Broadwood's in Great Pulteney Street without the assistance of the late Mr. J. Black, who carried him like a child, yet his performance made a profound impression upon me. This was in the month of May, and I subsequently heard him, on the 23rd of June, in company with the late J. W. Davison, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris. His final appearance in England was at a concert and ball given at the Guildhall in November, for the benefit of Polish refugees, but I was not present on this occasion. It was not so much the perfection

of his technique as the great variety of his touch, embodying every shade of tone, and his exquisite management of what is known as *tempo rubato* that impressed me. Some people entertain the notion that Chopin's music must be always played out of time, whereas nothing is farther from the truth, for in his interpretation of his own music, the subtle distinctions between *rallentando* and *accelerando* were so delicately managed that you never lost the sense of time or rhythm. Frederic Chopin's residence in England and Scotland during several months of an abnormally cold winter did not tend to improve his already shattered health, and he returned to Paris only to die; but he left his mark on the Art, and from comparative obscurity his pianoforte music has by its individuality and refinement come to occupy one of the highest places in popular estimation.

Charles Hallé, who was also destined to exercise considerable influence on the progress of music in this country, sought our shores to escape from the horrors of the Revolution and that dreadful red June which was put down by the strong arm and through rivers of blood by Cavaignac. My first meeting with Hallé was attended by a curious incident; it took place at an evening reception at Bennett's house in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, when, on the host inviting me early in the evening to play, I essayed Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor,

then quite a novelty. Two hours later, on the arrival of Charles Hallé, Bennett requested *him* to take his seat at the pianoforte, when, fresh from Paris and his intimacy with Chopin, he said that he believed we knew nothing of the Polish composer, and that he would introduce one of his works to us, and thereupon played that composer's Scherzo in B flat minor! While thanking Hallé, Bennett remarked: "You must not think we are so benighted as not to know anything of Chopin, for my young friend Walter Macfarren played that same Scherzo two hours ago!"

Thalberg was likewise in London during several months this year (1848), and delighted us all by his wonderful command of the pianoforte, his absolute certainty of execution, and his power of singing on the instrument, which induced his great rival Liszt to say that "Thalberg was the only pianist who could play the violin on the pianoforte." I have recounted before how I made the acquaintance of this Grand Seigneur among pianists, and I am proud to record the fact of his having recommended me to some pupils.

It was in the latter part of this year that my new Sonata in D for pianoforte and violin was played at a concert of the Society of British Musicians by the late Lindsay Sloper and William Watson, and the same work was often subsequently played by myself and Joseph Joachim, with Prosper

Sainton, Henry Holmes, Ludwig Straus, Carrodus, and other distinguished violinists.

In the year 1847 I was elected an Associate of the time-honoured Philharmonic Society, of which Institution I had been a subscriber since 1843—thus having opportunity of making acquaintance with the great orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and other masters, and of studying the varied and beautiful effects to be realised from different orchestral combinations.

The 10th of April in the year 1848 was attended with curious experiences; it was the day on which the Chartists, headed by Feargus O'Connor, were to present their monster petition to the House of Commons, and to force that constitutional body to grant things then thought revolutionary (most of which, by-the-bye, have since been conceded). London was in a state of siege, business at a standstill, the Guards quartered in the Bank of England, and also every male adult, including Prince Louis Napoleon, enlisted as a special constable. The whole thing, however, proved a ludicrous failure, and the Radical incendiaries were for the nonce the laughing-stock of all reasonable people.

The year 1849 contains few memories of public interest, but I think it was from the summer of this year that I first began to take interest in cricket, the game of games. During a prolonged visit in

the County of Norfolk, I learned not only to ride, drive, and fish, but I witnessed and had explained to me many good cricket matches. *Apropos* of the Norfolk Broads, I had a somewhat exciting adventure. With a fellow-visitor it was arranged that we were to drive to one of these inland seas. A boy of twelve, the son of our hostess, entreated his mother to let him accompany us, which she consented to do on condition that we would be responsible for his safety. So we enjoyed our outing and our *al fresco* luncheon, until the twilight, when we rowed our heavy boat or barge about the lake to see what success had attended our baits, and while we two adults took each an oar, the youth stood, rudder in hand, guiding us, but dancing from one side to the other, in order to gain a view of the "liggers" planted in different directions. Judge of our horror, then, when young John over-balanced himself and plumped into deep water! Well, we managed to fish him out, and liggers, pike, and all were then abandoned. Then we pulled as hard as we could to the lodge, where young John was put to bed while his clothes were dried. On our drive home (some fifteen miles) the youth implored us not to reveal to his mother what had happened; but he had not been home ten minutes before he had told her, to our dismay, the whole adventure.

I ought to have recounted the remarkable

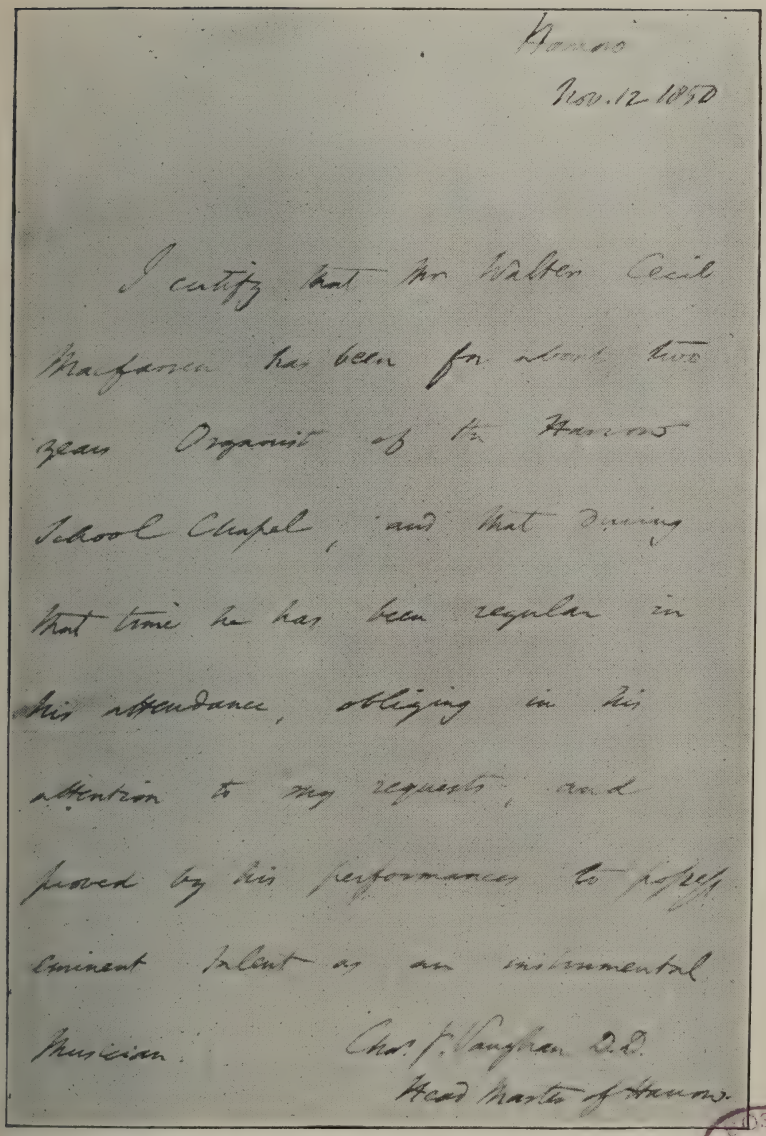
performance of *Elijah*, organised in 1848 by Jenny Lind (afterwards Madame Goldschmidt), the proceeds of which were devoted to the foundation of the Mendelssohn Scholarship, which, however, did not come into operation until 1856, when Arthur Sullivan was its first recipient, and this deeply regretted and admirable musician was succeeded by Swinnerton Heap, William Shakespeare, Frederick Corder, and others, who have since attained distinguished positions in their profession.

In the latter part of the year 1849, I must call to mind the very successful production, at the Princess Theatre, of my brother's opera, *King Charles II.*, with Louisa Pyne, W. Harrison, H. Corri, and W. H. Weiss in the cast; and E. J. Loder, conductor. At the joint benefit of G. A. Macfarren and E. J. Loder (composer of the "Night Dancers") a quartet of mine, entitled "La Bouquetière," for four performers on two pianos, was played, the artists engaged being Julius Benedict, G. A. Osborne, Brinley Richards, and myself. H. R. Allen, the tenor singer, took me to his dressing-room to rouge my cheeks, and my indignation was great when W. Harrison, just before my appearance, pointed out that my cheeks had been adorned with large red lozenges, like unto those of the clown in the pantomime.

My salary as organist at Harrow was not munificent, but as my visits were limited to Sundays

and the vacations were long, £50 a year was not, as things go, a very illiberal stipend; but in the latter part of 1850, Dr. Vaughan increased his demands on my time and sought my attendance on Saints' Days, with which, as I was much occupied in London, I was unable to comply. I therefore resigned the position I had held there for three years, and received a flattering testimonial from the head-master.

Much is said about the progress of musical taste and culture in this country, and a stronger evidence of this truth cannot be educed than the fact I am about to record. When accepting the engagement at Harrow, Dr. Vaughan said that I should surely have pupils amongst the boys, and he repeated this as an inducement to me to continue my services; but, in the course of the three years during which I was organist of Harrow School, I did not have one pupil. The few boys who seemed interested in music, and who visited the organ-loft, would not make a study of music, lest they should be regarded as effeminate by their companions. How different is the state of things, which has happily existed now for many years! for under the late John Farmer and his accomplished successor, my friend, Dr. Eaton Faning, music is made a leading feature of the curriculum. There is an organised choir, an Orchestral and Choral Society, and there are so many pupils for pianoforte and violin that the



Harrow
Nov. 12 1850

I certify that Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren has been for about two years Organist of the Harrow School Chapel, and that during that time he has been regular in his attendance, obliging in his attention to my requests, and proved by his performances to possess eminent talent as an instrumental Musician.

Chas J. Vaughan D.D.
Head Master of Harrow.

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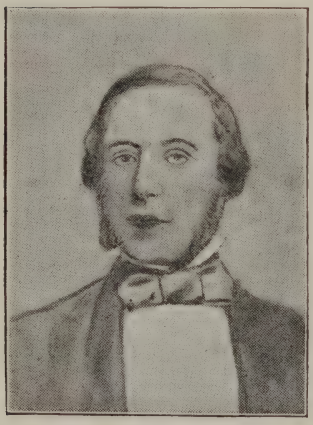
TESTIMONIAL FROM DR. C. J. VAUGHAN, HEAD-MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL, MASTER OF THE TEMPLE, AND DEAN OF LLANDAFF.

services of many assistants are called into requisition. During my time at Harrow there was a master who was singularly absent-minded, and ever mentally engaged in the solution of some abstruse problem. This gentleman had to descend a short flight of stairs to his schoolroom, and some naughty boy, aware of his peculiarity, and that his master always rested his hand on the banisters, placed a quantity of mud thereon. The master did not discover the condition of his hand until seated at his desk, and when he was about to mend a pen (steel pens were not then in vogue). He was naturally very indignant, and exclaimed, "A sovereign for the boy who did this!" No one volunteered to reveal the culprit until, on a repetition of the offer, a very small boy in the first form got up and said, "Please sir, I think *you* had a hand in it!" It is almost needless to say that this little fellow received the just reward of his ready wit, and that he retired to his seat richer by one sovereign than when he left it. Dr. Vaughan's sermons were doubtless eloquent, but they were also lengthy, and many a time in the



WALTER CECIL MACFARREN, AGED 24.

winter evenings he kept me on tenter-hooks lest I should lose my last train, a mile and three-quarters away, on the London and North Western Railway (for there was no other line then), and I was obliged to remain to the end to play the boys out, my postlude often being of the briefest.

In the course of this year (1850), the eminent publishers, Novello & Co., offered twelve monthly premiums for the best settings of words by Mrs. Newton Crosland as Four-part Songs, the competition to be under the usual conditions. My motto for the first was:—

"Go, little book, from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days."

Well, the first, second, and third prizes were awarded to me, the part-songs in question being "Harvest Song," "All among the Barley," and "The Emigrant's Song"; but it was thought better to transfer No. 2 to the late Miss Elizabeth Stirling's setting of the words, to avoid any appearance of collusion; and after I had been fortunate enough to win the third prize, I was requested by the publishers not to compete again. I may add that the "Harvest Song" was frequently performed by Henry Leslie's choir, and attained considerable

popularity. The portrait on page 66 dates from this period, when I was twenty-four years of age. It is an example of Talbot-type, which constituted the link between Daguerreotype and photography. The picture, which was a present to my mother, was stippled up and coloured to represent the appearance of a miniature, and produced at the moderate cost of *five guineas!*

CHAPTER V.

1851-56.

Professional tour — Great Exhibition — *Coup d'État* — Marriage — Frederick Rose—E. G. Monk—Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford—Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley—Abolition of indoor students at R.A.M.—Chamber concerts—F. Goodall, R.A.—Crimean War —Val Goold—Sir Michael Costa—Frederick Westlake—First visit to Edinburgh — Sterndale Bennett as pianist — Madame Schumann—Burning of Covent Garden Theatre.

In the last days of December 1850 and January 1851, I went on a concert tour with a strong party, consisting of Mrs. Alexander Newton, soprano; Martha Williams, contralto; W. H. Weiss, baritone; Richardson, flautist; Piatti, 'cellist; Arabella Goddard, solo pianist (her first tour); and myself, conductor. With such a group of artists, success ought to have been a certainty, but the tour was so badly managed by its *entrepreneur*, Captain Harry Lee-Carter, that it proved a disastrous failure. Although originally laid out for three months, and embracing the principal towns of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland in turn, the tour was broken off at the end of a month, and the engagements in the last three named countries cancelled. We began at Brighton with two concerts, afternoon and evening, and from some unaccountable cause

the former was attended by only seventeen persons, and the latter by thirty-five. We then proceeded to Chichester, the afternoon concert there taking place on December 23rd, and the attendance was in strong contrast to that dismal one by which we had been greeted at the fashionable watering-place, for at Chichester the small concert-room was packed to repletion. At Reading I slept in a damp bed, which caused a chill and subsequent quinsy sore throat which put me in misery throughout the rest of the time, and obliged me to return home before the tour was finally abandoned. It would be tedious to recount the varied incidents of this uncomfortable experience, but I must call attention to one which was more than usually unpleasant. We travelled from Cheltenham all the way to Plymouth, not arriving there until the hour at which the concert was to commence, and put up at an hotel next door to the theatre in which the performance was to take place. While the domestics fed us with sandwiches and helped us to put on our war-paint, we were regaled with the noisy expressions of the audience next door, impatient for the commencement of our performance, and when I add that at this time my poor throat was so bad that I could scarcely speak or swallow, it will readily be admitted that I do not exaggerate in describing this experience as singularly uncomfortable.

The most memorable event of this year was,

of course, the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which brought to London all the world and his wife, and astonished as well as delighted those who were privileged to witness this wonderful storehouse of the richest products of the world. There have been many great Exhibitions since that initial one of 1851, including those of Paris, Vienna, and Chicago, but not one of them excited the universal enthusiasm of the Hyde Park Palace, with its fairy glass-house (due to the genius of Sir Joseph Paxton), its picturesque situation, its marvellous display of manufactures of every description and from all parts of the habitable globe, its Koh-i-noor, its Hiram Power's "Greek Slave," and all the other manifold attractions which roused the envy and excited the emulation of Europe and America. It should be borne in mind that the idea of the Great Exhibition emanated from the Prince Consort, to whose fostering care it owed much of its success. The Exhibition was open from May to November, in the course of which time I visited it frequently, and on one occasion when some young ladies were under my care, in my endeavour to obtain luncheon for them from the crowded refreshment bar, I accosted a seeming waiter, who carried out my instructions to the letter, but who, to my confusion, and the uncontrollable laughter of my companions, when I offered to pay, turned out to be no other than a member of "the cloth." Of course my humble

apologies were tendered to the reverend gentleman, who accepted them with good grace.

Another incident of this year which excited intense astonishment and endless controversy was the *Coup d'État* of the 2nd of December, by which the President, Louis Napoleon, confounded his enemies, and virtually made himself master of the situation, and Emperor of France. It would be unbecoming in one so little versed in politics, and so ignorant of the actual circumstances which led to the *Coup d'État* as myself, to express an opinion as to whether or not it was justifiable; but I cannot refrain from saying that I consider Paris (which in reality means France) owes an immense deal to the strength of character and artistic taste of this very remarkable man. His Boulogne *travestie*, and Ham imprisonment and escape, his residence in London and Brighton, his election as President by a huge majority over Cavaignac, his Empire and subsequent downfall at Sedan, and miserable death in exile at Chislehurst, form a chapter of history with which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

I had from boyhood always played on Broadwood's pianofortes, and had formed friendships with the principals and officials of that eminent firm. My association with John Broadwood & Sons was further increased when I took upon me the responsibility of housekeeping, and shared No. 58 Albert Street with Mr. Frederick Rose, who was then

only an official, but afterwards became a partner in this old-established and honourable house. This took place early in 1852, when I married Julia, the second daughter of H. A. Fanner, a well accredited artist. My first school engagement dates from this year; and although it was not very lucrative, my outgoings were so much more considerable than they had been that it proved a great boon, and the precursor of other and more profitable work of the same description. At this school in the North of London I received—well, no matter what, but it was assuredly a sum which my own pupils nowadays would not think of entertaining. My lessons, four to the hour, were not limited to piano-playing, but (be not horrified, my voice-producing friends of to-day) also singing, and for ten years I was generally occupied on Tuesday and Friday, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M., at this seminary for young ladies. The lady-principal of this establishment had the peculiar and unpleasant habit of never paying an account in full, so that, like a snowball, the amount of her indebtedness to me went on increasing year by year, and in 1862, when she owed me about £200, I was summoned to a meeting of her creditors, and we were, to my amazement, offered a composition of *tenpence* in the pound, and thus the magnificent sum of £8 6s. 8d. constituted the whole of my dividend!

In 1853 I made the acquaintance of Edwin

George Monk (he was not Doctor then), an acquaintance destined to ripen into friendship of the most intimate character. E. G. Monk was at this time organist and choirmaster of St. Peter's College, Radley, where I visited him in the spring of this year, and had the honour and privilege of meeting Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, and of hearing him speak in three distinct characters and with equal impressiveness in all. On the Saturday evening he made an after-dinner speech, when the Warden (Dr. Sewell) proposed his health. On the Sunday he preached in the chapel, and on the Monday, when taking his leave, he made a valedictory address to the boys. The Bishop's eloquent words were perhaps the least noteworthy thing in these discourses. It was his voice, his manner, and the happy way in which he adapted himself to these entirely different situations. The *bonhomie* of the first, the earnestness of the second, and the kindliness of the third being equally remarkable. During this visit to Radley I also met, for the first time, the Reverend Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., an amateur musician of great natural gifts, and a clergyman of the most unselfish character, who devoted his large fortune to the foundation of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, over which excellent institution he presided as Warden until his death in 1889. Some eminent musicians had their training at St. Michael's, including the late Sir John Stainer,

and others connected with Church music; also F. W. Davenport, the well-known Professor of harmony and composition at the R.A.M. My brother, G. A. Macfarren, delivered a lecture on Beethoven during this stay at Radley, which I illustrated on the pianoforte before a distinguished audience. In this year I began an engagement of twenty years duration at a ladies' school at Walthamstow of a very different character to the one I spoke of before, where every Wednesday was devoted to the instruction in pianoforte-playing of a vast number of happy girls, many of whom have turned up again in later years; and I record this circumstance in order that I may mention the name of Mrs. Pechey, the lady who presided over this establishment, and who is one of the sweetest characters I ever met—I repeat that Mrs. Pechey *is*, for I am happy to say that, although an octogenarian, she still lives, and wrote me recently a charming letter.

Let me here recount the circumstance which led to the abolition of indoor students in Tenterden Street. The British Government, fifty years ago, used to proclaim Fast-days on very slight provocation—too much or too little rain, as the case might be—and the Archbishop of Canterbury composed a prayer suitable to the occasion. On these Fast-days the boys who were housed and fed at the Academy were treated to salt-fish. In the early part of this year, there having been an unusual number of Fasts,

and the salt-fish particularly bad and malodoriferous, the boys struck, and led by four of the strongest of their number, they tied the hall-porter in his chair and stormed the larder, bringing up fragments of bacon, cold pudding, eggs, etc. Then, with cans of porter brought from "round the corner" to wash these luxuries down, they made high feast. Swift retribution, however, fell upon the four leaders, who were ignominiously expelled, and Academy boarders at Tenterden Street abolished for ever.

In the year 1854 I gave my first series of Chamber Concerts, which were destined to be annually repeated, with only one exception, until the year 1877. This first series took place in the Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street, and my programmes included the "Waldstein" and the so-called "Appassionata" Sonatas of Beethoven, and that composer's Trio in D; Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor, and Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and the same composer's Trio in D minor and Quartet in B minor; Sterndale Bennett's Trio in A; and G. A. Macfarren's Quintet in G minor, composed expressly for Mr. G. Perkins (Barclay & Perkins), an amateur contra-bassist. In additionto these works, there were of course compositions of my own, including three Sonatas for four hands, which were played by Kate Loder, W. H. Holmes, and Lindsay Sloper respectively, with myself. I have dilated perhaps at undue length on this initial essay

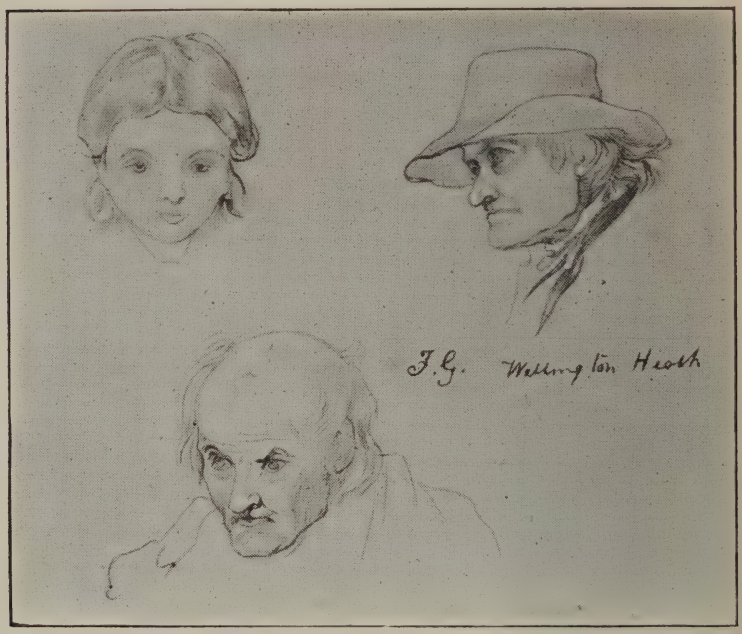
in concert-giving, but I desire to show of what I was capable at this time, and also to give proof that my *menus* differed but little from those of the classical concerts of the present day.

During another visit to Norfolk let me relate how I was discomfited. Although never having had a gun in my hand before, it happened that I was rather successful at a shooting party, and when vainly boasting on my return of my prowess, an old gentleman tried my skill on the lawn by flinging up a half-crown and daring me to spot it. Unluckily for me, it happened to be riddled with shot, for it tempted me to accept a bet that I would hit the same mark nine times out of twelve. Alas! pride had a fall, for I hit the half-crown only twice out of the twelve.

I think it was in this year (1854) that I met again, after long years, my childhood's acquaintance, Frederick Goodall, who by this time had attained to great eminence and was an A.R.A., if not an R.A., and the facsimile of three heads which he kindly contributed to my album, albeit a trifle, shows the complete mastery he had attained over the delineation of the human head and face (p. 78).

It is a matter of history that in this same year commenced that desperate struggle in the Crimea which kept us all in a state of tension for two years, and I have heard from my old friend Val Goold, who was present throughout the whole time, attached to

the staff of General Filder, graphic accounts of the many exciting incidents of that terrible time—the charge of the "Six Hundred" at Balaclava, of which the French remarked, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre;" Inkerman, which has been



PENCIL SKETCHES BY FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., FROM MY ALBUM.

styled "the soldiers' battle," as it was a hand-to-hand engagement and of many hours' duration, and only brought to its close by the arrival of a French contingent under Canrobert, "spick and span," to use my friend's words, "as though they had just turned out of a band-box." Mr. Goold was, I should

mention, Chief-Constable of Somerset for upwards of twenty years, and one of the most genial of men. In conversation he also told me of the awful muddle and horrible sufferings endured throughout this winter and the year 1855 by our brave soldiers, and I myself can recall the tremendous rejoicing and outpouring of feeling on the conclusion of peace in 1856. The universal illuminations, the fireworks on Primrose Hill and elsewhere, the theatres thrown open free to the populace, and each and every individual thanking God in his heart for the termination of that terrible period.

Sir Michael Costa having had a difference with the Philharmonic directors, resigned the conductorship of their concerts, and the governing magnates being at a loss to find a fitting successor to that autocrat of the orchestra, in an unlucky moment invited Richard Wagner to assume the vacant post in 1855. I say unlucky, without any wish to express my own opinion respecting Wagner's powers as a conductor or as a musician; but the appointment was eminently unpopular, and I believe I am right in saying that the season 1855 was financially a failure.

Although I had been teaching for nine years at the R.A.M., I had not been fortunate enough to have in my class any pupil of distinction; but in this year (1855) a lad of fifteen named Frederick Westlake was placed under my care, and though he

did not at once exhibit strong musical gifts, and no great promise of technical excellence, yet I soon found he was possessed of good brains and a cultured mind, for he had been at a first-class school, and had sat at the feet of Professor Tyndall. Well, Fred Westlake remained with me for some seven years, and greatly distinguished himself—became a Professor of the pianoforte in the Academy, and brought out many admirable pupils. I need hardly add that I was very proud of the position he gained, but I may say that he became one of my most intimate friends, and on an occasion to be referred to hereafter, was to me more like a brother than a mere acquaintance.

A memory worth recording is that of my faithful dog Toby. He was a wire-haired terrier with a touch of the "bull" in him; as gentle as a lamb to those whom he trusted, but a dangerous customer to his enemies. Toby was quite a character, and well known to my associates; he would follow me wheresoever I went, and return home alone at my bidding. For instance, I would go on one day to Holloway, and on arriving at my destination order him to return; another day across the Regent's and Hyde Parks to Kensington, when in like manner he would find his way back, generally calling upon members of the family *en route* for contributions. Poor Toby came to an untimely end; he went wrong in his head, and I was obliged to order the "happy

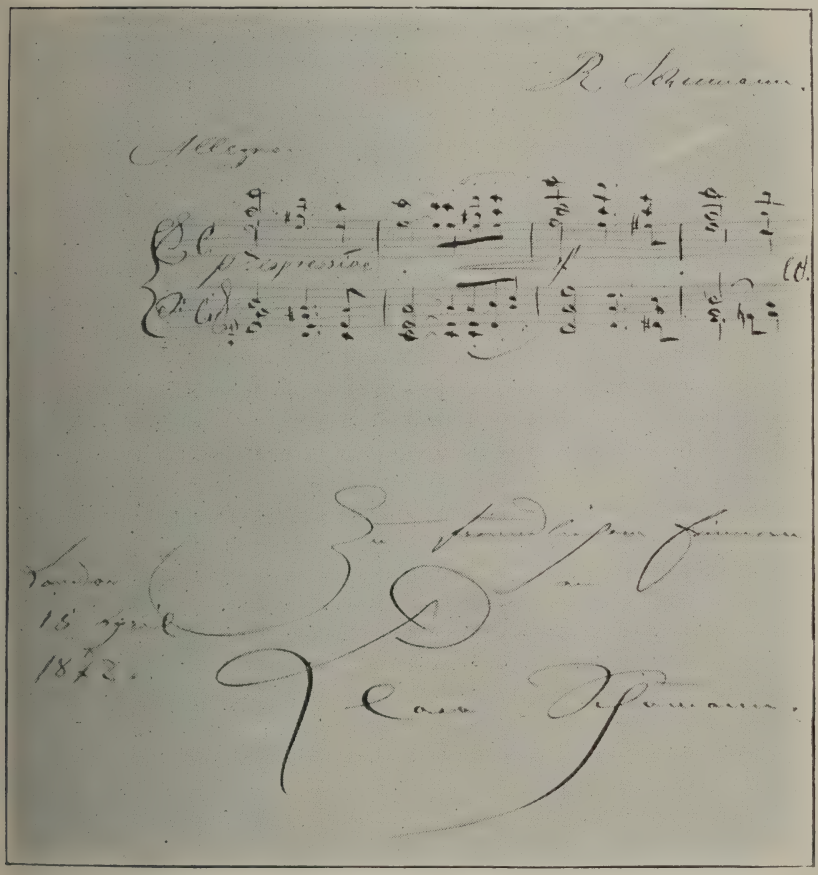
despatch," but at this distance of time I still recall his friendly companionship with satisfaction.

In the year 1856, I for the first time visited what many people still insist on calling my *native* country, and I signalised this visit by taking a severe chill and quinsy sore throat, which laid me up in Edinburgh for some weeks. Having been brought up on homœopathy, I felt it my duty to scour the city in search of a disciple of Hahnemann, whose aid was of no avail until he was urged to resort to allopathic treatment. This forced imprisonment prevented me seeing much of the beauties of the country north of the Tweed at this time; but Edinburgh, with its Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, its Calton Hill, its Castle, and delightful scenery whichsoever way one turned, and with all its deeply interesting historic associations, made an impression upon me which has never been effaced. People seem to think, as I said before, because I have a "Mac" in my name I must of necessity be a Scotsman, and at a dinner of the Scottish University, held in London, the late Sir Eric Ericsson, in proposing my health, claimed me as a fellow-countryman. In reply I disclaimed the compliment, but elicited cheers by asserting that doubtless any success I had had in my profession was due to the circumstance that I was generally regarded as a native of North Britain. On this subject let me record another curious incident which took place at

another Scottish dinner, when my *own* part-song for male voices, the Highland war-song, "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," was set down in the programme as "traditional"!

Sterndale Bennett had promised to play with me a duet for two pianofortes at one of my concerts this year; but he withdrew from the promise, and informed me he never intended to perform in public again—a resolution which he suddenly made in consequence of a snarling newspaper criticism on a recent performance. It is possible that there are very few people living who recollect Sterndale Bennett's playing as I do, and I am therefore glad of the opportunity of placing on record the great pleasure his performances afforded me. To a technique sufficient for all purposes, he added a beautiful touch, a fine tone, and a masterful reading of whatever he attempted; in short, I regarded him as one of the most capable and interesting pianists of the day, and felt that his retirement from public playing at the age of forty, was a very great loss to the Art. One of Bennett's last public performances was when he joined Madame Schumann in the beautiful duet for two pianofortes in B flat (by the husband of this famous pianist), who came to England for the first time this year. Madame Schumann played twice at the Philharmonic—on April 14th, Beethoven's Concerto in E flat and Mendelssohn's "Variations

Sérieuses"; and on the 28th of the same month Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor. She was



AUTOGRAPH OF CLARA SCHUMANN.

not fully appreciated at this time, but she had her revenge in subsequent years. The autograph of this great artist, with a few bars of Robert

Schumann's pianoforte concerto from my album, will be interesting to pianists. That same season of the Philharmonic saw Sterndale Bennett in the conductor's seat, and it was also remarkable for the appearance of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, on June 23rd, in Schumann's Cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, it being the first performance of that work in England.

Covent Garden Theatre was burned down in the early part of this year (1855) after a *bal masque* given by the conjurer who called himself Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North." This deplorable event occasioned the loss of many valuable autograph scores, including that of Weber's *Oberon*.

CHAPTER VI.

1857-62.

Bristol Madrigal Society — Stratford-on-Avon — Indian Mutiny — Handel Centenary—Henry Leslie's Concerts at St. Martin's Hall—Second visit to Scotland—Own choral society—G. A. Macfarren's *May Day*—Monday "Pops"—Retirement of Cipriani Potter—Potter Exhibition—Charles Lucas, principal—Death of the Earl of Westmoreland—E. G. Monk at York—Board of professors—Interview with Right Honourable W. E Gladstone—*Robin Hood*—Sims Reeves—Walmer—Concerts in Hanover Square Rooms—Alfredo Piatti—Third visit to Scotland in company with G. A. Macfarren—Sir James Simpson—Jubilee Concert of Philharmonic—Change of residence.

In January 1857 I visited Bristol in company with my friend E. G. Monk, and was more than gratified with the excellent performance by the Bristol Madrigal Society of my part-songs, "Up, up, ye Dames!" and "Gentle Summer Rain," the vigour of the first and the refinement of the latter being equally praiseworthy.

In the summer of 1857, while on a visit at Leamington, I drove over to Stratford-on-Avon and spent many hours in exploring the little Warwickshire town and its neighbourhood. Of course I went to the house in which it is said the Immortal Bard first saw the light, and inscribed

my name in the visitors' book; and I went to the pretty old church and stood with bated breath over the spot where his mortal remains lie, gazed at the quaint and not very flattering bust of the poet, and trod, with feelings of a kind of awful veneration, the streets hallowed by his footsteps.

In the latter part of this year (1857) we were all horrified by the news of that ghastly episode in Indian history by which so many innocent men, women, and children lost their lives in the most cold-blooded manner, and so many others of our fellow-creatures endured sufferings almost worse than death. The relief of Lucknow caused a thrill of joyous emotion throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the incident of Mary Brown and the "Campbells are coming" is too well known to need repetition here. Suffice it, that out of evil good has come; for I believe the organisation of our Indian army is now such that another mutiny of like character could hardly occur.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, and especially its honorary treasurer, Mr. Bowley, who was also manager of the Crystal Palace, conceived the idea of celebrating the Centenary of Handel's death by holding a Festival in his honour at the Crystal Palace; and with the view of trying the possibility of such a scheme, a huge orchestra and organ were erected in that glass-house. A preliminary Festival

was held in 1857, at which I was present, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, and with Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, and Formes as the principal vocalists. The works performed were *The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Israel in Egypt*, and the success was so greatly beyond what had been anticipated, that there could be entertained no doubt of the propriety of holding the Centenary in 1859—and, in fact, the Handel Festival has become a triennial institution.

It would be tedious were I to mention every occasion on which I appeared in public as a pianist, but I am induced to refer to one of these on which I was so much to the fore, and which was so gratifying that it was often in my mind. The occasion in question was at one of the concerts of Henry Leslie's Choir, in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, when I played two solos—Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in F minor, and a Nocturne and Valse of my own; and the choir sang four of my choral compositions—"The Harvest Song," the hunting song, "Up, up, ye Dames!" "Love is a Sickness Full of Woe," and "The Curfew Bell" (the last-named having been written for and dedicated to the Choir), each and all of which were received with demonstrations of approval. St. Martin's Hall, by-the-bye, was presented to the late John Hullah in consideration of the eminent services he had rendered to choral

singing, and there he gave his important concerts until the year 1860, when it was burned to the ground. Subsequently, the Queen's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Labouchere, occupied the same site, which in its turn went back to its original use—a carriage factory.

In the autumn of 1858 I made a second visit to Scotland, and as I was then in good health, I saw much more of the romantic beauties of Caledonia than on a former occasion; had the privilege of paying seven shillings for a bed on a billiard table at the Trossachs Hotel; and on remarking to a Scotsman, who was my fellow-passenger on a coach, on the extraordinary beauty of the scenery, he stolidly replied: "Ye wadna think sae if ye lived here; we think naething o' it."

In the latter part of 1857 I had started a little Choral Society which afforded me keen satisfaction, and useful practice in the art of wielding the bâton. This society, of about twenty-five or thirty members, culminated in a little concert in the spring of 1858; but the enthusiasm of its members died away in the following year, and although their numbers increased, I was left at some of the meetings perhaps without an alto or a bass, and more times without a tenor, and as there was more long-suffering than pleasure to be obtained from such experience, I abandoned the society after the second year. I gave a little concert of another

description, in the autumn of that year, at my own house, when I was assisted by Joseph Joachim and Kate Loder (Lady Thompson), and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, a truly admirable pianist and charming lady, whose tragical death some years later was a source of deep regret to her husband and a large circle of friends and admirers.

At the Bradford Festival, in 1858, was produced perhaps the best known of my brother's secular works, the cantata *May Day*, the occasion being also memorable from the circumstance of its being the first public appearance of that excellent artist, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who sustained the part of the May Queen so delightfully as to earn the praise of every one, and the gratitude of the composer.

The month of January 1859 saw the inauguration of the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, due, in a great measure, to J. W. Davison, who, on the comparative failure of some concerts under this title, at which music usually associated with the term "popular" was the sole ingredient, suggested to Messrs. Chappell to try the pulse of music-lovers by giving chamber concerts of a classical character under this title. The result proved that there were a sufficient number of amateurs desirous of making acquaintance with the works of this class by the great masters, to render

the scheme profitable, and the "Monday Pops" became a permanent institution.

Three events of great significance to the Royal Academy of Music occurred in the year 1859. The first of these was the retirement of Cipriani Potter from the office of Principal, which he had held in succession to Dr. Crotch for the long period of twenty-seven years, with honour to himself and infinite advantage to the institution; and I am not exceeding the truth in stating that he was beloved and respected by every one with whom he came in contact.

Charles Lucas, of whom I have spoken in a former chapter, was appointed Potter's successor, and he held also the post of Conductor of the choir and orchestra, continuing in this dual position until failing health compelled his retirement in 1866. The founder of the Academy, the Earl of Westmoreland, died in the late autumn of 1859, and was succeeded in the position of President by the Earl of Wilton, who took the chair on the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial to Cipriani Potter. This testimonial took the form of an Exhibition, to be called the "Potter Exhibition" (competed for annually in the Academy), and of a service of plate, both of which were raised by the willing subscriptions of his friends and admirers.

I had in this year again the advantage of the co-operation of Joseph Joachim at one of my

concerts, when he played with me Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, and my own Sonata in D.

My friend, the late Dr. E. G. Monk, was elected organist and choirmaster of York Minster in 1859, a circumstance which led to my frequent sojourn in the old city of Ebor, and I recall with pleasure the many delightful associations connected with it, and with my friend's career there.

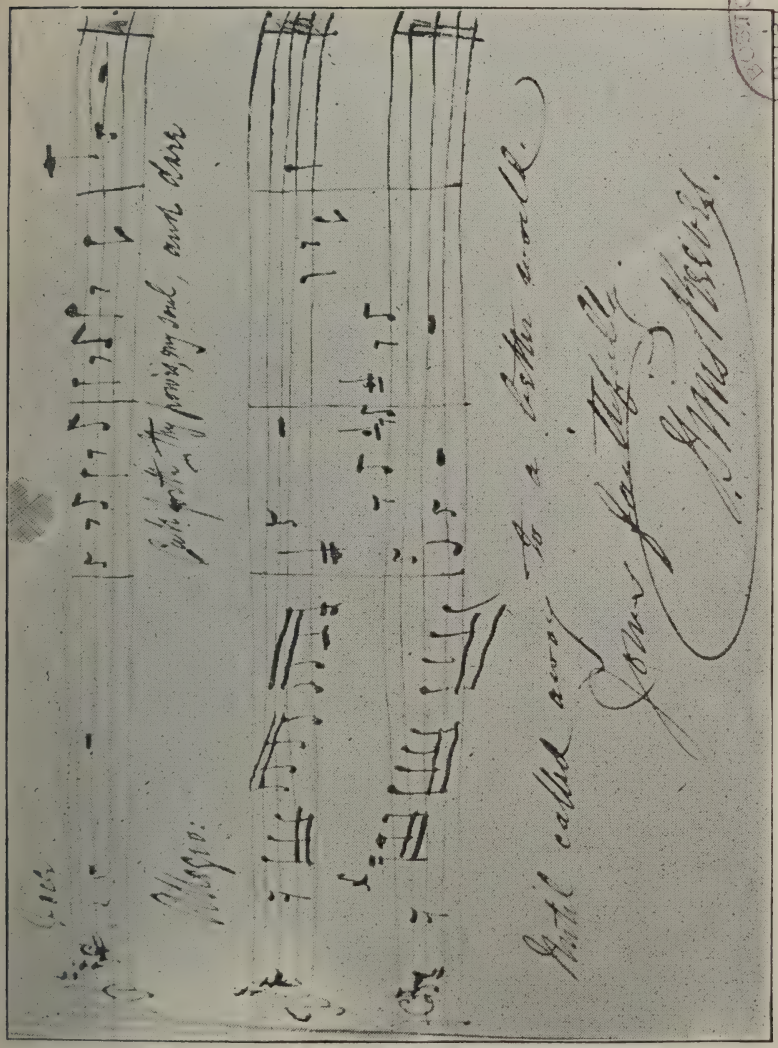
After the death of the Earl of Westmoreland, the attenuated committee of the Academy consisted of three elderly gentlemen—Sir George Clarke, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir John Campbell, who doubtless meant well, but who rarely met, and the affairs of the Academy were consequently often at a standstill.

At this juncture Lucas, the Principal, obtained the sanction, in 1860, of the Committee to the establishment of a Board of Professors, with a modest salary. This Board consisted of the Principal, Sir John Goss, Henry Blagrove, George and Walter Macfarren, who met once a week, and for five years virtually managed the Institution. It was during this year that three members of the Board (Lucas, George Macfarren, and myself) were received as a deputation by Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, the result of which interview was that the Minister gave the Academy a small subsidy—£500 a year—and this modest amount has been continued annually, with

the exception of the short period during which Mr. Disraeli (the Earl of Beaconsfield) was Chancellor of the Exchequer. At this interview with Mr. Gladstone, the readiness with which that great statesman and remarkable personality grasped the situation, his keen glance, and his rapid mode of settling the business in hand, greatly impressed me; and this impression was confirmed when, shortly afterwards, I occupied a seat in the Strangers' Gallery at the House of Commons. On this occasion little was to be heard for some time but a constant buzz of conversation, and cries of "'Vide, 'vide," or "Hear, hear"; but when Gladstone rose in answer to some question, the House was hushed into such silence that you might have heard a pin fall, and the wonderful trumpet tones of the great orator's voice penetrated every corner of the building.

My brother's greatest operatic success, *Robin Hood*, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, then under the management of E. T. Smith, in the autumn of this year, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Sims Reeves, Santley, and the late George Honey in the cast. It proved such a "draw" that it became a by-word that the title should not be "Robin Hood," but "Robbing Harrison"—the contemporary Pyne and Harrison Operatic Company, at Covent Garden, playing to empty benches. A curious *contretemps* happened

"Robin Hood" and Sims Reeves



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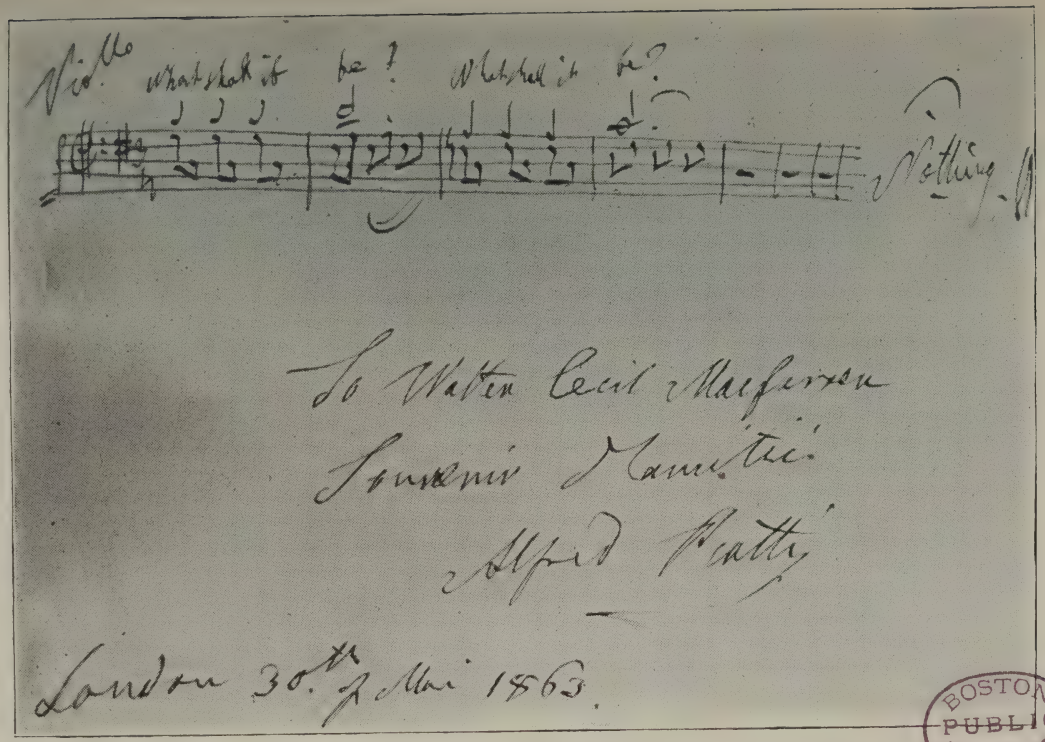
AUTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT TENOR, SIMS REEVES, FROM MY ALBUM.

at one of the performances of *Robin Hood*, when Maid Marian (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington) rushed from the back of the stage into the arms of Robin Hood (Sims Reeves), and did so with such prodigious energy that both fell over and rolled down to the footlights, to the great amusement of the audience, who acknowledged the situation by thunders of applause. The autograph (p. 93) of the great tenor will recall to those who heard it his splendid singing of the Handelian passage quoted.

My holiday in 1860 was passed at Walmer, to which place I took such a fancy that it became very nearly my yearly resort, and for a time boating was my chief occupation, this leading to a more or less intimate association with the boatmen of Deal and Walmer, a rough but honest and courageous class of men.

In 1861 I gave for the first time my annual concerts in the old Hanover Square Rooms, and one of these is especially memorable to me from its being the occasion of the first performance of my Sonata for piano and 'cello, in which I had the inestimable advantage of Alfredo Piatti's delightful co-operation, whose autograph in my album, now that the great artist is no more, will be regarded with much interest.

At another of my concerts this season I played the Variations and Fugue of Beethoven in E flat, on



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AUTOGRAPH OF ALFREDO PIATTI.

the theme which forms so important a feature in the Eroica Symphony, and J. W. Davison, in his notice of the concert in the *Times*, remarked that he believed it was the first occasion on which this remarkable work had been heard in public.

My holidays this year (1861) were passed in Scotland, and thither my brother George accompanied me. We stayed firstly in Edinburgh, then in Linlithgow (the old palace reminding one of Mary Queen of Scots), thence to Glasgow and the Caledonian Canal up to Inverness, climbing Ben Nevis *en route*, at the summit of which we were enveloped in a dense mist and saw nothing.

At Fort William, there being no vacant bed in the hotels, we were accommodated in a clean but homely cottage, in which I discovered an old square pianoforte, which bore the inscription "Tschudi and Broadwood, 1788." I had the temerity to touch the keys of this venerable instrument, to the great horror and indignation of the "gude" woman of the house, who reminded me that it was profanation to make music on the Sabbath. On returning to Edinburgh I made the acquaintance of the late Sir James Simpson, a statue of whom now ornaments the Princes Street Gardens, and I heard on all hands of the enormous sums he received from aristocratic patients, and of his extraordinary liberality and kindness to those in a less exalted position.

Jubilee of the Philharmonic

The Jubilee Concert in St. James's Hall of the Philharmonic Society occurred in the year 1862, and was memorable for several circumstances, apart from the significance of its being the fiftieth year of the existence of the "Phil." In the first place, Joseph Joachim played superbly Spohr's Concerto in E minor; then Mrs. Anderson (the instructress of Queen Victoria and most of her children) played Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, and notwithstanding it being her seventy-fifth year, she played with astonishing vigour and perfect mastery; finally, it was the first performance of William Sterndale Bennett's picturesque Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," which he had composed expressly for the occasion.

In the year 1862 I left Albert Street and took a house which was then No. 1 Osnaburgh Street, the chief inducement to this being a large room at the back of the house, which had been built on the garden, and which I believed I could utilise for concert-giving. As a matter of fact, I did give one concert in that room, at which I was assisted by Joachim and Piatti, and in the midst of the serious slow movement of Beethoven's Trio in D, we were disturbed by the children of the Convent School adjoining rushing out and shouting, "Girls and boys come out to play," one of my attendants having to get on the roof and frighten the children away by wild gesticulations. The gentleman who let me this

house (he was a clergyman, by the way) assured me that the flooring of this large room was in perfect condition, that the drainage was of the latest improvement, and that no chimney in the house smoked. My experience during two years' tenancy proved the exact reverse of all that this reverend gentleman had said. The floor of the large room gave way under the weight of my grand pianoforte, every chimney in the house smoked, and the drainage was equally objectionable, its renovation costing me a handsome sum. However, this was all forgotten when, after the season's toil, I was once more at my favourite Walmer.

CHAPTER VII.

1863-68.

Operatic and theatrical reminiscences—First visit to Paris—Rossini and Auber—Isle of Wight—G. A. Macfarren's productivity—Connection with the *Queen*—Gruneison—"You Stole my Love"—Sir John Goss—Pupil's loyalty—North Devon and Cornwall—John Callow—Sterndale Bennett, Principal of the R.A.M.—Academy in low water—Resignation of committee—Disinterested conduct of professors—Director and hon. treasurer of Philharmonic—Moscheles—Charles Dickens.

PREVIOUS to entering upon another year, let me pause for a moment, gentle reader, to record my operatic and theatrical experience in the 'forties and 'fifties. The earliest of these were at Her Majesty's Theatre during the Lumley régime, and consisted of the delightful singing and acting of Grisi, Tamburini, and Lablache, and the sweet warbling of Mario in Donizetti's charming opera-buffo *Don Pasquale;* also the first-named artist's grand impersonation of Bellini's Norma. Then, at the same theatre and under the same management, there was the tremendous *furore* about Jenny Lind, and the rush and struggle to gain a hearing of that world-renowned vocalist. I was privileged to witness two of her impersonations—Alice in Meyerbeer's

Roberto il Diavolo, and Amina in Bellini's *Sonnambula;* and the freshness, originality, and refinement of her conceptions of these characters made an impression upon me which time has not effaced. Then, at the rival house, Covent Garden, there were Grisi and Alboni in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and the last-named exquisite singer in the same composer's early opera *L'Italiani in Algieri;* Grisi and Mario in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, and Viardot-Garcia and Mario in that composer's *Prophète;* and the never-to-be-forgotten admirable performances of Auber's sparkling *Masaniello*, with the real Neapolitans who were brought over to dance the Tarantella, which they did with a vengeance. Neither must I forget the *début* in the same theatre, under Julien's brief reign, of Sims Reeves as Edgar in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the immediate mark this great artist made in popular estimation. Then, turning to the drama pure and simple, shall I ever forget the farewell performances at the Haymarket of that great actor Macready? Two of his characters in very different style, King Lear and Iago, particularly struck me, the one by its sublime pathos, the other by its light comedy touch and firm grasp; but his Hamlet, Macbeth, Virginius (in Sheridan Knowles's play of that name), Bulwer Lytton's Richelieu, and many another character, were all great impersonations. When the curtain finally descended on the last

manifestation of his genius, every one felt that the stage had lost one of its greatest ornaments. Enough, however, of this digression, and let me turn to the events of 1863. In the Easter holiday of this year I paid my first visit to Paris, under very favourable circumstances, for an American friend, a resident in the French capital, put me up to everything, from the Grande Opera to the Jardins Mabille. The Emperor Napoleon III. and his beautiful Empress Eugénie were at this time at the height of their glory, and I saw them frequently riding and driving, and their little son, Prince Louis Napoleon, driving about in a miniature carriage drawn by four pretty long-tailed ponies, and driven by a diminutive coachman. I attended two performances of Gounod's *Faust* at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Madame Miolan-Carvalho (the original representative) as Marguerite; and on my return to London I everywhere expressed my opinion that the work was destined to become famous. However, English managers were coy, and it was not until a year later that *Faust* was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Titiens (grand singer, but unsuited to the part) and Giuglini (one of nature's singers with an exquisite voice) in the cast, and with the success which has since attended its every performance. One other performance of Gounod's opera I must note, on account of its remarkable cast, consisting of Adelina Patti as Marguerite, Mario as Faust

(handsome and charming as ever, but without a voice), and Charles Santley as Valentine—a truly great impersonation.

While in Paris I was introduced to that *gran maestro* Rossini, the composer of *Guillaume Tell* and innumerable other operas which were at one time all the rage. Countless stories are told of Rossini's caustic humour, one of which at least is so original as to merit repetition. This was of a young musician who sought Rossini's opinion of a Funeral March he had composed on the death of Cherubini, which elicited from Rossini the remark that "he would have preferred that his young visitor had died and that Cherubini had composed the march." I also saw old Auber, although I had not the honour of being introduced to him; but I looked upon his intelligent countenance with veneration, and felt a glow of pleasure on beholding the man whose delightful music had afforded me so much pleasure.

After the season's work and my annual concert, I betook me to the Isle of Wight for my holiday. There is an old conundrum in which the question is asked, "Why the island is not an agreeable place of residence?" the answer to which, most readers will remember, is: "Because it has Needles you cannot thread, Freshwater you cannot drink, New Port you cannot bottle, and Cowes you cannot milk." The island certainly did not prove an agreeable place of residence to me, for I took the

small-pox, and was laid up at Ventnor for nearly two months, although it is but just to the tight little island to admit that I believe I contracted that abominable complaint on the mainland. There were some laughable circumstances connected with this wretched time, for it was given out in the hotel, a wing of which I occupied, that I had gone off my head; and when, in the convalescent stage, I took my first drive, the waiters and other domestics stared at me from every window as though I had been a wild beast. It was during this period of the illness, and when my face did not present a very engaging aspect, that my doctor, Mr. Martin, asked me if I knew a musician named Thalberg, and on my replying in the affirmative, he went on to say that that gentleman was giving a recital in the town that evening, and suggested the propriety of asking him to call upon me! a suggestion, it is almost needless to say, of which I did not avail myself. *Apropos* of Thalberg, I recall the fact that this was the last year in which he visited our shores, when he was playing with all his old perfection of tone, touch, and phrasing, and with his former marvellous certainty; but rheumatic gout seized upon the pianist's hands, and he was heard no more in public after the tour made in this year. In taking leave of this eminent artist, I would add that he seemed to me the very type of an English gentleman, for he spoke our vernacular like a Briton, and

I always think of him as a "*grand seigneur sans peur et sans reproche.*" My unfortunate lay-up was disastrous to me, for my doctor in London would not sanction my resuming work until Christmas, thus entailing a serious loss.

In the year 1864 my endurance of No. 1 Osnaburgh Street reached its utmost limit, and perceiving that No. 3 Osnaburgh Terrace was to let (regardless of the fact that I had some years of the lease of the former still to run), I took the house in which I am now writing, and which has thus been for upwards of forty years my home. In a thoroughly renovated condition, I let the house in Osnaburgh Street to another clergyman, of a very different type from the one who induced me originally to take the lease off his hands; and in due course I became intimate with the Reverend F. Perry, and—do not be surprised, reader—in the course of time I became his churchwarden!

I was much concerned this autumn by the death of a favourite pupil—a young man who posed as T. Waldstein. This young fellow's real name was Walker, but his friend Balfe told him he could never hope to do anything with such a name; and as he was at the time studying Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, he suggested that he should adopt the patronymic by which he was afterwards known, and under which he gave promise of success that was arrested by his too early demise.

My brother, G. A. Macfarren, was extraordinarily productive in this and the previous year. In 1863 he produced his three-act opera, *She Stoops to Conquer* (founded on Goldsmith's charming comedy) at Covent Garden, and the operetta *Jessy Lea* at German Reed's Gallery, with that splendid artist Louisa Pyne in the former, and the late Edith Wynne and the happily still-living Miss Poole (Mrs. Bacon) in the latter.

In 1864 was produced his four-act grand opera, *Helvellyn*, at Covent Garden, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and the late Madame Parepa-Rosa both in the cast; and at Reed's Gallery a second operetta, *The Soldier's Legacy* (with Robertine Henderson as the heroine)—a fair amount of work for a man to accomplish in two years, who had to dictate every note to an amanuensis!

I must here recount my connection with the *Queen*, the lady's newspaper, which came about in the following manner:—The proprietors, in the year 1864, concluded that a review of new music ought to be a feature of the periodical, and referred the matter to their musical reporter, the late Mr. Gruneison, who having declined to undertake this additional duty, the editor applied to the late Madame Sainton-Dolby. That lady expressed a wish to me that I should undertake the task, which I did in the year that I am now speaking of, and

have continued to do ever since, few weeks being without my modest contribution to the paper. In the course of this long association with the *Queen*, almost every new publication has come under my notice, and the newspaper itself has risen from comparative obscurity to be regarded unquestionably as the leading journal of its class.

The Mr. Gruneison of whom I have just now spoken was correspondent for the *Morning Post* during the Civil War in Spain, and owed his life on an occasion to the fact of his being a Freemason. He was taken prisoner by the Carlists, tried at drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to immediate death as a spy. He saw a party of soldiers brought out to fire, was placed in position, blindfolded, and heard the word of command, "Make ready—present!" and in momentary expectation of the word "Fire!" he involuntarily made some sign on his forehead which Masons understand, and then the officer commanding the firing-party ordered them to "ground arms." He approached Gruneison, asked why he did not say he was a Mason before, and eventually saved his life.

By-the-bye, this well-known journalist wrote such an illegible hand that it is said (I don't vouch for the truth of this) when he departed this life, the compositors of the various journals for which he wrote, gave a dinner to celebrate the event!

The summer vacation was again passed at

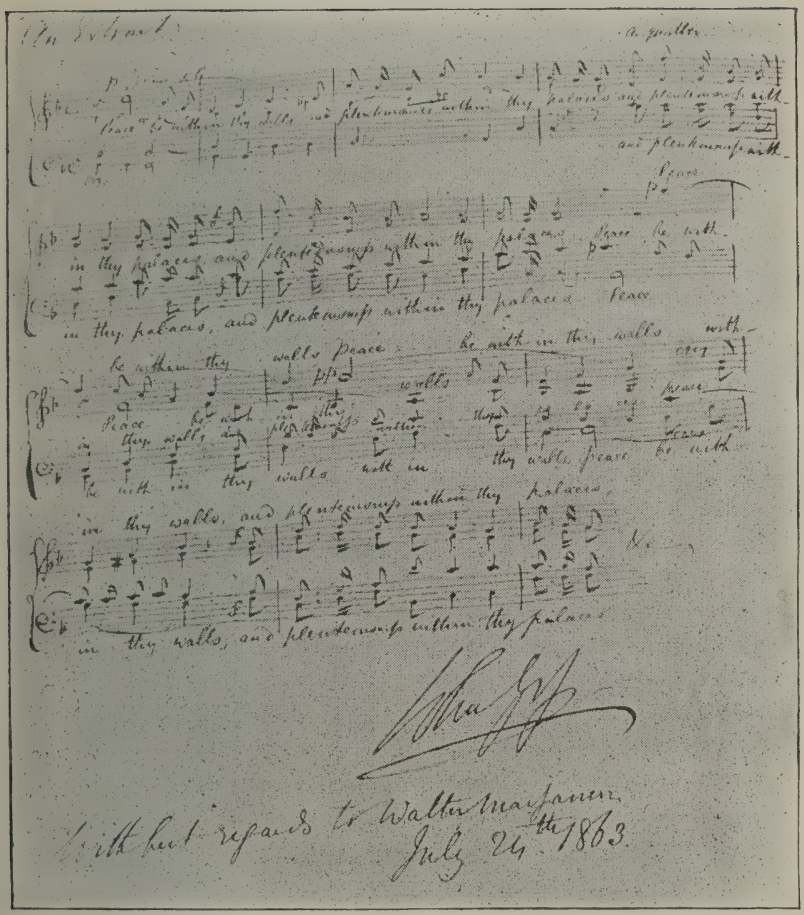
Walmer, and great excitement was created in the neighbourhood of the house I occupied by some twenty boatmen hauling up the piano which Broadwood's had sent me, through the first floor window, the staircase being too narrow to admit of its being carried in that more usual way.

The origin of my popular part-song, "You Stole my Love," was as follows. The late Mr. Henry Littleton, the head of the firm of Novello & Co., commissioned me to set to music as part-songs for mixed voices, four poems by Mrs. Cowden Clarke on the Seasons, and having completed these, the question of terms arose, and Mr. Littleton said: "Well, let us have two more to make a set of six, and I will give you so much." Respecting words for the two extra part-songs, he took down from a shelf a volume of *Percy's Relics*, observing that I should find what I wanted there, and that very night I composed and set down the music of "You Stole my Love" and "Dainty Love," the former of which has travelled all over the world, while the latter, for which I had more affection, has never achieved distinction, which shows how difficult it is to gauge public taste. Mr. Joseph Heming, of Conduit Street, an admirable amateur alto, was the first to take up "You Stole my Love," and he introduced it at the London Institution by a little choir of which he was the conductor. It was Henry Leslie, however, who made the song famous by the

magnificent rendering it received from his choir, with which its success is identified. It may be well to say here that "You Stole my Love" was one of the trial pieces sung in the Albert Hall to test the acoustical properties of this large concert-room, the song being in quick time and requiring rapid articulation.

In 1865 some new blood was infused into the Academy Committee, consisting of the late Messrs. Kellow Pye, Walter Broadwood, and Major Blake. These gentlemen considered the Board of Professors an unnecessary luxury, and dispensed with our services. I will venture to say, however, that the Board, in the course of its five years' existence, initiated many useful reforms. I cannot pass over this period without an expression of the regret I felt on severing the intercourse our meetings afforded me with my colleagues. Of Lucas and my own brother I have often spoken; of Henry Blagrove I will only say, that though a talented and estimable individual, his temperament, like his violin-playing, was decidedly cold. Of Goss, I cannot find words in which to express my admiration of his lovable character and disposition, and his beautiful genius, which has enriched the service of the Church of England with so many choice works. I felt, as I stood beside his grave in Kensal Green, in 1880, that it would be difficult to point to his equal for sweetness and genuineness. This extract from his

Sir John Goss



AUTOGRAPH OF SIR JOHN GOSS.

anthem, "Praise the Lord, O my Soul," which he wrote in my album, will, I am sure, be interesting to many of my readers.

One of the arbitrary acts of the re-constituted Committee was to remove a pupil from my class, in order to make a class for a new professor. This act *she* resented, and I resigned my class. My pupils (some fifteen in number) were nominated for other classes, but they one and all stoutly refused to go to any other professor than myself, and after some unpleasant correspondence, the Committee, finding there was a deadlock, requested me to withdraw my resignation, which I did; and to celebrate the loyalty of my pupils, I gave them a dance, at which Lady Thompson and myself played most of the music.

In 1866 I was elected a Member of the Philharmonic Society, of which I had already been an Associate for nearly twenty years, and in which grand old Institution my interest has remained unabated to the present time.

I rambled through North Devonshire and Cornwall during my summer *congé*, and at Ilfracombe met with a curious experience. In the hotel where I stayed for about a week, I met a water-colour painter, with whom I became more or less intimate, and as my old artistic instincts still held me, I was interested to accompany him in his sketching expeditions. On the night before my departure we were walking together by moonlight, and I expressed a desire that our acquaintance should continue, and offered to give my companion my card. He declined this, saying he knew very well who I was,

mentioning my name; and he then asked: "Do you not know who I am?" On my replying in the negative, he ejaculated, "Why, I am your landlord!" My readers will wonder how such a contingency could take place, but this is readily explained, for when I took the house I still inhabit it was through the agents, to whom my rent was duly paid, and I had never until now met John Callow, the gentleman who thus proclaimed himself my landlord. To make a long story short, I may as well say here that on the death of Sir Robert Smirke in 1868, I purchased of his executors the lease held by him under the Crown of No. 3 Osnaburgh Terrace, and thus became my *own* landlord.

Owing to failing health, Lucas resigned the position of Principal of the Academy in 1866, and he was succeeded by his old fellow-student, William Sterndale Bennett; and my happily still living friend Otto Goldschmidt was appointed Vice-Principal, for the school was to be entirely reconstructed. With this view the institution was closed for six months, and all the professors dismissed; at the same time four new scholarships were opened to competition, and I may add that two of these were awarded to Linda Scales (Mrs. Charles Yates) and Stephen Kemp—pupils of my own.

In 1867 the Academy was reopened, and some

of its former professors, including myself, were invited to resume their teaching, but lady professors, I am ashamed to say, were abolished. A novel feature was the appointment of principal professors in various departments, with salaries independent of their teaching; but one and all admitted that they were ignorant of the functions attaching to their office. Well, in little more than twelve months, the Committee having exhausted all the available funds at their disposal, sought to avoid personal responsibility by throwing up the Charter granted to the Academy by George IV. But they reckoned without their host, for, in the first place, the Home Secretary informed them that the Charter could not be done away with unless every member of the "body politic and corporate" consented, and in the next place the professors under Sterndale Bennett stoutly declined to allow the annihilation of the R.A.M., offering to become members by subscription, and continue their teaching at a personal sacrifice to avert such a disaster. The Committee resigned in a body, their last act consisting of the appointment of Sterndale Bennett as chairman, and some of the senior professors as members of the new committee. From that moment, although musicians are said to be such bad men of business, the fact remains that the fortunes of the Academy steadily rose.

At the autumn general meeting of the Phil-

harmonic Society in 1867, I was elected one of the directors of that honourable Institution, in which capacity I was re-elected for thirteen consecutive years, during the last five of which I was Honorary Treasurer.

The veteran pianist and composer, Ignaz Moscheles revisited England this year, and while staying at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Roche, in Sloane Street, I called upon my old friend, and passed with him a very interesting hour, in the course of which he expressed his difficulty in entirely appreciating the music of Schumann, but modestly attributed this to his long-established ideas with regard to music. Although at this time seventy-three years of age, Moscheles was full of vigour, and was busy with his pen. I had the privilege of reading with him some interesting pianoforte duets in manuscript, and I recalled in his strenuous and clear playing the remarkable exhibition of his talent on June 24th, 1861, when he played his fine Concerto in G minor at the Philharmonic with astonishing power and fire.

A memorable event in the year 1867 was the complimentary dinner in honour of Charles Dickens, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on November 2nd, which was given as a send-off to the great novelist on the eve of his departure on a second visit to America. I was present on the occasion, and recall every incident of the evening as

though it had taken place only last week. Lord Lytton, one of the great novelists of the nineteenth century, occupied the chair, and in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, he made a speech which read beautifully in the paper on the following morning, but which was well-nigh unintelligible at the time by reason of its unsatisfactory delivery; however, Bulwer Lytton's presence was a graceful tribute to the genius of his friend and fellow-worker. Charles Dickens himself, in his reply, was unusually serious, his speech being devoid of any of his customary quips and cranks; but it was deeply impressive, and gave one the idea that he knew his strength was hardly equal to the trying ordeal through which he was about to pass on the other side of the Atlantic. His voice was attuned to the situation, and its tones were deeper and if possible richer and more persuasive than usual, and the manner in which he acknowledged his reception was at once graceful, dignified, and touching. The most brilliant speech of the evening, however, was that of the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, who, in proposing the health of the chairman, fairly roused us all to enthusiasm. I have listened to many after-dinner speeches, and have even heard Cockburn himself on other occasions, but this piece of oratory lives in my memory as one of the most effective I have known, both in diction and delivery.

Of course there were other speeches in the course of the evening—those, for instance, of Benjamin Webster and Buckstone—but everything else paled beside the orations of the great guns; and after wishing him God-speed on his voyage, we all went home with our thoughts full of Charles Dickens. He left Liverpool for Boston in the *Cuba* on the 9th of November following.

Owing to declining health, Sterndale Bennett relinquished the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts in this year, and was succeeded in that honourable and responsible position by Mr. William George Cusins.

CHAPTER VIII.

1868-73.

Reformation Symphony—Philharmonic liberality—Visit to Thompsons at Menai—Madame Norman-Neruda—Elected member of R.A.M. Committee—Retirement of Madame Sainton-Dolby—"Musical Evenings"—Mr. Gladstone at Walmer—Sedan and fall of Napoleon III.—Charles Kean and Fechter—Centenary of Beethoven's birth at Philharmonic—Frederick Cowen—"More life, more love, more light" at Crystal Palace—Moscheles' quartet "Les Contrastes"—Death of my mother and Cipriani Potter on same day—Sterndale Bennett knighted—Subscription to found scholarship and prize in his name—Remarkable demonstration in St. James's Hall—North Wales—Adventure at Barmouth in company with W. H. Monk—Conductor of R.A.M. Choir and Orchestra—Dinner to Sterndale Bennett—Recipients of the first Bennett Scholarships and Prizes—G. A. Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist* at Bristol—Dr. Hans von Bülow—G. A. Macfarren's Violin Concerto—Ludwig Straus and Carrodus—Elected member of the Arts Club—Sterndale Bennett's "Maid of Orleans" Sonata.

ALTHOUGH I was abundantly occupied, the year 1868 was barren of any special feature of interest for the general reader, unless I take note of my first hearing of those two lovely movements from Schubert's unfinished Symphony, at the Philharmonic Concert on March 16th, and the deep impression made on me thereby; also the introduction by Madame Schumann of her husband's previously unknown Concertstück in G, on the same evening.

Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony

At the third concert of this season, Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, about which there had been so much talk, was heard for the first time, and I take advantage of this opportunity to remark that the posthumous publication of this great musician's early compositions has, in my opinion, done a great injustice to his memory. Mendelssohn was fastidious almost to a fault in withholding works he deemed unworthy of public hearing, and the issue of the productions of his boyhood with late opus numbers has given a totally erroneous impression to those unacquainted with the facts. Even the Reformation Symphony, which contains one beautiful movement and many fine passages, was withheld by the composer for many years with the intention of entirely reconstructing the work when sufficient leisure afforded him the opportunity. Alas! that opportunity never arrived, and the world has to be content with the more or less incomplete carrying out of a great design. Amongst noble works given this season, and now too rarely heard, were Spohr's beautiful Symphony in B minor, composed expressly for the Society; the same master's brilliant Overture "Jessonda," and Sterndale Bennett's fine Concerto in F minor with the lovely "Barcarolle," which was played to perfection by Arabella Goddard, whose pearly touch was admirably suited to the last-named movement. The Philharmonic season was also noticeable for an act of extraordinary liberality on

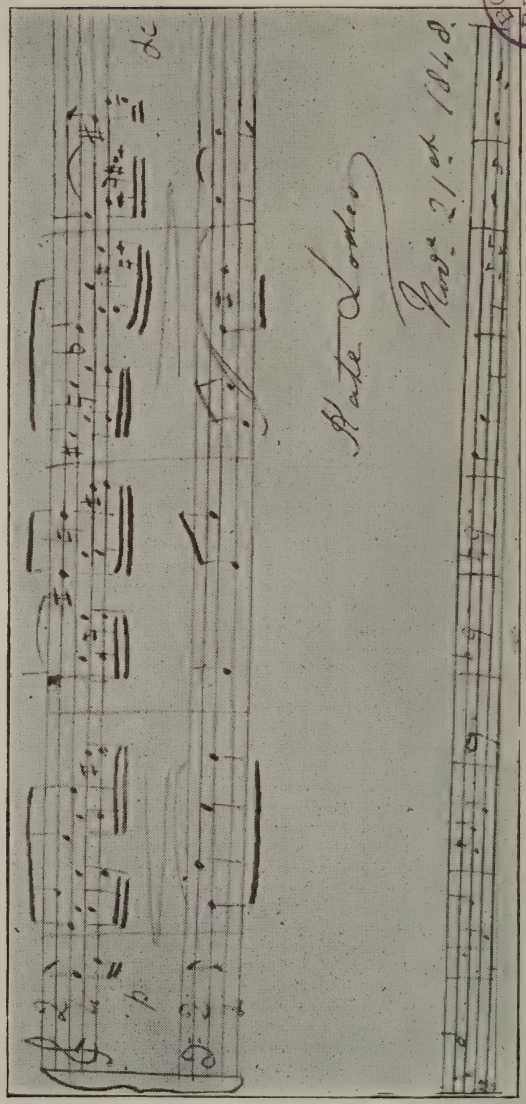
the part of the directors, who gave the subscribers a complimentary concert after the termination of the usual eight, at which Titiens, Christine Nilsson, and Santley sang, and Charles Hallé played.

In speaking of the death of Charles Lucas (ex-Principal of the R.A.M.), which occurred in the early part of 1869, I must once more bear testimony to the worthiness of this admirable musician and upright man.

I made acquaintance with the beauties of Wales in the summer of this year, and spent a most agreeable time at the house of Sir Henry and Lady Thompson, in the little village of Menai, making excursions from that point to the most noteworthy features of the northern part of the Principality, including, of course, Snowdon, which I climbed on a boiling hot day between the hours of twelve and four; but I was rewarded for my trouble by a wonderful sight when I reached the summit, for, it being a singularly clear and brilliant day, I was told by the guide that I might see the four countries included in the United Kingdom! However, very true it is that with the aid of my glass I could absolutely see the house at Menai from which I had driven in the morning, a distance of at least twenty-five miles. Much duet playing with my hostess, in addition to these excursions, rendered it a memorable visit, and it was there I composed my six sacred songs, which I dedicated to Lady Thompson. It was

while I was at Menai the contest took place over the usual course (Putney to Mortlake) between two four-oared crews of Harvard (U.S.A.) and Oxford, and I well remember the intense excitement there was to obtain news, and the enthusiasm manifested when the result became known, and Oxford were declared winners over their American rivals. In the latter part of this year (November, I think) I made my first and only appearance on any stage, the theatre in which I made my *début* being the back drawing-room of Sir Henry Thompson's house in Wimpole Street. The performers were the late Mr. Desmond Ryan and his sister (now Mrs. Wiener), Lady Thompson, and myself. The two last-named artists (?) enacted the parts of lady's-maid and valet to the former, and we two, when the curtain was drawn aside and discovered a brilliant audience, including some London managers, actors, and actresses, felt that we were in for it, and gagged and worked up our parts with all sorts of interpolated words to such an extent, that we fairly brought down the house.

The Philharmonic season of 1869 was remarkable for two initial performances of distinction. It was the first appearance of Madame Norman-Neruda since her well-remembered *début* as a little girl on the 11th of June 1849. The other incident was the first performance of Bennett's Symphony in G minor, which, although not a strong work, has many



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AUTOGRAPH OF KATE LODER (LADY THOMPSON), FROM MY ALBUM (P. 118).

refined ideas that are thoroughly representative of their author.

In the year 1870 I was appointed a member of the Royal Academy of Music Committee, a position I am proud to say I have retained to the present day, and in the course of these thirty-four years have seen the institution ever moving upwards, and now, in this year of grace 1905, more than ever prosperous.

My dear old friend, Madame Sainton-Dolby, who from earliest times had been a constant help to me in my career, was in this year compelled, by a succession of bronchial colds, to retire from public singing. She gave a farewell concert in St. James's Hall in the month of June, at which I enjoyed the privilege of playing with her worthy helpmate, Prosper Sainton, my "Four Romances," which are dedicated to that admirable artist and best of fellows. Madame Sainton-Dolby was a universal favourite, and her abandonment of the platform was a source of keen regret, not only to her friends but to the public, and her appearance on the orchestra was hailed with prolonged and deafening applause.

I had become by this time an ardent admirer of Schumann, and at my three concerts this year I introduced, in association with Sainton and Piatti, the three pianoforte Trios of that master, the first of which, in the key of D minor, is the only one which can be regarded as representative of his genius; the

second, in the key of F, being much lighter; and the third, in G major, decidedly weak.

In conjunction with Mr. Henry Holmes, I started a series of autumn chamber concerts in St. George's Hall, which were styled "Musical Evenings," and which continued for some years with considerable success. The quartet party consisted of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Amor, Mr. Burnett, and Signor Pezzi; and the pianists, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, myself, and others. We introduced works by contemporary composers, as well as those of the classical masters.

At Walmer this year (1870) I was constantly meeting with distinguished visitors on my walks, for, as every one knows, it was the year of the Franco-German war, and Mr. Gladstone (then Prime Minister), doubtless feeling it desirable to be in touch with his Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Granville (Warden of the Cinque Ports), stayed with him for many weeks at Walmer Castle, and there I heard him read the lessons at the pretty village church. After the morning service, on one occasion, as I was crossing a field leading to the Castle, I observed the great statesman, who was some fifty yards in advance of me, pick up a little girl who had stumbled, and taking her by the hand, walk with her as far as the gate. When he delivered her to her father, who was only a humble countryman, I was near enough to hear the latter say to his

three or four-year-old girl, "Remember to your dying day that you have just taken a walk with the Prime Minister of England." I saw the same illustrious gentleman, together with the Countess of Granville and her children, Lord Cardwell, and other notabilities, at Sanger's Circus, and was tickled to observe the amusement of the stern Prime Minister at the tricks of a Japanese juggler with a pea-shooter and a feather, the latter of which he would send into the air through the former and catch in its descent on the back of his neck, on his forehead, on his nose, or any other part of his anatomy.

The intense interest about the war and its issue was at its height when, on September 6th, I was walking up the Drum Hill leading to Upper Walmer, with my sister, when a gentleman, a perfect stranger, pulled up his horse beside me and ejaculated in excited tones, "Have you heard the news, sir? Sedan has fallen!" This news proved to be true, and that on September 5th not only had Sedan fallen, but the star of the Emperor Napoleon III. had set for ever.

Three things in connection with the Drama stand out prominently in my memory. Charles Kean's management of the Princess's Theatre and his grand revivals of *King John*, *King Richard II.*, of Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and his own fine acting in *Louis XI.* and the *Corsican Brothers;*

besides that of his accomplished wife and himself in Lovell's thrilling play, *The Wife's Secret*. Charles Fechter's impersonation of Hamlet in a flaxen wig was entirely unlike anything we had seen before, and was so fresh and characteristic that it could not fail to make a deep impression on me. Coming away from one of these performances, I met Charles Santley in the lobby, who expressed himself in enthusiastic terms of Fechter's Hamlet, and told me he had come up from Manchester expressly to see him for the tenth or twelfth time. Santley went on to say: "I've discovered that the name of Hamlet's father was Thomas!" and in answer to my look of astonishment he went on: "Have you not heard the words Hamlet addressed to his father's ghost? —'Speak, Tommy!'" (to me). This unusual pronunciation, it is needless to say, was due to the actor's slight foreign accent, which was soon forgotten in the enthralling interest excited by his impersonation. Another great performance in quite a different way was Jefferson's *Rip van Winkle*, which stood out as the very embodiment of the kindly, good-natured, drunken vagabond that he was.

The year 1870 being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, the Philharmonic Society signalised the event by giving the nine Symphonies in the course of its season, the programme of the final concert consisting entirely of works by the immortal

tone-poet, which will be read with interest, as it represents the different styles of the master at several stages of his career :—

Symphony No. I. in C ... ... op. 21. (1800.)
Dervishes' Chorus (Ruins of Athens), op. 113. (1811.)
Terzetto: "Tremate, empi, tremate," op. 116. (1801.)
Miss Arabella Smythe, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley.
Choral Fantasia for Pianoforte, with Voices and Orchestra ... ... op. 80. (1808.)
Miss Arabella Goddard.
Scena ed Aria: "Ah! perfido" ... op. 65. (1796.)
Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.
Overture (Leonora No. 3) ... ... op. 72. (1806.)
Choral Symphony in D minor ... op. 125. (1825.)
The solo parts by Miss Arabella Smythe, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley.
Conductor: Mr. W. G. Cusins.

It is interesting to record also that on the 6th of June, in this year 1870, Frederick Cowen, the accomplished composer and admirable conductor, then a youth of nineteen years of age, played at the Philharmonic Concert on that date Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante in B minor, showing that although he has abandoned the piano for the bâton, he was in those early days able to hold his own on the household instrument.

On the 9th of June we were all startled and shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of Charles Dickens, which made a profound im-

pression on me, as I had met him at dinner exactly four weeks before at the house of Sir Henry Thompson, on which occasion there were also present Browning, Joachim, and Madame Schumann, and it grieved me to see how jaded and worn the great novelist appeared.

In 1871 I composed the four-part song, "More life, more love, more light," at the suggestion of John Hullah, for performance at the Crystal Palace by 5000 voices under his direction. I have never been able to discover the authorship of the charming words of this little work, which I had cut out of a periodical many years before. If these lines should happen to meet the eye of the poet in question, I here gratefully make my acknowledgments to him or her.

At my friend, Adolphe Schloesser's concert this season, an item in the programme was Moscheles' capital quartet, "Les Contrastes," for four performers on two pianofortes, a circumstance to which I refer on account of my being associated in the interpretation of the work with those fine artists—Eduard Dannreuther, Oscar Beringer, and Adolphe Schloesser —a fact to which allusion has often been made by my *confrères*.

My old master, Cipriani Potter, used to meet my mother at Osnaburgh Terrace, and finding that they were born in the same year (1792), it was a frequent remark of the former, "When you go I

must quake," he being nine months her junior. It was, then, a remarkable circumstance that they should both have passed away on the same day—Tuesday, September 26th, 1871. It was a sad week for me, and the interment of my tenderly loved mother at Highgate on Saturday, and loved master at Kensal Green on Monday, left me much depressed.

In 1872 Sterndale Bennett was knighted. To celebrate the event a subscription was initiated, of which I was the honorary treasurer, and Henry R. Eyers the honorary secretary, with the object of perpetuating his name in connection with the Royal Academy of Music. This was responded to so liberally that we were enabled to form the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship for Males, and the Sterndale Bennett Prize for Females. A demonstration of a very remarkable and unusual character took place in St. James's Hall, to congratulate the recipient of these honours. At this meeting, which occurred on Friday, April 19th, 1872, Sir John Duke Coleridge (afterwards Lord Coleridge) presided, and in a felicitous speech (delivered in his customary charming manner) he briefly summed up the career of the hero of the day. The Philharmonic Orchestra, under the conductorship of W. G. Cusins, played Bennett's delightful Overture, "The Naiads," and Henry Leslie's choir, grouped in the opposite balcony, sang the same composer's part-songs,

"Come dwell with me and be my love," and "Sweet Stream," in their best style. There were other speeches from my brother and self, and from William Sterndale Bennett, who, always retiring and diffident, was on this occasion painfully nervous and agitated, and expressed himself afterwards as heartily glad the whole thing was over. St. James's Hall was crowded in every part, with an enthusiastic audience comprising the *élite* of the musical and artistic professions, and it was remarked to me by Charles Hallé that it was the warmest expression of feeling that he had witnessed in England.

My summer holiday in 1872 was again passed in North Wales, and Llangollen became my headquarters, where I was busily engaged in preparing for publication my Sonata in D for pianoforte and violin. Again I visited many of the most interesting spots in this portion of the Principality, and saw the veritable house inhabited by the two romantic ladies of Llangollen, who left their homes in Ireland so that they might devote themselves entirely to each other until the end of their days.

At Barmouth I met my old friend W. H. Monk and his wife, at the Cors-y-ged-al Hotel. After breakfast one morning we three walked out together and enjoyed the beauties of nature so much that we passed over the luncheon-hour, and continued our rambles until late in the afternoon. When it

was time to retrace our steps, in order to be in time for six o'clock dinner, we were utterly at a loss which way to turn, and only met with one human being, from whom we could obtain no information, as she did not understand a word of our vernacular. Well, to make a long story short, we were throughout the whole night on the hills about Barmouth. When daylight appeared we discovered some cottages, at one of which we obtained the most delicious draught of milk I have ever tasted in my life, for at that time we had been fasting at least eighteen hours, and the good house-wife called up her boy to accompany us on our homeward journey. We arrived at the hotel by seven o'clock in the morning, and found all the visitors in a state of anxiety respecting our safety, searchers having been sent after us in all directions. However, "all's well that ends well," and after a very disagreeable and anxious night, we made a prodigious breakfast, and felt well satisfied with ourselves. While on the subject of this adventure I must place on record the courage with which the lady (who, like her worthy husband, has passed away), bore herself throughout this unique situation.

It is a little curious that I should have been lost in company with my other friend Monk (E. G.), on the 6th of January, 1859, in Newnham Park, where, for some six or seven hours, we wandered in recently ploughed land, out of which we only

emerged at eleven o'clock at night, arriving at Monk's house in Abingdon at twelve, somewhat late, it must be admitted, for a six o'clock dinner. When some months after the Barmouth episode, I wrote for *Hymns Ancient and Modern* the hymn-tune which appears as number six, "At thy feet, O Christ, we lay," the editor, W. H. Monk, gave it the name of "Barmouth," to commemorate the adventure I have just recorded.

Mr. W. G. Cusins held the bâton at the Academy for about a year, and was succeeded by Mr. John Hullah, who resigned the position in the early part of 1873, when Sir Sterndale Bennett invited me to assume the office, which I accepted with enthusiasm, but also with some anxiety, as I had only on rare occasions at the old Society of British Musicians conducted an orchestra. However, I was installed in the responsible office of conductor of the orchestra and choir of the R.A.M. after the Easter vacation, and before Christmas in that year I led the students through successful performances of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Haydn's *Imperial Mass* in D minor, Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, besides many motets and part-songs, as well as my brother's "Songs in a Cornfield" for the choir alone.

To commemorate the inauguration of the Bennett Scholarship and Prize, I gave a dinner

at my house, on which occasion twenty-one sat down, almost all of whom, alas! have joined the

WALTER CECIL MACFARREN, AGED 46.

majority. Here is a list of these:—Sir W. S. Bennett and his son Charles Bennett,* Messrs.

W. G. Cusins, Frank Cox, Lamborn Cock, J. Case, William Dorrell, Henry R. Eyers,* Henry Fanner, F. B. Jewson, Henry Leslie, F. Low, W. H. Monk, G. A. Macfarren, G. A. Osborne, G. T. Rose (Broadwood's), Alberto Randegger,* Charles Steggall,* Prosper Sainton, Frederick Westlake, and myself, of whom only those marked with an asterisk survive.

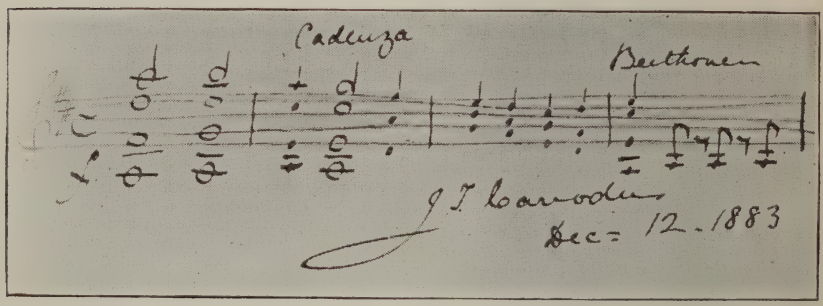
The first Bennett Scholarship was awarded to Tobias Matthay, who shortly afterwards became my pupil, remaining with me three years. The second Bennett Scholarship was awarded to my pupil Charlton Speer, who continued under my care for some eight years. The first Bennett Prize resulted in a tie between Miss Baglehole (a pupil of W. H. Holmes) and Miss Green (a pupil of mine), and the prize was eventually given to the former. The second Bennett Prize was awarded to my pupil Miss Annie Martin (now Mrs. Russell-Starr, F.R.A.M.), who for upwards of twenty years has held a leading position as a teacher in Hull, and who only the other day manifested her attachment to her old master by giving a lecture on his life and works at the Royal Institution, Hull.

G. A. Macfarren's first oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, was composed for the Gloucester Festival of 1872; but as the committee declined to accede to Santley's terms, that great artist, for whom the part of St. John had been expressly written, was not

engaged, and my brother withdrew the work. He was, however, invited to produce it at the first Bristol Festival, which took place in October 1873, and on the 23rd of that month it was performed with unbounded success. Charles Hallé (to whom the work is appropriately dedicated) conducted, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley were the vocalists, Mr. George Riseley presiding at the organ. On the morning after the performance, the Festival Committee sent my brother a cheque for 100 guineas as a small acknowledgment of the brilliant reception accorded to his oratorio. Why, having so safe a card, they never should have repeated *St. John the Baptist* at any subsequent Festival is to me unaccountable. The Professors of the Academy, together with their Principal, Sterndale Bennett, sent to my brother an address congratulating him on his success in a new field of composition, which address, with its forty-four autograph signatures, hangs in the room in which I write.

At the Philharmonic Concert on April 28th, in the year 1873, that great artist and remarkable man, the late Hans von Bülow, made his first appearance, playing Beethoven's E flat Concerto and Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. Many anecdotes are told of Von Bülow's caustic wit, but none are more pointed than that respecting the

Meiningen Orchestra, of which he was at the time the conductor. Having in a moment of irritation declared that the performers under his direction were not fit for a circus band, he incurred the displeasure of the highest authorities, and at the next rehearsal he addressed the orchestra, saying that, understanding he had given offence by his former remark, he now withdrew it, and begged to say that in his opinion "the performers *were* fit for a circus band."



On the 12th of May the Philharmonic programme included a manuscript Concerto in G minor which had been composed by my brother for that excellent violinist the late Ludwig Straus, who repeated the work subsequently, and it has also been played by that fine English artist, the late John T. Carrodus, at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere.

I should mention that in the spring of this year (1873) I was elected a member of the Arts Club,

with which homely and friendly institution I have been associated ever since, and where I have been brought into more or less intimate relations with many distinguished artists in literature, painting, architecture, and sculpture, and lovers of the arts, amongst whom I recall the names of the eminent physician Dr. Buzzard (excellent chairman of committee), and his genial successor, Val Prinsep, R.A., whose recent demise we are all deeply regretting. Also Luke Fildes, R.A., David Murray, A.R.A. (now R.A.), the late Sir Edward Blomfield, R.A., Stacey Marks, R.A., Archibald Forbes (war correspondent of the *Daily News*), and many another well-known figure in the Art world.

Before quitting the year 1873, I must record with some pride the circumstance that by Sir Sterndale Bennett's own wish I played his newly-composed sonata, "The Maid of Orleans," at one of the "Musical Evenings" of which I have before spoken; at Oxford, and at Cambridge (whither he himself accompanied me), at a concert given by the Fitzwilliam Musical Society. Besides the sonata in question, I played solos of my own, and the choir of the Society sang a new part-song composed expressly for them by myself, entitled "Bells across the Sea."

CHAPTER IX.

1874-77.

Play Bennett's F Minor Concerto at Birmingham—Gift of bâton by pupils—Fourth visit to Scotland—Brahms and Saint-Saëns—Last concert in Hanover Square Rooms—Henry R. Eyers—Death of Sterndale Bennett—Interment in Westminster Abbey—G. A. Macfarren elected Principal of the R.A.M. and Professor at Cambridge—Academy and Philharmonic do honour to Bennett's memory—Concerts in St. James's Hall—Enlargement of the Academy — Concert-room — Scotland again — Birmingham and *The Resurrection*—Llandudno—Rubinstein—Arthur Sullivan's *The Prodigal Son*—*Joseph* at Leeds, and *Lady of the Lake* at Glasgow.

In March 1874 I played Bennett's Concerto in F minor at Birmingham, when the composer was to have conducted that work, as well as his Sacred Cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, but at the last moment illness deprived me of the pleasure of his company and Birmingham of his presence. In May of the same year my lady pupils at the Academy presented me with an ivory and gold bâton, in recognition of what they were pleased to call "my great success" as conductor. This stick bears the names of its fifteen generous donors, and was used by me for a brief spell on one occasion; but although too heavy for general use,

I value it much, and show it to my friends as one of my priceless treasures.

In my summer rambles this year (1874) I visited Salisbury, and was impressed, as everybody invariably is, with the unique beauty of its cathedral exterior. Later on, I wended my footsteps again to the "land of cakes," and inhaled the usual invigorative influence of its air. At Blair Athol, when passing through the Duke's grounds, the guide with whom I conversed cajoled me into the belief that his name was the same as my own, and claimed me as a member of his clan, by means of which he extracted from me two half-crowns. Lackaday for the frailty of human confidence! when I visited the spot five years later, I learned that there was no guide, and never had been one, of my name; but that there was a George *Macfarlane*, and I left the grounds a sadder but a wiser man.

Two features of unusual interest in the Philharmonic season of this year (1874) must be recorded. On June 29th was performed the Serenade in A, for small orchestra, by Brahms, an early but remarkable work of this great musician, which must have been composed as an experiment, for in the string department there are no violins, and in the wind no brass. There is another work by this composer of somewhat similar character in the key of D, but for full

orchestra; and as I had been well acquainted with this and its companion in pianoforte-duet form, I was very much interested in their performance. The other item to which I would refer was the first appearance at a Philharmonic Concert of the highly accomplished musician Saint-Saëns, who on this occasion played Beethoven's Concerto in G with fluency and artistic insight; although he did not efface from my memory the rendering of that beautiful work by Mendelssohn, or, in my opinion, equal the refinement of Charles Hallé in this particular composition. It was announced by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., the proprietors of the old Hanover Square Rooms, that they had disposed of the property to a club; but they offered the Academy the opportunity of giving a final concert in these historic rooms, so intimately associated with the great names of Haydn, Spohr, Weber, Mendelssohn, and our own Sterndale Bennett. This offer was gladly accepted, and on the 20th of December I had the honour of conducting the very last performance ever given in this most beautiful of concert-rooms. The programme included my brother's cantata, *Christmas*, which went admirably; and pianoforte solos by Miss Alice Curtis (Mrs. Alfred Gibson), who played Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante in E flat; my own pupil, Miss Kate Steel, who played Bennett's Impromptu in E

and Allegro Grazioso in A; and another of my pupils, Walter Fitton, who played Schumann's Concertstück in G. Sterndale Bennett was present during the early part of this concert, but the illness which terminated fatally a few weeks later was already wearing him out. I well remember his pathetic look when he expressed his regret to me at being obliged to leave at the end of the first part. There was another circumstance in connection with that very "last" concert which was more curious than agreeable. There had been a heavy thaw in the day, which had covered the streets with wet slime; but when we came out, after the concert, a sharp frost had set in, and the road and pavement everywhere was like a sheet of glass, and the lady students in their thin shoes had a very disagreeable experience in reaching their suburban homes.

The last doings of Bennett in connection with the Academy, when he was really unfit to be out of his bed, are to me intensely affecting. The ever-increasing number of students rendered increased accommodation necessary, but our search for new premises always ended in the same result; for Bennett loved the old place so much, that he used frequently to spend the greater part of Sunday in the Academy, and constantly brought down portraits and engravings from his own collection to adorn its walls. He could not bear

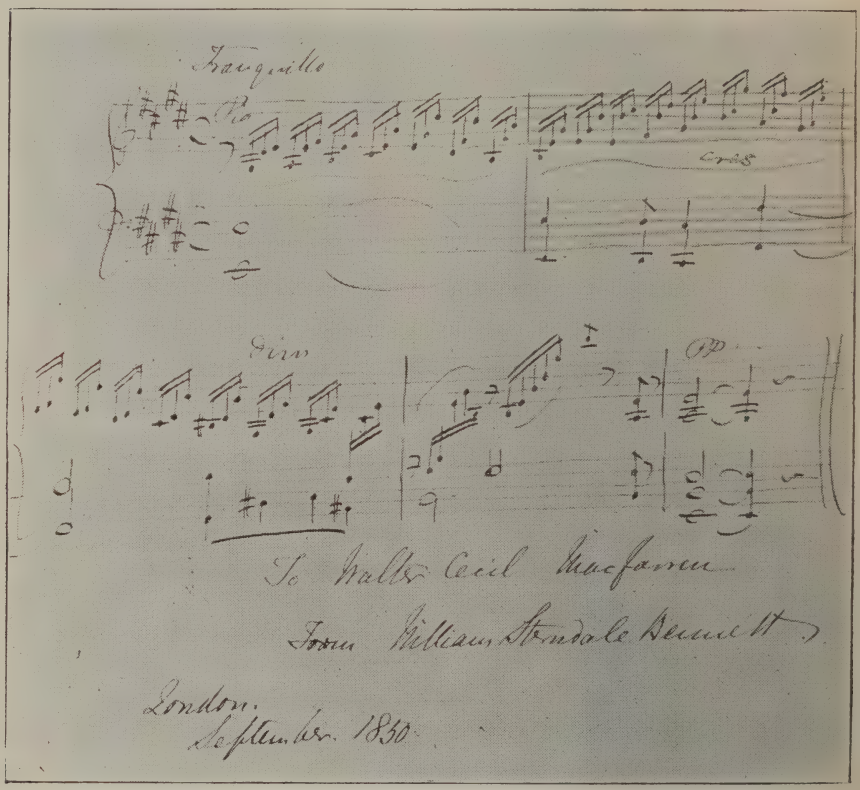
the thought of leaving the tenement in which he had passed ten years from childhood to manhood, and so we continued in our old *locale*. It was during the month of January 1875 that the Principal, Bennett, consented to the establishment of sight-singing classes on the same principle as the *sol-feggi* classes in Continental schools, and to my friend Henry R. Eyers was entrusted the direction of this important branch of study. I am glad of the opportunity this affords me of saying with what singular success he has directed these classes up to the present time, and what excellent progress has resulted from his patient and capable teaching.

I accepted an engagement at a large school at Southgate on the retirement of Bennett, who had taught there for many years; and on learning that my first visit there was to be at the beginning of February, he expressed a wish to accompany me on that occasion. Alas! when the day arrived he was no more, having passed away peacefully on the 1st of that month. When I saw him for the last time, which was after death, in place of the haggard appearance of the previous months, his much-loved face had resumed its former sweetness of expression. My brother exerted himself strenuously to obtain for all that was left of Bennett a last resting-place in our national Walhalla, and the liberal-minded Dean Stanley being then in authority, granted to my brother that permission which his

successor, Dean Bradley, twelve years later, refused to accord for my brother himself, although urged thereto by an extensive and influentially-signed requisition. The funeral of Sterndale Bennett in the Abbey was attended by an extensive concourse of people who had known him in life, and who admired his character and genius, and the rendering of his unaccompanied quartet, "God is a Spirit," and Dean Stanley's solemn utterances over the grave (which is adjacent to that of Henry Purcell) were deeply impressive. The death of Bennett threw a great deal of remunerative teaching into my hands; and what with my conducting and the necessary preparation for the Academy Concerts, together with my own large teaching connection, it will be readily understood I was pretty busy, often out of my house at 7.30 A.M., and not retiring to rest until 1 A.M. the following day. It is perhaps not wonderful that this abnormal state of things, together with the excitement induced by many public appearances, told upon my health, and a little later on upon my eyesight.

The characteristic Prelude on the next page was afterwards included in the composer's "Preludes and Lessons."

On the day-week following Bennett's interment, G. A. Macfarren was elected as his successor in the office of Principal and Chairman of the Committee of the R.A.M., and a few weeks later he was also

elected to succeed his old friend and fellow-student in the Chair of Music in the University of Cambridge. He was proud of these two appoint-

AUTOGRAPH OF STERNDALE BENNETT, FROM MY ALBUM.

ments, and to the end he much preferred the title of *Professor* to that of the Knighthood; the latter honour he twice declined, and it was finally forced upon his acceptance.

New R.A.M. Principal

The concerts of the R.A.M. were, in consequence of the Hanover Square Rooms being closed, removed in this year (1875) to St. James's Hall, and at the first of these the programme consisted entirely of works from the pen of its late Principal, including the Sacred Cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, the Symphony in G minor, the Concerto in C minor, and the poetical Overture, *The Naiads*.

The Philharmonic Society, at its first concert this season on March 18th, 1875, also paid tribute to the memory of Sterndale Bennett by devoting the first part of its programme to his compositions, which comprised a manuscript Prelude and Funeral March from the unfinished music to Sophocles's *Ajax*, and *The Woman of Samaria*, the soloists in which were Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, W. H. Cummings, and Santley. At the last concert of the season was performed an *Idyll in Memory of Sterndale Bennett*, composed by G. A. Macfarren expressly for the Society.

I was again at Walmer this year, and had a very pleasant cottage in the upper village. On arrival there I observed a crack at one corner of the slate slab outside the French window of the drawing-room, which opened on to the lawn, and I noticed with some curiosity ants making their way in and out of this crack. Before very long they became an intolerable nuisance, so I sent for a kettle of boiling water, which I poured into the said

aperture, and for a brief space all was still; but during the evening these little creatures swarmed into the drawing-room, so that we had to desert the room, and contemplated giving up the house. Strange to relate, however, during the night they departed, and never in our two months' residence there did we again see an ant. If I were an entymologist I should be able to describe this incident in appropriate terms, but as an ignoramus I can only say that it appears to me that at first consternation seized the multitude which had its residence under the slate slab; then came orders to prepare for departure, and hence the commotion which reigned amongst them throughout the evening. Finally, the whole insect population emigrated as by one consent, and never again sought the spot which had brought such devastation amongst their numbers. During this stay I was occupied by the composition of my "First Suite" for Pianoforte, and it was at this house I enjoyed a visit from my brother G. A. Macfarren, in the course of which I wrote down at his dictation two or three numbers of his cantata, *The Lady of the Lake.* Mention has been made of my love for the noble game of cricket, and whenever staying at Walmer I invariably drove over to Canterbury during the cricket week, and revelled in the doings of W. G. Grace, then at his best, also of Alfred Shaw, Morley (the left-handed bowler), and other heroes

of the bat and ball. Although I have not been able for years to watch the game, I still follow it on paper with keen interest.

On the closing of the Hanover Square Rooms, I had transferred my annual concerts to Willis's Rooms, and in 1876 migrated to the larger arena of St. James's Hall. As this was really the last of my chamber concerts (which for various reasons I had to abandon), I must record the principal items in the final programme. These consisted of Sterndale Bennett's fine Sextett in F♯ minor for pianoforte and strings, in which I was associated with Sainton, Amor, A. Burnett, Pezze, and the late eminent contra-bassist, A. C. White, whose familiar figure in opera and Philharmonic and festival orchestras is still greatly missed. In Mozart's beautiful Trio for piano, clarionet, and viola I had for my *confrères* the late prince of clarionetists, Henry Lazarus, and that excellent violist Alfred Burnett. Then I played my recently published Violin Sonata in D, with Sainton, and my "First Suite," before mentioned; and Mendelssohn's beautiful Allegro Brillante in A was played on two pianos by my talented pupil, Miss Kate Steel, and myself. In addition to these instrumental items, my friend Alberto Randegger conducted some part-songs for female voices, which provided contrast to the more serious numbers.

This is an appropriate place to record the

erection of the new concert-room of the R.A.M., which—having acquired No. 5 in addition to our quarters, No. 4 Tenterden Street—the architect, Mr. Porter, very cleverly constructed, by a process which I have described before as being like slicing off the top of a half-quartern loaf, scooping out the whole of the crumb, and then replacing the roof. This concert-room and its orchestra (of my design) was inaugurated early in 1876, and used subsequently not only for our own rehearsals and fortnightly concerts (the latter being at the suggestion of Alberto Randegger), but, being licensed, for many outside concerts, including quartet parties of Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

At the end of July I went to Edinburgh for rest and quiet, and to study the score of my brother's oratorio, *The Resurrection*, which I was to conduct at the approaching Birmingham Festival. My rooms in the Queen's Gardens overlooked the Forth and the distant mountains, and the weather being delightful, I enjoyed many rides and drives in the neighbourhood of the Scottish capital.

On Saturday, August 26th, I went to Birmingham, had a choral rehearsal in the afternoon, and some practice in the Town Hall with Santley and the organist, the late Mr. Stimpson, in the evening. On the Sunday I dined with Santley and Maybrick at their comfortable old-fashioned hostelry at Edgbaston, and had a very jolly afternoon and evening

with them. The performance of *The Resurrection* came off on Wednesday, August 30th; and on the morning of the previous Monday (my 50th birthday) I received a charming letter from my brother, offering me the dedication of the work as a birthday gift, which touched me greatly. I was appointed to be at the Town Hall for rehearsal at 9 o'clock, and half-an-hour before that time the imperious conductor, Sir Michael Costa, sent to me urging my immediate attendance; but as the rain poured down in torrents, which is not an unfrequent experience in that manufacturing district, there was much difficulty in obtaining a cab. However, I arrived before the appointed hour, and found Sainton and all the orchestra in a state of revolt, declaring that as the seats and desks were arranged they had no elbow-room; Costa was furious, and summoned the carpenters. The arrangement of the seats, etc., had to be entirely altered, and the rehearsal did not really commence until 10 o'clock; then I was continually urged to get on faster and faster by Sir Michael, but, after nearly three hours' rehearsal, I hoped there was a prospect of a good performance.

On Wednesday rain continued, and in consequence the organ (the pitch of which had to be altered to oblige Sims Reeves, who after all did not turn up) became still lower by reason of the damp which hung over everything, and this circumstance militated materially against good effect, for orchestra

and organ were never in tune together, and Santley, who had frequently to sing with organ accompaniment alone, complained bitterly of the difficulty he experienced in consequence. The other artists on this occasion were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Edward Lloyd, and the late Madame Patey, all of whom acquitted themselves as usual—admirably; and the final chorus, in which the "Old Hundredth" is treated fugally, brought the audience to some enthusiasm, the composer being led on by Costa in the midst of warm and general applause.

I was staying at the Queen's Hotel during this my first visit to Birmingham, and I had promised to call upon my friend, Dr. E. G. Monk, who was staying at "The Stork," on the evening previous to the performance of *The Resurrection.* Now, I knew not where "The Stork" was located, and the cab-driver whose services I enlisted would appear to have been almost equally ignorant of its whereabouts, for he was driving me about for three-quarters of an hour, and demanded five shillings on my arrival; but when I asked Monk why he put up at such a distant hotel, he took me to the window and pointed out the lights of the "Queen's," which could not have been more than 250 yards off, a distance I could have walked in two minutes, and I came to the conclusion that "cabby" had fairly done me.

My work over at Birmingham, I went on to

At Llandudno

Llandudno for a little change after all the excitement of the previous week, and enjoyed vastly my rambles on the Great and Little Orme's Head. It was while at this favourite watering-place that I noticed a concert was to be given, at which Miss Mary Davies and Miss Marian Williams were to sing, and I therefore attended the function in question. Now these two young ladies were at the time students at the Academy, and as conductor I had a good deal to do with them, so as soon as Marian Williams appeared on the platform she recognised me, and I could hear her exclaim in a sort of stage whisper to her friend, Mary Davies, who was accompanying her, "Oh, Mr. Macfarren is here!" and they were so put out at the sight of me that I fear their performances suffered. Another vocalist was a gentleman who appeared on the platform, opened his mouth thrice successively after the preludial symphony had as often been repeated, but without producing a sound. He then unceremoniously retired, and was followed by the chairman, who occupied a seat on the platform, and who returned shortly, informing the audience that the intending vocalist was taken ill! Another strange incident occurred at this remarkable concert: a gentleman whom I had often observed, wheeled about in an invalid chair by a footman, appeared on the platform in full evening costume, but seated in his chair, and in that unusual position sang Balfe's "Come into the Garden,

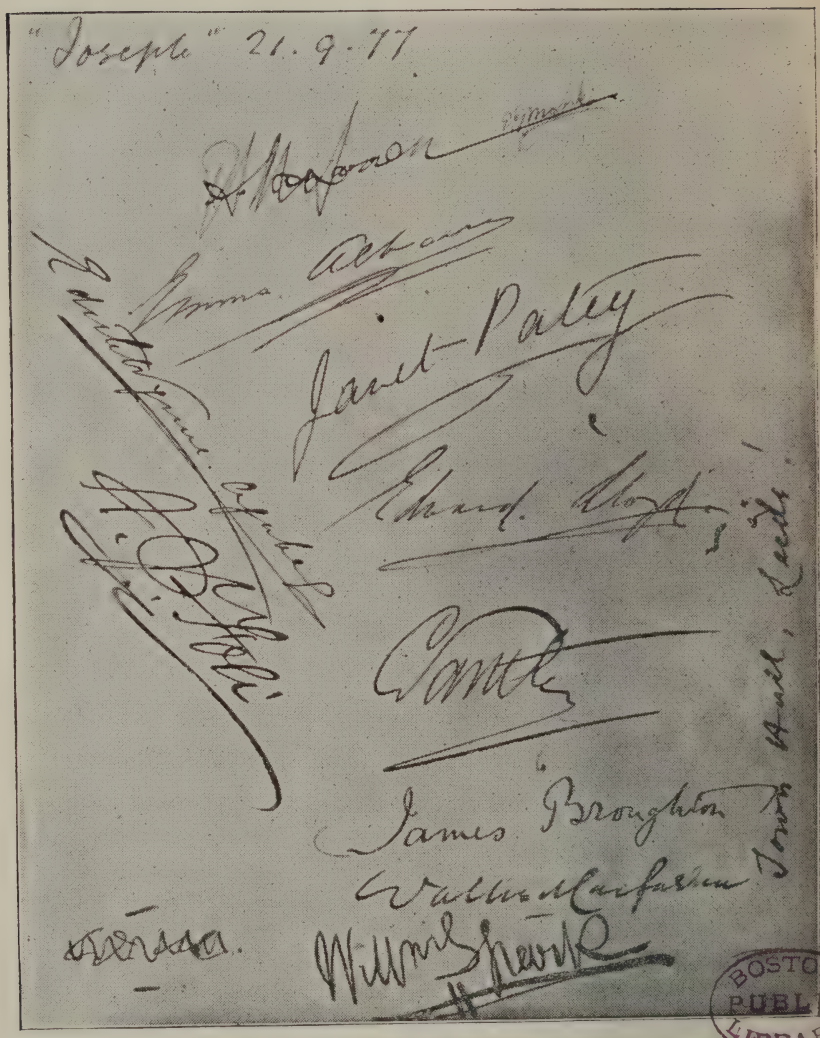
Maud," after which he was dragged off by his footman, and being encored, was pushed on again and sang "Sally in our Alley." Surely a less romantic position for an ardent lover was never experienced! Fancy Romeo being wheeled on the stage to deliver his passionate address under Juliet's balcony! Towards the conclusion of this novel entertainment, there suddenly broke on our ears the sound of a great bell in violent agitation, and people began to scramble over the backs of the seats under the impression that a fire had broken out. Something very much like a stampede would have taken place but for the intervention of a gentleman, who announced from the platform that it was only the amateur fire brigade called out for practice!

During the Michaelmas term in this year, Anton Rubinstein visited the Academy on a rehearsal day, when, at my earnest request, he mounted the platform and played with us magnificently Beethoven's Concerto in G; and while I received his kind and flattering remarks on the way in which the work went, the students were enthusiastic in their acknowledgments of his artistic condescension.

In the early part of 1877 we prepared Arthur Sullivan's short oratorio, *The Prodigal Son*, for performance at an Academy Concert. This work, which I regard as one of his most poetical, afforded

me infinite pleasure, while the composer's presence, on several rehearsal days, brought me into very close relations with him.

The year 1877 is especially memorable to me, on account of the production, at Leeds, of my brother's oratorio, *Joseph*, the preparation and conducting of which he had entrusted to me. This brought me into intimate association with the principal soloists. I had many pleasant times with Madame Albani at her house in Kensington Square, with Madame Patey, Edith Wynne, Edward Lloyd, Foli, and Santley, who were one and all most zealous in their efforts to bring about a successful result; that which really did occur surpasses any word I have at command to describe. The enthusiasm was tremendous; and when I had the honour of leading my brother on to the orchestra to receive the congratulations of audience, band, and chorus, I thought the applause would never cease. It was renewed even after we had left the hall, and the splendid chorus would not be satisfied until we had met them in the practice hall, when a few words from the composer evoked fresh enthusiasm. When we were alone, later on, my brother said little, but expressed much by his fraternal embrace. Between the parts of the oratorio, I obtained the autograph signatures of the composer, Dr. E. G. Monk (who selected the words), and of all the leading artists concerned in the performance, in-



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ARTISTS ENGAGED IN THE PERFORMANCE OF G. A. MACFARREN'S "JOSEPH," FROM MY ALBUM.

cluding the Chorus-Master, the Organist, and the Conductor.

We were all much amused at Santley and Foli, who represented Joseph and Jacob respectively, receiving on the morning of the performance two miniature "coats of many colours," which, it is needless to say, they did not exhibit in public. I think I never felt more proud in my life than on that Friday evening, for it had really been a very perfect representation of *Joseph*. I was on such good terms with principals, orchestra, and chorus, that on my appearance on the platform I was greeted with enthusiasm. After the excitement of the performance was over, Sir Michael Costa (not usually profuse in his compliments) said to me that he had listened from the back of the gallery and watched me closely, and that he had never heard a finer first performance, adding, "Few people know what it is to have to get up and direct the first performance of an entirely new work; and when this is done successfully the composer ought to be grateful to his conductor." My brother also wished me to conduct the first performance of his cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, at Glasgow, some weeks later, but Mr. Lambeth, the chorus-master, insisted that it was his right to have the direction of a work in which his choir took so prominent a part, and to avoid friction my brother gave way. The late Dr. Von

Bülow was, however, the Festival Conductor, and exhibited the greatest interest in the rehearsals during the practice of the chorus, supplanting the usual accompanist at the pianoforte, and playing with such vigour and marked accent as greatly to help the conductor, and at the performance he actually sang bass in the chorus. All honour then to this remarkable musician, who, although he had his humours and eccentricities, was full of zeal, and at heart a thorough artist!

CHAPTER X.

1878-81.

Kuhe's Brighton Festival—*Début* of Nanette Kuhe—Pastoral Overture—First symptom of sight failure—George Critchett and William Bowman—Pastoral Overture at Bristol—Domestic trouble—Sarasate at Academy—Frederick Westlake and continental tour—Overture "Hero and Leander"—Loss of the *Princess Alice*—Henry J. Cockram and Myles Birket Foster—Val Goold and Glastonbury—Presentation of silver inkstand—Sir Henry Irving—Symphony in B flat—Scotland and Rock Ferry—"Hero and Leander" at Philharmonic and Brighton—Stewart Macpherson—Symphony at Bristol—Retirement from conductorship at R.A.M.—Ventnor—Symphony under F. H. Cowen—J. W. Davison's last article in the *Times*—"Hero and Leander" at Leeds—Lecture-recital at Hull—Resignation of the honorary treasurer and director of Philharmonic—January 18th, 1881, snowed up between Oxford and London—Lecture at Bristol—Tom Lamont and George Du Maurier—Sir George Grove—Worcester Festival—A. C. Mackenzie—Randegger conductor at Norwich—Overture *King Henry V.*—Academy Local Centre Examinations.

My friend Wilhelm Kuhe had been giving an annual festival at Brighton for some years, at one of which I had played some concertos for him in consequence of his having hurt his wrist, and in January 1878 he asked me to conduct Schumann's Concerto, in which his late, deeply regretted daughter Nanette was to make her *début*, as he felt too nervous to hold the stick on that occasion. Now, I had given this young

lady lessons from time to time from her childhood, and nothing therefore could be more natural than that I should help her through this trying ordeal, from which she came out with success. At the same concert I conducted the first performance of my "Pastoral Overture," which I sat up all night to finish for the copyist. Well, I think I am justified in saying that it made a hit; it was received with marked favour, and noticed in complimentary terms by all the press, especially in the *Daily Telegraph*, from the pen of the present *doyen* of musical critics, Mr. Joseph Bennett. Mr. George Riseley, of Bristol, wrote inviting me to conduct a performance of the work at Bristol, and Mr. (now Sir) August Manns put it down in his autumn concert scheme without having even seen the work, and without any reference to myself.

Two painful incidents have to be recorded in this year (1878). In the month of March, quite suddenly, my sight exhibited symptoms of failure, and although the late eminent oculist Mr. George Critchett, and his son, the present Sir Anderson Critchett, showed me the kindest attention, they frankly admitted that mine was not a case which came within the power of human skill to aid, and this view was confirmed by the late Sir William Bowman, who, on the 1st of June, made a thorough examination of my optics and said that I could do

more for myself than oculists could do for me; that I had been working too hard, and that I should reduce my hours of labour, and keep my mind happy and contented. *L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose!*

On Monday, June 3rd, I went to Bristol to conduct my "Pastoral Overture"; and when I returned on the following day I found my wife very ill, and that her mind was seriously affected. I care not to record all the details of that terrible month of June; suffice it that the patient developed more and more alarming symptoms, and I was compelled to consent to her removal from home. She subsequently, on her partial recovery, resided with her sister, the wife of Dr. Bailey, in Norfolk, until the death of Mrs. Bailey, which greatly excited her, and occasioned a renewal of the old symptoms, which rapidly increased, and she passed away on March 30th, 1902.

In 1878 that great violinist, Sarasate, was in England, and visited us at the Academy one Tuesday afternoon, to hear a little performance of our students. When I asked him to do us the honour of playing with the orchestra he willingly consented, mounted the platform, and played with us, in his own fascinating manner, Mendelssohn's Concerto; and we, being on our mettle, accompanied him in such a manner as to elicit his warmest praise; indeed, he said that the Concerto had

gone better on this occasion, without a rehearsal, than it had the previous week, after three rehearsals, at a concert of a now extinct Series.

The comparative failure of my sight, which was undoubtedly due to overwork and excitement, and which had rapidly increased during the month of June, very naturally occasioned in me a feeling of despondency, and I felt almost ready to give up everything. At this juncture, my friend and former pupil, the late Frederick Westlake, came to the rescue, urged me to take heart of grace, and offered to abandon his intended holiday tour and to accompany me whithersoever I chose to go. We therefore left London at the end of July, and proceeded, *viâ* Dover and Ostend, to Brussels. After a few days' stay in the Belgian capital we went to Cologne, where I had a good inspection of the lovely cathedral; then proceeded up the Rhine to the birthplace of the immortal tone-poet Beethoven, and thence to Wiesbaden, where a stay of two or three days at the Hôtel Rose in that picturesque town was very enjoyable. We then made a somewhat lengthy journey to Strasburg, a most interesting town on the borderland, neither quite French nor quite German, the curious specimen of horology in the cathedral exciting our wonder and interest. The cock crowing at the striking of the midday hour, the twelve Apostles making obeisance to their Lord, and the extraordinary arrangement by

which the date of the festivals of the Church can be ascertained for thousands of years to come,—all induce a marvel at the ingenuity which had produced this extraordinary, if not very useful, piece of mechanism. Our next move was to Basle, or, as the natives call it, Basel. We were now in Switzerland, and stayed a night at Neufchâtel—not a very picturesque place, but provided with a very good hotel. Then in quest of new ground, we mounted higher and higher, until we arrived at a well-named place—Diablerets, and the worst hotel at which I ever rested. One night of this was quite sufficient, and we retraced our steps to a place called Aigle, and there found in the Hôtel des Bains, on the other hand, one of the best and cheapest of hotels, which was so much to our taste that we remained ten days. Beautiful scenery and garden, excellent bedrooms and *cuisine*, and abundant baths rendered this one of the most enjoyable incidents of our tour. During our stay here my friend received a letter which was directed to Mr. Westlake, Hôtel des Bains, Switzerland, France, but which, notwithstanding this naïve inscription, reached him without delay. On leaving Aigle we proceeded to Berne, where I had the first glimpse of Mont Blanc; and then by easy stages to Interlaken; thence to Murin, at the comfortable hotel of which place, facing the Jungfrau, on the other side the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, we were

weather-bound for more than a week. Staying in this hotel were Dr. Butler, Headmaster of Harrow (now Master of Trinity), and the late John Farmer, his Harrovian, and subsequently Balliol, organist. We had Farmer's so-called oratorio, *Christ and His Soldiers*, which is really nothing but a collection of hymn-tunes. There was also present a certain lord of somewhat Calvinistic tendencies; and, besides these, a number of young men of a Bohemian type; so that, in making a tour of the balcony which surrounded the house, I could see in one apartment the High Church element reading, playing the piano, and conversing in a rational manner; in another the noble lord referred to and his sympathising ladies and gentlemen all on their knees; in a third apartment, card-playing, smoking, and drinking, and other Bohemianlike amusements; and in a fourth, the younger gentlemen dancing with the waitresses to the music of a volunteer fiddler. The weather, which happened to be abnormally unsettled this year, prevented us from doing any mountaineering; and on leaving Murin we retraced our steps to Interlaken, and thence, by a long and most enjoyable drive, to Lucerne, the beauties of which charming spot have been frequently extolled by far abler pens than mine. Of course we went up the Rigi, and stayed four or five days at the palatial hotel of that name, viewing the sunrise and sunset, and, what was even

more fairy-like, the distant view of a range of snow-clad mountains, lit up by moonlight. The celebrated organ at Lucerne greatly disappointed me, but then I am afraid I must admit that all organs do disappoint me. On the other hand, there was at the hotel in Lucerne at which we stayed some Volnez which was so much to our liking that we returned to this hostelry on our leaving the Rigi, so that we might indulge in another bottle of the same; but, alas! for the vanity of human wishes, the wine was all gone, and we had to put up with something of a very inferior character.

From Lucerne we had a long journey to Paris, but broke the monotony by staying at a thoroughly French town for a night; this was Troyes, where we fed luxuriously, and slept less continuously than we should have done without the unwelcome company which forced itself on our attention. In this town is a grand specimen of Gothic architecture—an old church or cathedral so far too large for the necessities of the population that religious worship is carried on in a corner of the building. Towards the middle of September we arrived in Paris, which, it being the year of one of their great exhibitions, was even more gay than usual, and the week we remained there was replete with interest, our meeting with my old friend Parry (Ashdown & Parry) adding zest to our enjoyment. We crossed the channel from Boulogne in a gale, and were

about the only passengers who escaped the *mal de mer;* but even we were very glad to reach the *terra firma* of Folkestone, whence we took rail to Dover, and coached to my old haunt, Walmer, where, promising ourselves a good *English* repast at the principal inn in Deal, we were somewhat disappointed, for it being Harvest Thanksgiving, all the shops were closed, and at this royally-named hotel we had to put up with underdone fresh-killed chops, and one-and-sixpenny "fruity" port.

Throughout this foreign ramble, extending over some nine weeks, my companion, F. Westlake, was like a brother to me. I shall never forget his untiring devotion and endless attention; but it must have been gratifying to him that the result of the complete change I had had was most satisfactory. My sight, which in the month of June had failed more and more day by day, seemed by magic to have been arrested in its downward progress, and I regained courage and hope. We were met at Charing Cross in right royal fashion by the late Stanley Lucas (then Secretary of the Philharmonic Society) and Henry R. Eyers, who accompanied me home and only left me after a more generous repast than that we had *not* enjoyed at Deal.

Now, I resumed all my old work, directing my mind to composition so as to leave no time for bitter reflection. The earliest result of this fresh

start was the overture, "Hero and Leander." I had long before been attracted by Leigh Hunt's poem on this subject, and I now bent all my energy to its musical illustration, with what success it is not for me to say; but without vanity I may point to the many occasions of its performance. It was first given at Bristol, in December, and early in the following year at Kuhe's Brighton Festival (both under my direction); then it was performed by the Philharmonic at its first concert on February 5th, 1880 (under the direction of Cusins); at the Leeds Festival of that year (composer conducting); at the Crystal Palace, 1881 (conducted by August Manns); at the Worcester Festival, 1881 (conducted by myself); at one of my own orchestral concerts in St. James's Hall, 1882; at the Westminster Orchestral Society (under my old pupil, Stewart Macpherson); and on many less important occasions.

The disastrous collision which occasioned the loss of the *Princess Alice* steamboat, the news of which reached me at Lucerne, was a source of deep sorrow to me, my highly-promising young pupil, Henry J. Cockram being among its victims. This little fellow, who was only fourteen years of age at the time of his death, had been twice elected Sterndale Bennett Scholar, and we all regarded his future career with brightest hope. In connection with this sad event, my good friend Myles Birket Foster, who was then a student at the R.A.M.,

composed a beautiful choral piece in memory of his lost friend, to whom he was much attached, a performance of which took place at one of the orchestral concerts of the R.A.M. I have another association with that terrible accident, for twelve girls, pupils of the Queen's College, Tufnell Park, whose parents were in India or Australia, had been left at school throughout the holidays, and as a little treat, two governesses accompanied them to Rosherville by the *Princess Alice*, where they *did* spend a happy day. On their return voyage, when within sight of Blackwall Pier, the collision occurred, and only one out of these fourteen souls escaped to tell the tale, she being dragged into a row-boat more dead than alive. This was Miss Randal, who recounted to me personally her awful experience.

This Christmas installed an annual visit to my friend the late Val Goold and his charming family, at Glastonbury, the interesting features of which place, its ruined abbey and its adjacent cathedral at Wells, constitute to me a very pleasant memory.

Before quitting the memories of this year, I must, at the risk of being thought unduly egotistical, record one more memory of strong interest to myself. It was in the month of July—no doubt as an expression of sympathy—that I was presented with a massive silver inkstand, which bears the following inscription:—

Presentation

"Presented to WALTER CECIL MACFARREN, Esq., Professor and Conductor of the Royal Academy of Music, by his Pupils and the Members of the Choir, in token of their sincere regard. July 1878."

The album which accompanied this gift contains 105 autograph signatures, amongst which the following will be recognised by most people in the world of music:—Margaret Bucknall (Mrs. Alfred Eyre), Walter Fitton, Tobias Matthay, Mary Lock, Margaret Gyde, Mary Forty (Mrs. Frank Lawson), Henry R. Rose, Kate Steel, Annie Martin (Mrs. Russell-Starr), Ada Hazard, Maude Valérie White, Harvey Löhr, Clara Samuell, Amy Hare, Mary Davies, Alfred Eyre, Robert Addison, Eaton Faning, Oliveria Prescott, F. W. Arnold, A. J. Greenish, W. G. Wood, H. A. J. Campbell, W. Brereton, and Arthur Goring Thomas.

At the final concert of the Philharmonic in 1879, two events occurred which are worthy of mention. The first was the production of G. A. Macfarren's Symphony in E minor, and the other was the appearance of Saint-Saëns in the dual capacity of pianist and organist. In the former work, the Serenade (slow movement) and the Gavotte, in place of the usual Scherzo, attracted much notice, and by his performance of his own pianoforte Concerto in G minor (with its delightful Scherzo), and of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Saint-Saëns proved himself a consummate master of both instruments.

Walter Macfarren

It is some time since I referred to my theatrical experiences, and this is a fitting opportunity to allude to the brilliant career of Sir Henry Irving, at whose first appearance in London in the *Belle's Stratagem*, at the St. James's Theatre (then under the management of Miss Herbert), I assisted. I was under the impression that this event occurred as early as 1863, but Sir Henry recently assured me that it was in 1867. However, the date is not so important as the fact that he made his mark at once, and deepened the impression he then made by his subsequent performances at the same theatre. At the Vaudeville his "Digby Grand" in Albery's charming piece, *The Two Roses*, his "Ne'er-do-weel" in *Dearer than Life*, and his "Bill Sykes" at the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, foreshadowed his pre-eminence. Thus, under the Bateman management his phenomenal success as "Mathias" in *The Bells*, his truthful portrait of "Charles I.," and his "Hamlet" raised him to the front rank of his profession. In all these performances Henry Irving evinced a power of characterisation, a mobility of expression, and a variety of style which have proclaimed him a great actor.

When Sir Henry distributed the prizes at the annual Royal Academy of Music meeting, in the Queen's Hall, he stated that he was no musician and knew nothing about the art; but

if no musician, he nevertheless had the good taste to engage eminent composers to write special music for the dramas produced under his management at the Lyceum Theatre—Sir A. C. Mackenzie's music to *Ravenswood*, and Edward German's to *Henry VIII.*, will be in everybody's recollection.

My domestic anxiety and my impaired sight left me only two courses—either to give way altogether and subside into nothingness, or to defy Fate and fight a sea of troubles. I embraced the latter resolve, continued my conducting at the Academy, learning everything by heart, even down to the student's compositions, directing in this manner successful performances of works by Eaton Faning, Myles Birket Foster, and the late Goring Thomas. As a teacher, I was still abundantly occupied, and in the field of composition I became more active than I had been for many years, "Hero and Leander" being succeeded by my first and only Symphony, which engrossed my thoughts throughout the year 1879. When I say "engrossed my thoughts," I mean that it was the principal factor in keeping me from the "blues"; but many smaller productions date from this period—as, for instance, the little pianoforte piece, "Rondino Grazioso," "The Linnet Song," and "Awake, O Heart," besides many other bagatelles.

The summer holidays of this year were passed at Folkestone and Rock Ferry, near Birkenhead,

the latter being the hospitable house of Mr. Robert Steel, whose talented and much regretted wife furnished me with the words of the aforesaid and many other lyrics; and in company with that lady and her sister (my pupil) Kate Steel, I made another enjoyable tour in Scotland, visiting many of the old scenes and some fresh ones with keen relish.

On the 5th of February, 1880, my overture, "Hero and Leander," was given at the Philharmonic as before mentioned, and my Symphony in B flat was produced at Kuhe's Brighton Festival on the 24th of the same month, and hence it has been nicknamed "The Brighton Symphony." Many of the orchestral professors engaged at the Academy were likewise in Mr. Kuhe's Band, and others, as well as the leading students, volunteered to go down to Brighton, and thus increase the orchestra in support of their conductor, and the occasion was marked by great enthusiasm. My dinner-party at the "Old Ship" (where I was located) was augmented by the arrival of my dear brother G. A. Macfarren, accompanied by his then secretary, the late Windyer Clark, both of whom had travelled down expressly to hear the Symphony, and returned the same night.

The examination for the Bennett Scholarship on April 21st was remarkable from its having been gained by a youth of some fourteen summers, hight

Stewart Macpherson, to whom I took such a liking that I requested the Principal to place him in my class, and thus commenced an association which ripened into fast friendship of the most intimate character. Stewart Macpherson's progress at the Academy was singularly rapid and uniformly successful, and the prizes and scholarships which fell to his lot need not be here recounted, for they all appear in the published records of the Institution; but I may say that far from regretting the Principal's compliance with my request, I am proud of the high position in his profession which has been achieved by my whilom pupil.

On May 24th I went down to Bristol, and there conducted my Symphony at one of Riseley's Orchestral Popular Concerts in the Colston Hall, which was demolished by fire in 1898; and I take this opportunity of recording the hospitable treatment I have enjoyed on many occasions from the said George Riseley, who has proved by his direction of two recent Bristol Festivals, his right to be placed in the front rank among conductors.

On June 9th in this year I conducted an Academy Orchestral Concert for the last time. Since the commencement of my eye trouble I had been doing my work as director of the choir and orchestra under difficulties, and finding the strain upon my memory, together with my ever-increasing occupation as teacher, editor, etc., taxing my powers

unduly, I determined upon what the Japanese call the "happy despatch," and with great reluctance relinquished the position which for eight years had been a source of great pleasure to me, and handed in my resignation on June 16th. Of course I continued in office until the end of the term, and a memory never to be forgotten is that of the ovation which met me on my last appearance—at the prize-giving on the 24th of July.

After a long and trying term, a visit of some weeks to the late Dr. Speer at Ventnor greatly refreshed me, and I had many drives and walks throughout that beautiful island with his son, my pupil, Charlton Speer. This visit was memorable from the wonderful astronomic display I witnessed one evening, when for several hours the heavens were lit up with comets and shooting stars in all manner of shapes, which I can only liken to a display of fireworks on a tremendous scale, and these successive coruscations did not subside until daylight.

On the 12th of August I left Ventnor—not for grouse shooting, which is not in my line, but to attend the rehearsal of my Symphony, that was played at the Promenade Concert at Covent Garden on the night of the 13th, under the direction of my friend Frederic H. Cowen (now Dr.), who has since achieved such marked success in the rôle of conductor, and I may add that the very last article

the late J. W. Davison contributed to the *Times* was a notice of this performance.

After another week in the Island, and a pleasant month with my friends the Steels, at Rock Ferry, I was back in London and in harness on September 21st.

I travelled to Leeds on October 11th in company with J. W. Davison and Joseph Bennett, the former being the guest of the latter, and not engaged in official capacity. My visit to Leeds was mainly to conduct my overture, "Hero and Leander," at the Festival on the 14th. On this occasion, having the ill-luck to catch my bâton on the desk before me with the first stroke, the largest portion of it broke and flew off into the auditorium, and I had to conduct that enormous orchestra with the three or four inches that remained; but the overture went right well, and I had a handsome recall and hearty congratulation from Arthur Sullivan, the conductor of the Festival. During this Festival I was staying at the house of friends, and while there received a mysterious parcel. Do not be alarmed, fair reader! it was not dynamite, but the lost part of my bâton, which some kind friend had picked up and thus restored it to its owner; subsequently the two pieces were welded together with a silver band, and it was used on many succeeding occasions.

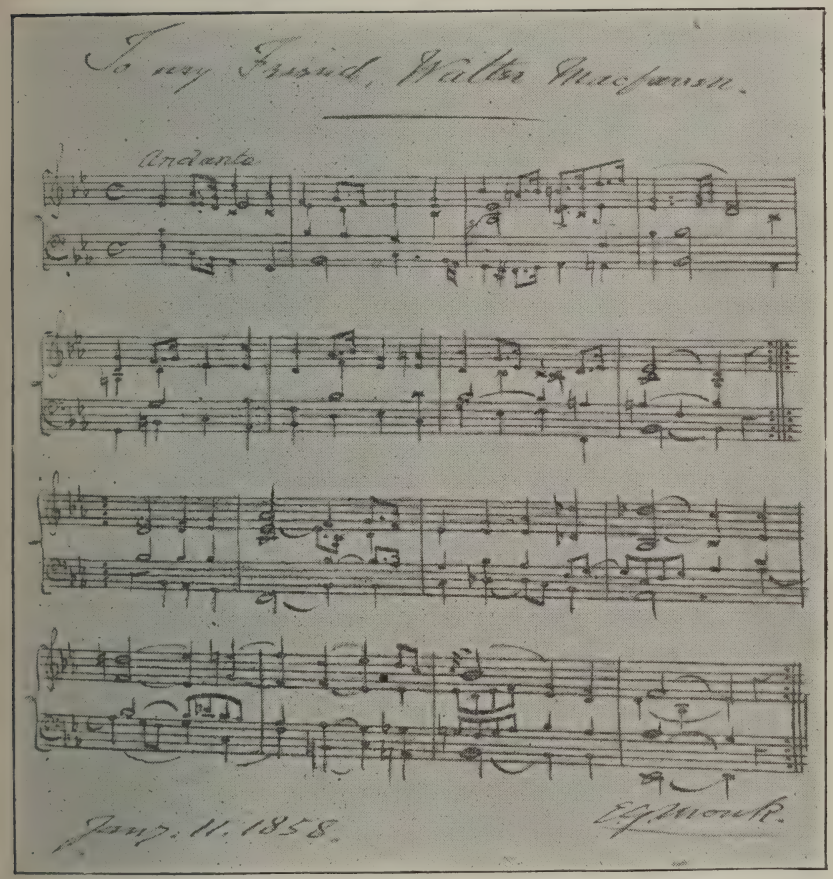
I have now to speak of a new phase of my career which commenced this autumn, and became

a prominent feature in my life for upwards of twenty years. My first Lecture-Recitals occurred at Hull, on November 30th and December 1st, the subject being "The History of the Pianoforte," which I myself illustrated. On these and all my subsequent appearances as lecturer I was unassisted by note of any kind, and whether or not I have a good delivery, as some of my too partial friends aver, I think I may say without being unduly egotistical, that I possess that quality to which these reminiscences may be ascribed—memory.

At a meeting of the Philharmonic Committee in December, the principal actors in which have nearly all departed, unfortunate discussion arose which resulted in my resignation of the office of Honorary Treasurer and Director, and following my example, Dr. W. H. Cummings, the late Sir Julius Benedict, and Sir Charles Hallé also retired from the direction. Of the remaining three directors only one, who shall be nameless, still lives. The season 1881 was such a disastrous one, that the guarantors were called upon to repair a considerable loss, and in a moment of irritation, on having to bleed heavily, I resigned membership of the Society.

The Christmas of this year was again spent with my genial friends the Goolds at Glastonbury, and then I proceeded *viâ* Bristol to York, where I passed the last of many well-remembered visits to my late friend, Dr. E. G. Monk, who, together

with his charming lady, alas! lies in the little churchyard at Radley.



AUTOGRAPH OF EDWIN GEORGE MONK, MUS. DOC., ORGANIST OF YORK MINSTER, FROM MY ALBUM.

On Tuesday, January 18th, 1881, I had a very uncomfortable experience, for leaving Birkenhead

at 11.30 A.M., with the expectation of arriving at Paddington at 5.30 P.M., and attending an important meeting in the evening, I did not actually reach London until midnight on Thursday, 20th. To make a long story short, it snowed on leaving Birkenhead, and on reaching Oxford it not only snowed but blew a hurricane. If the Great Western officials had told us the truth—that the line was blocked with snow a little farther on, we might have had accommodation at Oxford, and been spared the really terrible trial we underwent that night and the two following days. The train proceeded more and more slowly until a few yards beyond Radley Station it came to a standstill; there we were detained prisoners throughout the night, and only released in the morning to wade knee-deep through snow, to find neither food nor warmth at the little hostelry hard by. The late Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Liddell, was amongst the passengers, and was taken in at a neighbouring house; and a small party of us, guided by a country yokel, proceeded to Abingdon over fields, through snow that was always knee-deep, and sometimes more, and then after a toilsome and very moist journey of two miles and a half, which took us three or four hours, we put up at the "Queen's Arms." Evil fate pursued us even there, for the landlord was unfortunately in the very act of departing this life, and the whole establishment was attending his

death-bed. However, the landlady presently looked after our wants, which were not a few, for we were wet through, and had not tasted food for thirty hours. My most intimate friends would hardly have recognised me in the costume provided for me while my own was being dried. If the clothes furnished me were those of the deceased landlord, he must have been a tall and broad person, for they were many sizes too large, and I moved about as though I was encased in sacks. We continued at Abingdon until Thursday afternoon, 20th, when, learning that a special train would endeavour to make its way from Oxford, a party, including myself, waded again through snow (which had never ceased) to Radley Station, and thence by train, consisting of four engines and five carriages, we made a dreary journey, which lasted until midnight. Strange to say, I suffered nothing in health from this disaster, but lost some of my impedimenta, which the Great Western Railway declined to make good on the ground that it was due to the "visitation of God." There was one comic incident in connection with this miserable journey; it was, when on arrival at Westbourne Park, the collector demanded our "tickets," a request which was received with derisive laughter, and the exclamation, "Go to Oxford and fetch them," for we had given them up at that place two days before.

Early in the year 1881 I lectured at Bristol on Mendelssohn and his "Lieder ohne Wörte," with such success, that the entire performance was encored and repeated the following night.

In this year, too, I made the acquaintance of the late Tom Lamont, the admirable water-colour painter, whose personality is so cleverly depicted by Du Maurier as "The Laird" in *Trilby*, and some of whose charming drawings grace the room in which I am now writing. Tom Lamont married a Miss Mary Ranken, and I became a frequent visitor at their hospitable house in Edward's Square, where I met many well-known artists and literary men, of whom I remember particularly the late George du Maurier, whose delightful drawings of gigantic but beautiful women and pretty children were such a conspicuous feature in *Punch*. His singing of French *chansons*, to his own accompaniment, was an experience I can never forget.

In the summer of this year I met for the first time the late Sir George Grove, at a meeting convened for the purpose of raising a testimonial to the genial and enthusiastic August Manns, who had rendered such service to the Art, by his direction of the Crystal Palace Concerts, and by his encouragement of native musicians. Sir George greeted me with the exclamation, "Oh! so you are the great unknown," to which I rejoined, "No; I am the *little* known." The friendship thus com-

menced resulted in many pleasant passages with the future Director of the Royal College of Music, and we were so thoroughly in sympathy in our views about music that we had pleasant talks and correspondence. I met Sir George again at the Worcester Festival in September of this year, when I also renewed my acquaintance with Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, whom I had not seen since he was a boy in the Academy, and had the satisfaction of hearing the initial performance of his cantata *The Bride*, which first brought him into prominent notice. My share in the Festival was a humble one, and consisted in conducting "Hero and Leander."

Alberto Randegger assumed the conductorship of the Norwich Festival, in succession to Julius Benedict, in this year, and he invited me to compose an orchestral piece for that event, which resulted in the production of my Overture to *King Henry V.* I went down to conduct it on October 13th, returning to town on the following day in such a tornado that I expected the train would topple over, and when I reached London I saw chimney-pots and balustrades in the roadway, and had to pick my way with circumspection to avoid personal spoliation.

It is worthy of record that the Local Centre Examinations of the Royal Academy of Music were commenced in the early part of this year.

Seeing to what huge proportions they have grown, especially in connection with the Royal College of Music as the Associated Board, it is curious to remember that the initial entries, all told, only occupied the attention of two examiners, who were the late Brinley Richards (the kindly composer of "God bless the Prince of Wales") and myself, my share being limited to the pupils of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham.

CHAPTER XI.

1882-87.

Orchestral concerts in St. James's Hall—Joachim—Sainton—Piatti—Santley—Lectures at Bristol—Death of Richard Wagner—*Song of the Sunbeam*—Testimonial to G. A. Macfarren, aged seventy—Knighthood of G. A. Macfarren, and opening of the Royal College of Music—Dine at Ironmongers' Co.—Earl Roberts—Sainton's farewell concert—Autumnal rambles—*King David* at Leeds—Vladimir de Pachmann—Philharmonic—Anton Dvořák—Death of Costa—Radley—Lectures at Birmingham—G. A. Macfarren's lecture on Handel and Bach—Death of Madame Sainton-Dolby—Westminster Orchestral Society—Demise of Brinley Richards, Julius Benedict, J. W. Davison, and W. H. Holmes—Visit to Buxton—Manchester Gold Medals—Dr. Franz Liszt and Walter Bache—Fanny Davies—Liszt scholarship—F. Lablache—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Littleton—Lecture at Wallasey—The Three Macs—G. A. Macfarren's dinner on Mozart's birthday—G. A. Macfarren's last birthday—*Kenilworth*—Holiday in North of England with G. A. Macfarren—Death of my brother George—Funeral in Hampstead, and Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey—Interim Triumvirate—*St. John the Baptist* at Academy under Sir Joseph Barnby.

At the beginning of 1882 I determined to try my luck with some orchestral concerts, and I set about this project with all the energy I could muster. I had two motives in undertaking this experiment. One was to ascertain if a remunerative audience could be attracted at moderate prices by a first-rate orchestra and good artists; the other motive was to show the world that although I had resigned the

Academy conductorship, I was not quite *effete*. I therefore booked St. James's Hall for three Saturday evenings, engaged a splendid band of eighty performers, with Sainton as *chef d'attaque*, first-rate soloists—vocal and instrumental—and made my prices of admission as follows :—stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; area and gallery, 1s. Then, to render myself equal to the occasion, I studied and committed to memory the scores of all the works, vocal and instrumental, to be included in my programmes, as I intended to conduct them all without book. The first of these concerts took place on the evening of February 25th; and Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas*, the first item in the scheme, was encored with acclamation. Beethoven's C minor Symphony, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (with Prosper Sainton as soloist), my own "Concertstück" for pianoforte (my talented pupil, Miss Margaret Gyde, being the soloist), and my Overture to *King Henry V.* were the other instrumental items. The only vocalist was Charles Santley, a tower of strength in himself, and he sang, with all his accustomed fire, pathos, humour, and beauty of voice, Handel's "O ruddier than the Cherry" and Mozart's "Non più andraï." The second concert took place on March 11th, when the programme comprised my "Pastoral Overture"; Spohr's Symphony, "Die Weihe der Tone"; Beethoven's Overture, "Leonora," No. 3; Sterndale Bennett's

Concerto in C minor (with one of the Sterndale Bennett scholars, my pupil, Charlton Speer, at the pianoforte); a new Concertino for violoncello by Alfredo Piatti, that great artist himself taking the solo part; and the Overture, Nocturno, Scherzo, and the glorious Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The vocalist was the late Madame Patey, who sang Gluck's "Che faro," and "Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman," from my brother's cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*. The third concert, on the evening of the 25th of March, opened with Mozart's Overture "Die Zauberflöte," then followed Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto (my pupil, Annie Cantelo, being the soloist), Beethoven's Violin Concerto (Joseph Joachim in the solo part), my own Symphony in B flat, and Overtures "Hero and Leander" and "King Henry V.," repeated by request. The vocalist was Miss Mary Davies, who sang "I rejoice in my youth," from G. A. Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist*, and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming." These three concerts were experimental, and had they been financially successful I should have continued them; but the British public has only lately awakened to the attraction of orchestral music, and although the hall was well filled, my balance was on the wrong side and I was a considerable loser. As the amount was as much as I could afford to spend for my amusement, I gave no more orchestral concerts.

The rehearsals for these concerts took place on Thursday mornings, and as Dr. Joachim played in Edinburgh on Wednesday night and returned to London only in time for Saturday evening's concert, I could not have a proper rehearsal of Beethoven's Concerto; so my pupil, Miss Kate Steel, on the Sunday previous, accompanied me to Henry Joachim's house, where his brother was staying; and while she represented the orchestra on the piano, he played the solo part, and I was occupied as a "chiel takin' notes." I remember, too, that on this occasion the great artist, Herkomer, was a delighted listener. At the rehearsal on the following Thursday, Miss Steel sustained the violin part on the pianoforte, a remarkable feat which is probably without a parallel. My dear old friend, Prosper Sainton, not only played, with consummate skill, Mendelssohn's Concerto, but he rendered me yeoman service as my *chef d'attaque* at these concerts. So, as I could not induce him to name terms, I called upon him on Sunday, the 26th of March, and begged him to accept a cheque I placed in his hand, as a very slight acknowledgment of his aid. I shall never forget the expression of his face as he put the bit of paper in the fire, and then, placing his arm on my shoulder, asked: "Would you not accept this small service out of my great love for you?" Delicacy forbids my saying what was the amount of that cheque which my friend declined to

accept, but I know that if he had, my balance on the wrong side would have been much heavier than it was. I must not leave unrecorded the generosity of another great artist in connection with this speculation, for when I asked my old friend Charles Santley to name his terms, he ejaculated: "Pooh! I am going to sing for you, and that's all about it."

At the Philharmonic Concert on March 9th an interesting item was the Overture to *Ossian* by Frederic Corder, which was performed under the composer's direction. On the 23rd of that same month, Madame Schumann played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, it being the fiftieth anniversary of its first performance by the author, at the Philharmonic Concert on the same date in 1832.

On January 30th, 1883, I lectured at the Bristol Museum on "Beethoven as a Pianoforte Writer," illustrating my remarks with many examples from his works. I was then on a visit to the late Dr. Swayne, in whose hospitable house I have passed many happy days with my genial host and his charming sister and daughter. With that party I attended, on February 1st, the "Ladies' Night" of the Bristol Madrigal Society, and, under the able direction of Mr. D. Rootham, I heard some admirable performances of old and new part-songs, including some of my own contributions to that class of music. I may add that in the year of grace 1904 my part-songs "The Curfew" and "Gentle

Summer Rain" were performed by the same excellent Society, and under the same direction, Mr. Rootham writing to inform me of this fact, and mentioning that he conducted from copies bearing my autograph, and presented to the former conductor, Mr. Corfe, fifty years ago.

Richard Wagner died on February 13th in this year, and the Philharmonic Society very properly paid respect to his memory by devoting the first part of their concert on March 15th to works from his pen. Curiously enough, in the same programme was included the brilliant overture to *Ruy Blas*, by that composer whom the author of *Tannhäuser* affected to despise; and, stranger still to say, although it was the last item of the programme, it produced a more marked effect than anything in the Wagner selection. On May 9th, Alexander C. Mackenzie produced his Overture, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," a happy musical illustration of Keats's strangely mysterious poem, which the Scotch composer had written expressly for the Society, and which he conducted in person.

At the request of my dear friend the late Madame Sainton-Dolby, I composed a short cantata for female voices, to words by a W. Stewart, who posed under the curious anagram "Wet Star," and *The Song of the Sunbeam* was successfully introduced to the public at a concert given by Madame Sainton's vocal class in Steinway

Hall, on April 19th. This little work, on which I have the magnificent royalty of one penny each copy, has been a source of very limited income to me ever since.

A very remarkable incident was that which occurred on March 3rd, the day following the seventieth anniversary of my brother G. A. Macfarren's birth, of which I must give a short account. Alberto Randegger and Henry R. Eyers initiated a subscription for the purpose of presenting the then Principal of the Royal Academy of Music with a little cheque in recognition of his services to the institution, to which he had devoted himself with unceasing energy, but with utterly inadequate remuneration. The time was short, but these friends, and especially the last-named, worked with such will that in the course of a fortnight a handsome sum had been realised. On March 2nd, my brother dined with me, and, as had been arranged, Randegger and Eyers called in the evening and requested the Principal to meet a few friends on the following day at the Academy. As may be supposed, he was curious as to what was the object of this meeting, and endeavoured unsuccessfully to draw me. On the next day, the Academy concert-room was crowded with friends and admirers, and when the late Sir Julius Benedict (who kindly took the chair on the occasion) mounted the platform, accompanied by my brother, there was

a tumultuous greeting for them. Benedict addressed my brother, and in a few graceful words informed him that his friends desired to mark the occasion of his reaching his three-score years and ten by tendering him a gift as a slight acknowledgment of the invaluable service he had rendered the art of music throughout his life, and he ended by presenting him with a *small* cheque value £850—the amount of which when stated seemed to completely overcome its recipient, who was only able to express his thanks in a few and tremulous words. I may as well take this opportunity of recording the handsome letter in which Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, informed my brother that the Queen was willing to confer upon him the honour of knighthood—an honour he had declined some years previously, and now respectfully again declined. His astonishment, then, was great when, at the meeting to inaugurate the Royal College of Music, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales announced that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on George Macfarren, Arthur Sullivan, and George Grove. All music lovers were proud of the tribute paid to English musicians, but my brother never took kindly to the title, and valued more highly that of Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

On June 20th I dined as a guest with the

Ironmongers' Company at their hall in Fenchurch Street, a circumstance which I mention because Lord (now Earl) Roberts was also a guest on the occasion, and delivered a very powerful and conclusive argument against the proposition of Sir Edward Watkin to construct a tunnel under the English Channel. Since then, Sir Edward has been engaged in other and almost equally futile projects, and has now disappeared from the scene altogether. On the other hand, Lord Roberts has again earned the gratitude of his countrymen by his brilliant command of the army in South Africa; although it must be admitted that when at Cape Town, in the early part of 1901, he averred that the war was virtually over, he left his successor, Lord Kitchener, to carry out some of the most difficult and arduous work in connection with the campaign.

On June 25th in this year, Prosper Sainton took his leave of the public at a farewell concert in the Albert Hall, which was somewhat denuded of its attraction by reason of the absence through illness of Madame Patti and Sims Reeves; but which was nevertheless a very memorable affair, on account of his own admirable performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto, and of his wife's reappearance on the platform on this special occasion. I was represented at this concert by two talented pupils, Annie Cantelo and Margaret

Gyde, who played Schumann's beautiful Variations, for two pianofortes, with great success.

My holiday was of a most varied character, and began by a fortnight's stay at Loversall Hall with my friends the Popes, thence to Kirk Ella to my old friend James Gough, then across the country to Sir T. and Lady Storey, who had for the season the beautiful house and grounds belonging to the Earl of Denbigh, and whose eldest daughter had been my pupil for some years. My next move was to Bristol, and after a brief stay with friends there, I made a journey farther west to Falmouth, and there I passed a pleasant fortnight with Commander Harvey and his lady (a former pupil of mine). I greatly enjoyed their society and the scenery of the neighbourhood, especially the river Fal. Commander Harvey's ship *Ganges* was stationed at the mouth of the river, and it being a training-ship, I saw with interest much of the system by which A.B.s are educated. The Commander was bound to sleep on board ship two or three times a week, and on these occasions a rowing-boat came to the strand to fetch him after dinner; and on one evening he left a large party of us with regret, "as duty called, and he must e'en obey." Our surprise was considerable, however, an hour or two afterwards, when he again made his appearance, explaining that as he was about to enter the ship his boatswain reminded him he was in private dress,

and he had to come all the way back for his uniform, which he had entirely forgotten. Passing through Bristol on my return, I stayed with George Riseley a night or two, and heard him play in masterly fashion on the Colston Hall organ, so unfortunately destroyed in the fire of 1898.

My brother's last oratorio, *King David*, was produced at Leeds, on October 12th, with Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Trebelli, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. Thither I went to hear it, and spent an enjoyable week. The second hearing of the work was due to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and took place in St. James's Hall, on December 11th, the cast, with two exceptions, being the same as before. As Santley was otherwise engaged, Fred King undertook the title-rôle, and acquitted himself right well. Edward Lloyd was ill, and at the last moment William Shakespeare came to the rescue, and showed consummate musicianship by rendering the part so effectively as to make one forget that it was *a prima vista*.

I must mention the visit Vladimir de Pachmann paid us at the Academy on the evening of November 28th, when he delighted us all with his finished performance of works by Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Henselt, his reading of the latter's "Si Oiseau j'étais," entirely staccato throughout, being a marvel of technical dexterity.

In January 1884 I repaired to Bristol on a visit

to my old friends, the McArthurs, and it was during this stay that I was once more a visitor on the "Ladies' Night" of the Bristol Madrigal Society, again hearing some perfect performances of ancient and modern part-music. On March 17th I played my Concertstück at one of Riseley's Orchestral Concerts, and on the 18th I once more gave a lecture-recital, the subject being "Pianoforte Music, Ancient and Modern," in the Museum Institute in the same city.

The late Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. G. Cusins having retired from the office of conductor, the Philharmonic Society adopted a new policy, the responsible position of conductor being undertaken by a succession of musicians, Mr. George Mount holding the bâton at the first concert, Dr. (now Sir) Villiers Stanford the second, Mr. J. F. Barnett the third, Mr. G. Mount again the fourth, and Mr. (now Dr.) F. H. Cowen the fifth and sixth. The season was noteworthy from its being the first occasion on which the late Anton Dvořák appeared in person, and he, on March 20th, conducted his Overture, *Husitska*, his Symphony in D, and Rhapsodie *Slavische*. The Society paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Sir Michael Costa, whose death took place on April 29th, by commencing their concert on May 7th with the Dead March in *Saul*. Sir Michael was the conductor of the Society's concerts for nine years, from 1846 to 1854 inclusive, and

although opinions differed respecting his reading of familiar classical works, there could be no doubt of the greater efficiency of the orchestra under his firm control, and the advantage derived from the musical direction being for the first time placed in the hands of one individual.

At a little dinner I gave to some of my intimates at the Arts Club, the late J. W. Davison was among those who had accepted the invitation, and after waiting his arrival for upwards of an hour and the waiter having announced the dinner was being ruined, Mr. Joseph Bennett (another of my guests) asked if I was waiting for Davison, and on being answered in the affirmative, he said, "I left him fast asleep in his easy-chair two hours ago, and he is not likely to wake until the early hours of to-morrow." However, the ex-critic of the *Times* did put in an appearance at 11 o'clock when all was over. Speaking of meetings with old friends, I am reminded by my diary of a delightful visit the late Madame Sainton and her husband paid me one Sunday afternoon about this time, when the latter played with Stewart Macpherson Brahms' recondite Sonata in E; also two manuscript sonatas of my brother's, he and my sister of course being present.

My summer rambles included visits to Loversall Hall, Doncaster, where I met a very merry party, including Mr. (now Sir) Henry Bergne and his lady; to Hull, Leeds, Radley, and Clifton. Dr. E. G.

Monk having resigned his appointment at York, had retired to the little village of Radley, where in former days he had passed many years as music-master at the boys' college, and my visit to him was the first of many such, East Cottage and its beautiful garden forming one of my most agreeable memories.

A successful performance of "Hero and Leander," under my direction, occurred on October 1st at the Promenade Concert, Covent Garden, and on the same occasion the late eminent violinist, J. T. Carrodus, performed my brother's violin Concerto with his accustomed fine tone and brilliant execution. On the 13th of the same month I took my usual quarters at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, and on that evening gave my lecture-recital at the adjoining suburb, Edgbaston; repeating it on the 14th at Harborne, on the 15th at Walsall, and on the 16th at Moseley. I had addressed the Secretary of the Walsall Institute at that town as "near Birmingham," a circumstance which incensed that gentleman, who assured me that a hundred years earlier it was "Birmingham near Walsall"; but although the first-named place had increased more rapidly than the latter, yet I found Walsall a very populous and thriving town, and had there a very enthusiastic audience.

I must record with pride the brilliant performance at the last Academy Chamber Concert of the

year of Moscheles' capital quartet for two pianofortes, "Les Contrastes," by my accomplished pupils, Kate Steel, Ethel Goold, Margaret Bucknall (Mrs. Eyre), and the late Alice Heathcote, which created something like a sensation.

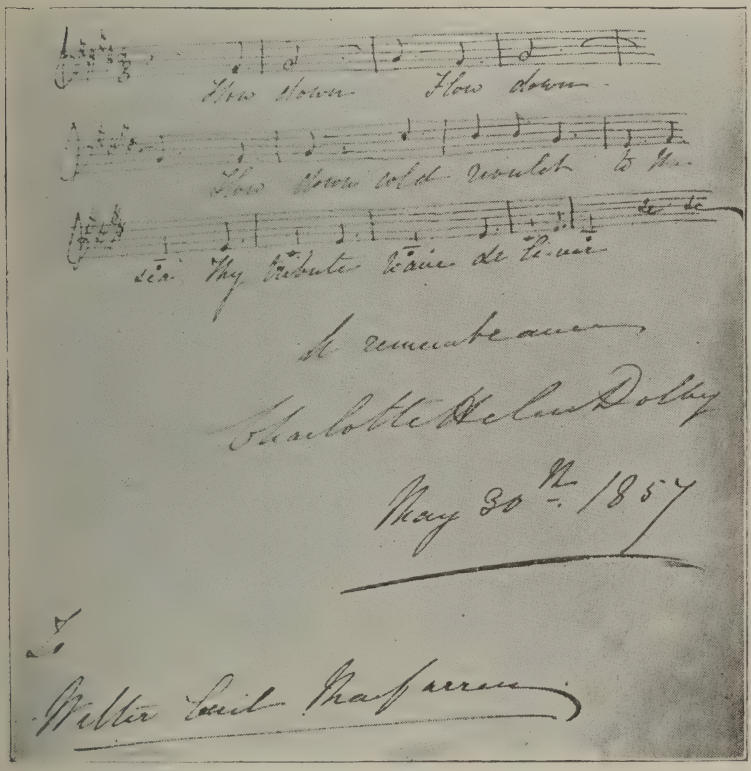
My brother gave a very interesting lecture on January 5th, 1885, at the Musical Association, the subject being "Handel and Bach," in which he pointed out the many resemblances in the career of these two great musicians—born in the same year (1685) and within a few miles of one another, both composers and executants of the highest calibre, both blind in their later years, and both destined to live for ever by their works. Yet they never met, and in those slow times probably knew nothing of one another's doings; while in many respects their careers were widely different, for Handel was a traveller and a man of the world, and he became a naturalised Englishman. Bach, on the one hand, was content to abide in his humble birthplace, Eisenach, and afterwards in the adjacent little town (then hardly more than a village) of Leipsic. Handel's works were all published in his lifetime, while those of Bach have very gradually become known to the world. Handel never sought the consolation of matrimony; whereas, on the other hand, Bach was married twice and had nineteen children, three at least of whom achieved distinction in the art of which their father was so great a

master; these were Wilhelm Friedmann, Carl Philip Emanuel, and John Christian, known as the "English" Bach from his long residence here. Charles Santley shortly afterwards gave a lecture in connection with the same Society on the art of which he himself is so consummate a master—a lecture which, although concise, was full of interesting and valuable information.

To my inexpressible grief, my old friend Madame Sainton-Dolby passed away on Wednesday, February 18th, and on the following Monday her remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery, the funeral being attended by crowds of friends and admirers who had known and loved this great artist in life. A meeting was held at the Academy on the 28th, for the purpose of inviting subscriptions towards raising some memorial to perpetuate the name of Charlotte Helen Sainton-Dolby, in connection with the institution which had fostered her talents in bygone days. This resulted in the establishing of the Sainton-Dolby Scholarship and Prize.

It was at the end of this term that the eminent organist, Edwin Lemare, who was a pupil of mine for pianoforte, gave a successful reading of my Concertstück. I again performed the same work at Bristol in the following week, where I was engaged in the Local Examinations, and relieved the monotony of this task by lecturing on "Beethoven," in the Bristol Museum. Early in

the next month I was examining in Wolverhampton and Birmingham, and in the latter-named town once more played my Concertstück in the fine



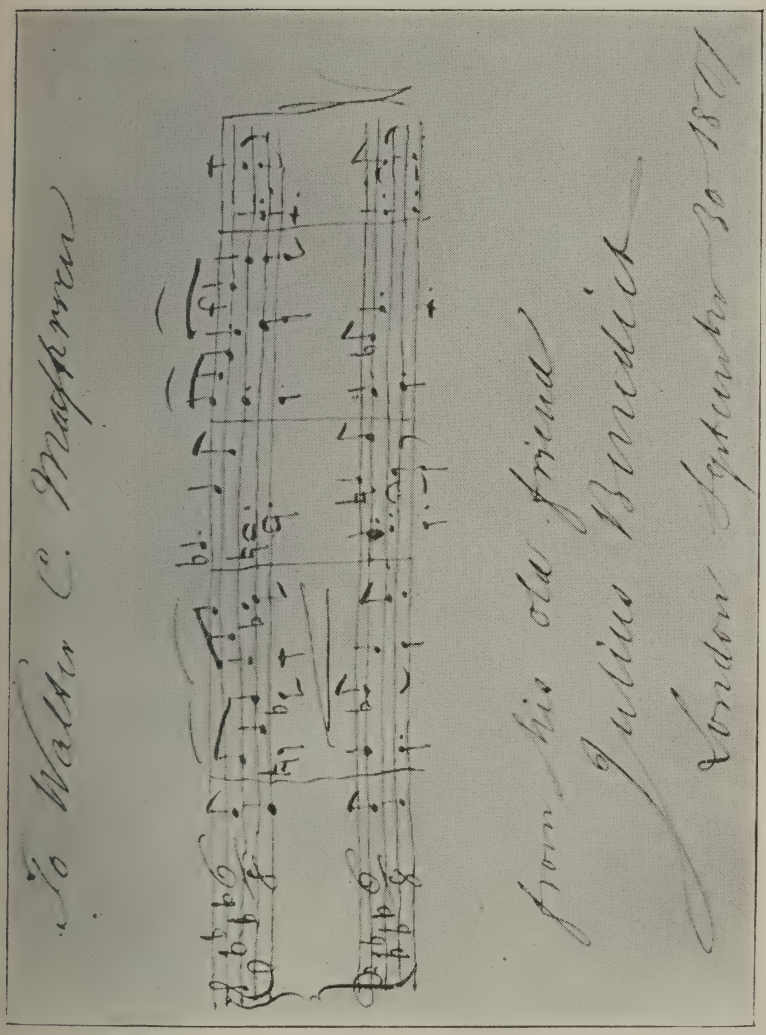
EXTRACT FROM A SONG OF MINE SUNG BY THE GREAT CONTRALTO.

hall of the Midland Institute, at a concert of the Birmingham Orchestral Society.

The Westminster Orchestral Society was instituted in this year, and owes its origin to the energy

and enthusiasm of its Hon. Sec., Mr. Algernon Rose. This gentleman consulted me as to whom the Society should invite to become its conductor, stating at the same time that a young man of talent, not greedy for high terms, might find the position advantageous to his interest. I at once recommended my pupil Stewart Macpherson (then in his twentieth year), and I think I may say, without exaggeration, that he made the Society, and that the Society made him.

The year 1885 is fraught with painful memories to me, for in this year not only did I lose my old and valued friend Madame Sainton-Dolby, but my friend and colleague, Brinley Richards, who passed away at the beginning of May; and another intimate associate, Sir Julius Benedict, left this world of mingled cares and joys early in June. At the funeral of the Welsh musician on May 7th, in the Brompton Cemetery, the open-air singing of hymns in the Welsh tongue by a choir of compatriots, led by Mary Davies, was infinitely touching; while the funeral of Benedict on June 9th, at Kensal Green, attended by an immense concourse of people, was equally affecting. Sir Julius had been a kind friend to me from my boyhood, and one of my earliest compositions is dedicated to him. In the year 1879 he married my pupil, Miss Forty (now Mrs. Frank Lawson), so that there was a strong link snapped by his departure.



AUTOGRAPH OF SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, FROM MY ALBUM.

Time passes so quickly, and events follow one another with such rapidity, that the name of this

excellent musician and prominent public man is likely to be forgotten by those who knew him, and his name to be unfamiliar to the rising generation; and therefore I desire to place on record the very high estimation in which I held him as a man and a musician. His private benevolence was unbounded, and the composer of *St. Peter* and the *Lily of Killarney* was an artist in every sense of the word.

In this year I had also to regret the death of one of my old masters, W. H. Holmes, and of a colleague, Harold Thomas. Another, and still older friend whom I had known from early childhood, also passed away in this fatal year; this was the once-powerful musical critic of the *Times*, James William Davison, who in early years had done much to influence my future career, and to create in me enthusiasm for the art of which I have been an earnest disciple.

These events and the strain of hard work told on my health, but a visit of many weeks' duration to Buxton, with the fine air of the Peak district, did me more good than doctors. During my residence there I much enjoyed a brief turn with the bâton, for there was an excellent little orchestra attached to the Gardens of that place, and the conductor frequently handed me the stick, my name often figuring in the programmes.

I must not omit to express the pleasure and valuable information I derived from the lecture

delivered by my late friend, Alfred J. Hipkins, at South Kensington, on October 23rd. It was really remarkable that this worthy and kind-hearted gentleman, in the midst of a very busy life, should have gathered from all sources such authentic particulars concerning ancient musical instruments, a subject on which he came to be regarded as one of the first of living authorities.

A short visit to Manchester to adjudicate the gold medals generously given by citizens of Cottonopolis, and a second performance of my Violin Sonata with Mr. G. H. Betjemann, at a concert given by the latter at Highgate, finished the record of this year.

In the early part of 1886 I was again busy at Bristol, playing my Concertstück at one of Riseley's Orchestral Concerts on March 15th, lecturing at the Bristol Museum on the 16th, and examining for the Royal Academy of Music day by day up to the 24th, when I went on to Cheltenham, where I fulfilled a similar duty, and while there adjudicated the prize vase at the Boys' College for the best choral singing, and met at the house of Dr. Kynaston, the then head-master, Prince Adolphus of Teck.

Dr. Franz Liszt had not re-visited England since 1842, and he was in this year, on the invitation of the late Mr. Henry Littleton, of the firm of Novello & Co., induced once more to set foot on our shores. On April 3rd Mr. Littleton gave,

at his palatial residence at Sydenham, a grand reception, when amongst his guests were numbered almost every one of note in the artistic world—not only musicians, but literary men, painters, sculptors, etc., and the great Abbé, in his clerical costume, was the cynosure of all eyes. Subsequently, I met Dr. Liszt at the reception given him by my late friend, Walter Bache, who idolised his whilom master, and annually gave concerts to bring forward his works, which the public did not greatly care to hear, but which drained his hero-worshipper's pocket. Liszt also visited us at the Academy, and on this occasion and that last referred to, he was induced to give an exhibition of his virtuosity on the pianoforte. It will be remembered that I heard the great pianist in the year 1842, and the forty-four years which had elapsed had not impaired his powers, but, on the contrary, as it appeared to me, he had greatly refined his style and touch, both of which can only be described as masterly. His death in August of the same year caused regret to the many friends he had made during his visit here.

That talented pianist, Fanny Davies, made her *début* at the Philharmonic on April 15th in this year, and as an Englishwoman, she chose appropriately enough, Sterndale Bennett's fine Concerto in C minor for her initial performance. I was away examining at the time, but I had my revenge at

Birmingham on the 20th of the month, when I attended the recital she gave in her native town. I have been gratified in following this admirable artist's career from one success to another, and to know that she is acknowledged to be one of a very select party of eminent *virtuosi*.

Local Examinations and a short visit to Doncaster, and I was once more back to my old occupations in Tenterden Street and elsewhere. On May 18th I attended a meeting, which resulted in the formation of a committee, and the issue of invitations to subscribe to a fund, for the purpose of founding a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music to perpetuate the memory of Franz Liszt. That this was eventually accomplished it is needless to say; but it should be mentioned that his ardent disciple, Walter Bache, whose too early demise occurred not very long after that of his master, left by his will a sum of money to further enrich this scholarship, which is at present worthily held by Miss Winifred Christie.

If I refer to the performance of Frederick Lablache's little *Requiem*, composed on the occasion of the death of his daughter, it is not on account of the merit of the work, which was simple and unpretentious, but to record my regard for an excellent professor and estimable gentleman, a worthy son of his great father.

Another pleasant memory of this period is that

of the late Stacey Marks, R.A., a capital painter, many of whose works may be seen in art galleries to attest the fact, and whose genial humour is reflected on most of his canvases.

Holiday time this year was spent in various parts of England, and commenced with a month in my favourite haunt Ventnor; and later, a few days passed under the hospitable roof of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Eyers, the former in his bucolic character being thoroughly genial and hearty, and the latter as ever charming. Finally, I spent a week with dear old Dr. Monk at Radley, especially memorable to me from my having met on that occasion the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Littleton, the former of whom used to sit up with me till the small hours of the morning, recounting his varied experiences; about his first coming to London, his engagement at Alfred Novello's, the growth of that remarkable firm (of which he became the chief subsequently), and the curious circumstances that led to his acquirement of the business of Ewer & Co., which he amalgamated with that of Novello. I think the very last occasion on which I took a hand at whist (not that attenuated thing called progressive whist, but the real thing, dear to the heart of Mrs. Battle), was with these worthy people and the Doctor. I had previously had many business transactions with Mr. Henry Littleton, but this was the first occasion on which

I had met him in social intercourse, and I found him singularly bright and genial. I was more than ever impressed by his keen and intelligent view of things in general, and little thought that in less than two years this active and apparently healthy man would have passed away.

On the 16th of November I once more gave a lecture-recital at the Bristol Museum, and during this visit I accepted a commission from the Orpheus Society to compose a part-song for male voices, specially applicable to Queen Victoria's approaching Jubilee.

My old pupil Stephen Kemp scored a success at his concert on the 26th of this month, which highly gratified me; and on December 1st, the late Charles Fowler (a protégé of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and an old fellow-student of my own) gave a concert in Prince's Hall in my honour, the programme bearing my portrait, and being selected entirely from my works. This was a well-meant but somewhat premature compliment, the like of which is usually reserved as a posthumous tribute.

On December 16th, 1886, I went to Liverpool, with Stewart Macpherson as my companion, and gave a lecture-recital on the other side of the Mersey at Wallasey, at the institute of which place I had been immediately preceded by Stanley, the African explorer and discoverer of Livingstone. This calls to mind the pithy remark of a great

scientist, Sir Humphry Davy, who, on being asked what was *his* greatest discovery, replied, "Oh, my greatest discovery was Michael Faraday!" On my return to the North-Western Hotel, I had for my companions at supper Macpherson and Mackinlay, the secretary, so that we were three "Macs." But it would have been in vain that we uttered the question of the witches in *Macbeth*, "When shall we three meet again?" for that event has not transpired, and is never likely to occur. However, we hobnobbed in merry fashion, and two of the three were destined very often, but I trow not too often, to meet again.

On the 27th of January 1887, the anniversary of Mozart's birth, G. A. Macfarren gave a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant to the Academy professors, and although in very indifferent health, he delivered a speech, bidding us drink to the immortal memory of that illustrious musician, which those who heard it will never forget.

On February 16th I went to Bristol, and played at the concert of my highly-esteemed pupil, Miss Mary Lock, A.R.A.M.; and on the 17th conducted at the concert of the Orpheus Society the new part-song I had composed for them in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. On the 18th I returned to town.

The 2nd of March, my brother's seventy-fourth and last birthday, was celebrated at my house by a

very select party of intimates, consisting of my late brother John and his wife; my late friend, A. J. Hipkins; and my pupils, Stewart Macpherson, Kate Steel, Dora Bright, Ethel Boyce, and Edith Young, the three last-named playing the three movements of my Second Suite, which are dedicated to them respectively. On this well-remembered occasion, my brother addressed us in a manner which, under the circumstances, made a very deep impression upon all who heard him.

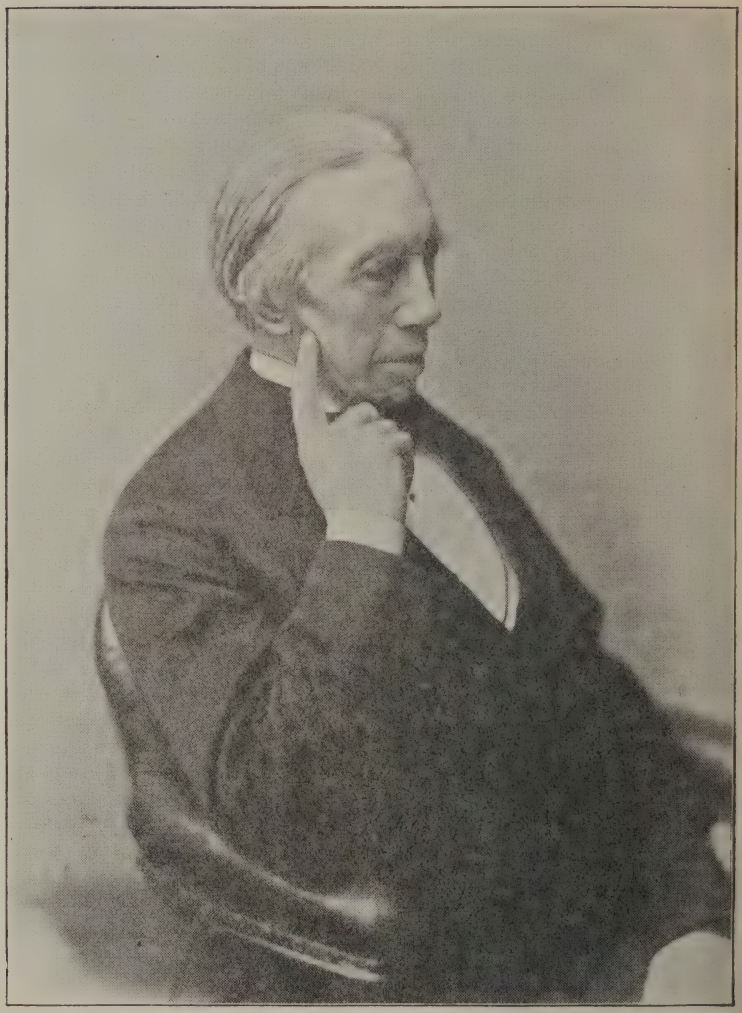
At the annual meeting of the Westminster Orchestral Society my brother made a thoroughly genial and humorous speech, although at the time his health was fast failing. Speaking of Westminster and its various historical associations, I remember one touch which produced roars of laughter—it was when he referred to Whitehall as being in Westminster, and where Charles I. had his head taken off, perhaps because he was too tall!

I do not think I have mentioned that at Madame Albani's request my brother undertook to compose an opera for the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and that this work, on the subject of *Kenilworth*, the result of some eighteen months' incessant thought, through some business misunderstanding, never saw the light. The overture, however, was played at the Philharmonic Concert of June 13th, under the direction of Arthur Sullivan, but, owing to

unavoidable mischance, was not rehearsed, and consequently went but indifferently. I have confidence, however, in the work, and firmly believe that there is a future for it, and others of my brother's unknown compositions.

At the end of July my sister accompanied me on a visit to Loversall Hall, near Doncaster, and from thence on August 10th we made a very long drive to Buxton, stopping *en route* at Sheffield, and through the most romantic scenery on to our final destination, which we did not reach until late in the evening. At Buxton we were joined by my brother, G. A. Macfarren, whose health had rapidly declined from the early part of the year, and we hoped that as the fine air of Derbyshire suited him so well two years before, that it would prove beneficial now. It did so temporarily, but being with him day by day, I could not but realise how weak he had become. The news of the death of poor Francis Ralph (violinist) greatly affected him, and on his return to London shortly after this event, he would have attended the obsequies of this young and talented professor but for our good friend Randegger, who took upon himself kindly to insist on his remaining at home. Alas! we little thought that the like ceremony was to take place so shortly in which the then Principal of the R.A.M. was to be the central figure. We persuaded him to have medical advice, which he had hitherto rejected, and the late Dr. Leslie Ogilvy reported

to me that my brother was suffering from chronic bronchitis and a weak heart, and if the former should become acute it might go hard with him. Nevertheless my brother stuck to his work, never absenting himself from any Academy function. He was present at the fortnightly concert on October 29th, driving home in company with T. B. Knott (his assistant), who told me that the Principal was even brighter and more jocose than usual. It was the last time on which I saw him alive. On the following Monday Lady Thompson drove to my house, having called at Hamilton Terrace to inquire after my brother's health, and she brought to me the terrible news of his demise on the afternoon of the 31st. I will not dwell on this painful theme, except to say that to me it was one of the greatest, if not the greatest loss I ever sustained, for my brother George was, being so much my senior, a father as well as a brother to me; he was a man of singular purity and integrity, and one of the least selfish persons I have ever known. That his high character as a man and a musician were appreciated at their worth, was shown in the immense concourse of musicians, artists, and literary men who assembled in the Hampstead Cemetery, on November 5th, and in Westminster Abbey on the afternoon of that day, at the memorial service held in his honour, when the dead composer's service in E flat, his anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and his



GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN, FROM A PHOTO BY WINDOW & GROVE.

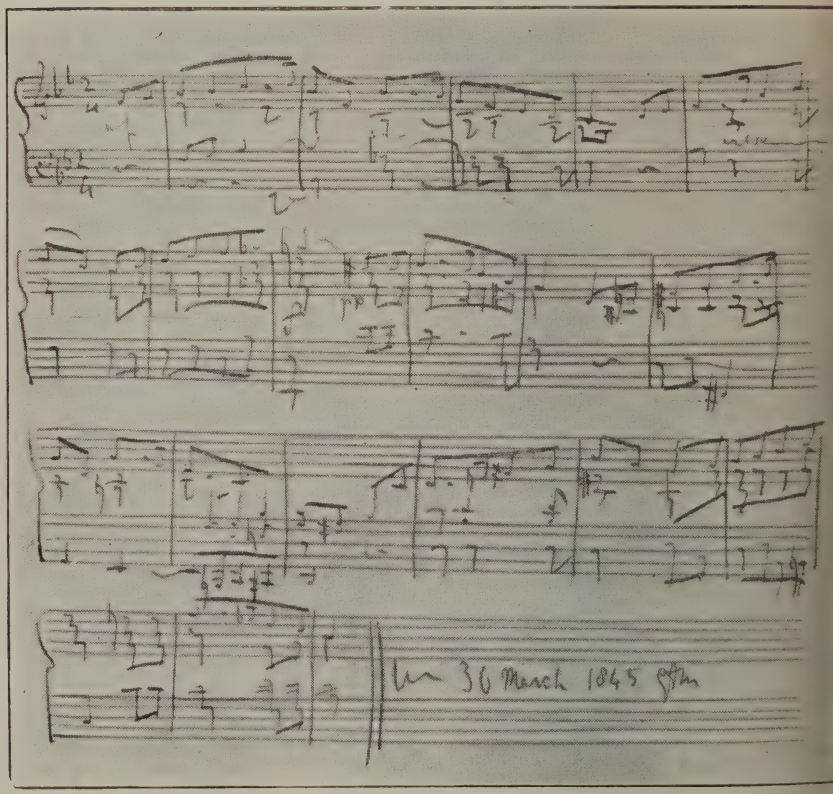
Funeral March from the music to *Ajax* (composed for Cambridge University), which was

impressively played by Sir Frederick Bridge, formed the musical features of the occasion.

The late Dean Bradley in feeling terms referred, in his little address from the altar steps, to the remarkable achievements of the deceased under one of the greatest afflictions (loss of sight) to which man is subject. At the same time the Dean alluded to the recent decease of that great vocal artist, Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind). Canon Duckworth, assisted by the Rev. W. S. Steggall, read the service at Hampstead, the Canon gracefully giving to the younger man (who was the son of a friend of my brother) the duty of reading the important chapter from St. Paul to the Corinthians, but reserving to himself the solemn office of committing the mortal remains to the earth. This he did in such an impressive manner that I shall never forget it.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Academy, held shortly after these events, the three senior professors were appointed to carry out the duties of Principal, pending the election of a successor to my brother; these were Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc., Prosper Sainton, and myself, and we continued in office for six months. There is little else to say respecting the remaining weeks of this year, except to record the memorial performance by the Academy Choir and Orchestra of G. A. Macfarren's oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, preceded by the composer's

Funeral March from *Ajax*, which took place, under the direction of the late Sir Joseph Barnby, at the Christmas Concert of the R.A.M. in St. James's Hall, on December 19th, 1887. A special interest attaches to the following facsimile of the slight piece my brother inscribed in my album, since so very little of his own handwriting is in existence :—



AUTOGRAPH OF G. A. MACFARREN.

CHAPTER XII.

1888-93.

Invitation to become a Candidate for Principalship—Support of Mackenzie's candidature, and his election—Mr. H. Littleton's dinner—*Rose of Sharon*—Overture, *Romeo and Juliet*—Musical Artists — Death of Mr. H. Littleton — Brighton — *Messiah* at the Abbey—Westlake's Mass at Oratory—Lectures at Westminster Town Hall, Birkbeck, and London Institutions—Dr. Speer —Overture, *King Henry V.*—Dora Bright's Recitals—Death of W. H. Monk—Edward German's Music to *Richard III.*— R.A.M. Club Dinner—Lecture at Darwen—Charles Sainton— Lecture at Clapham—Round, Catch, and Canon Club—C. M. Widor—Reception of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé at Broadwood's—A. C. White—My three "At Homes"—Death of Prosper Sainton — Riseley's Concerts—Lecture at Leeds — Pianoforte method—Stratford Festival and Elsie Horne—Lecture at Lancaster—Mozart Centenary at Philharmonic—Lecture for I.S.M.— Spencer Curwen and Stratford Festival—Dora Bright at Philharmonic—Henry Lazarus—Goring Thomas Memorial—Dean Hole—First lecture at R.A.M.

Much interest, and even excitement, was occasioned in the early part of 1888 by the consideration of who was to succeed my brother in the office of Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Some newspapers took the question up as though it had been one of political import, and canvassed the merits and demerits of the possible candidates for the office with an amount of freedom which would hardly have been justifiable if the question had been

the selection of a Prime Minister. The election, in accordance with the terms of the Charter, was in the hands of the Committee of Management—a limited quantity at most, and rendered more circumscribed by the death of one of its members (G. A. Macfarren) and the absence of another on the Continent. An important section of this body waited upon me, and offering me their support, urged me to become a candidate for the vacant office. My age (61), my indifferent sight, and the consideration that possible defeat would tarnish my academic career, induced me to decline this flattering and tempting invitation; and having determined to support the candidature of Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, I induced the friends who would have supported my claims to transfer their votes to that eminent musician, with the result that on the 22nd of February he was elected Principal, or, as the wording of the Charter has it, "principal Professor" of the Royal Academy of Music. This office he has retained ever since, with advantage to the school, the continued prosperity of which is the best evidence of his successful tenure of that responsible position. Meanwhile, the interim triumvirate (Sainton, Steggall, and W. Macfarren) continued to exercise the functions committed to their charge until the 1st of May, on which day the new Principal entered upon the duties of his office. On the 27th of February, Mackenzie was appointed conductor of the choir and orchestra, in succession

to the late Sir Joseph Barnby; and on the 28th the late Mr. Henry Littleton gave a banquet at his princely house at Sydenham in honour of the recently elected Principal, whose health it fell to my lot to propose.

On the 13th of March, a fine performance at St. James's Hall of *The Rose of Sharon* afforded opportunity for giving its composer a highly encouraging reception; and on the 19th of April the Philharmonic Society did honour to its late member, G. A. Macfarren, by giving a performance of his romantic Overture to Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, in the rehearsal of which Frederic H. Cowen, the conductor, manifested much interest and artistic painstaking.

In this year I joined the Musical Artists' Society, a little institution designed to afford opportunity for the public hearing of chamber works by resident musicians, and to it I gave what support was in my power until its dissolution in 1900. I cannot, in connection with this subject, refrain from recording the zeal and untiring care of its honorary secretary and treasurer, my late friend Alfred Gilbert, the father of the eminent sculptor, Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

The somewhat sudden death of Mr. Henry Littleton, at the age of 65, created painful surprise, and his funeral on the 16th of May was attended by a huge assemblage of notabilities in the art-world. The passing away of this remarkable

man, who had, by his enterprise, tact, and discrimination, raised the firm of Novello, Ewer & Company to a position of the greatest eminence, demands something more than mere passing comment. Although not a great scholar, he possessed bright intelligence, and a keen perception of what the public required. He was the pioneer of cheap music, and, altogether, accomplished a very great deal towards the cultivation of the art in this country.

My summer holiday this year was passed for the first time at Brighton, or, to speak more correctly, at Aldrington, the extreme western part of what was then called West Brighton, but which denomination is now regarded as offensive by the Hoveites; and there, with the companionship of my sister, many pupils, and friends, I had a good time. Westbourne Villas, where the house was situate which I occupied for six successive summers, was then the extreme end of the habitable west of this locality, and at that time we could see Portslade from the windows at the back of the house. Such is the rage, however, for west-end accommodation, that nearly the whole of what was then waste land is now covered by bricks and mortar.

The performance, on the 29th of November in this year, by the Royal Society of Musicians, of the *Messiah*, in that venerable fane in which lie the mortal remains of its immortal composer, was a

deeply impressive event, and the effect produced on me by the choruses in that sacred edifice, where fifty years before I had been a little singing cherub, I can never forget; the singing by Madame Albani of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" also moved me powerfully.

I should mention here that the Westminster Orchestral Society elected me their president for the ensuing year, and as my pupil Stewart Macpherson was the conductor, and my friend Algernon Rose the secretary, I had much pleasure in accepting this office, and in exerting what influence I possessed on behalf of this rising amateur society.

On the 3rd of February, 1889, I was greatly impressed by the performance of my old pupil and friend Frederick Westlake's Mass, at the Brompton Oratory, which was admirably rendered, and very moving.

The funeral of my late friend Dr. Templeman Speer, on the 13th, at the Hampstead Cemetery, was impressive from another point of view, it being a bitter day between frost and thaw, and when we arrived at the chapel, through some misunderstanding, there was no clergyman, and we had to wait for an hour in the chapel, which was like an ice-well, until some one in holy orders could be found to read the office for the Burial of the Dead. In other respects the service was carried out

under difficulties, for the rain came down in torrents. However, I was full of regret at the loss of a genial and kind-hearted friend, the father of my old pupil Charlton Speer.

On the 16th of the same month I gave my lecture-recital, "Pianoforte Music, Ancient and Modern," at the Westminster Town Hall, on behalf of the Westminster Orchestral Society, which was so successful as to lead to its repetition in many other places. A performance of my Overture, *King Henry V.*, on the 20th, by that great amateur body of instrumentalists, the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, which I conducted in person, satisfied me that its members were not entirely absorbed by "bulls" and "bears," but that they must have devoted much time to the study of their respective instruments.

The first of three Pianoforte Recitals by my pupil Miss Dora Bright took place on the 27th, at Prince's Hall, when she played, amongst other things, with admirable effect the whole of my first set of Twelve Studies, of which she had been the amanuensis, and which are dedicated to her.

William Henry Monk, the companion of my Barmouth adventure, with whom I was lost on the hills throughout one entire night, passed away in the first week of March in this year. As the editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and the organist of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, and also

of King's College, London, he occupied a prominent position in connection with the music of the Church of England, and his funeral in Highgate Cemetery on the 7th of March (a villainous day, by-the-bye) was an imposing function, and largely attended by clergy and musicians.

The success of my lecture-recital for the Westminster Orchestral Society led me, on the 18th, to repeat the experiment "on my own hook," and in the same *locale*—the Westminster Town Hall. This venture was not entirely unfruitful, for, as well as I can remember, I made by it, after expenses of advertisements, agents, rent of Town Hall, etc. (tell it not in Gath, gentle reader), a profit of two-and-sixpence! The Birkbeck Institute was a new field for my labours as a lecturer, and on the 17th of April I made my first and only appearance there to an enthusiastic audience, in my lecture-recital, "Pianoforte Music, Ancient and Modern."

It is said that the wise men come from the East, but in travelling down to the Standard Theatre, in Bishopsgate Street Without, to hear a performance of my brother's opera, *Robin Hood*, on the 2nd of May, I neither acquired wisdom nor derived satisfaction; for with the exception of the male chorus and "The Jolly Fat Sumptner," I never heard a more shady exhibition; indeed, the only word by which I

can describe the very limited orchestra, is "execrable." A very different representation was that on the 9th, at the Globe Theatre, when I witnessed Mr. Mansfield's very powerful performance of *Richard III.*, which completely carried one away from first to last by its strength and reality; I was also delighted by Edward German's characteristic overture and incidental music to the tragedy, which he himself directed with unfailing nerve and spirit.

The initial dinner of the R.A.M. Club occurred on the 27th of July, when Dr. (now Sir) A. C. Mackenzie took the chair, and all present enjoyed an agreeable evening, the forerunner of many another such, for the affair became annual. Another initial meeting which afterwards became annual, was that of the Lyric Vocal Union, of which I accepted the presidency, and which took place at St. James's Hall on Friday, October 18th, and consisted of some very capable choral singing, interspersed with solos and comic recitations.

On the 22nd of October I gave one of my lecture-recitals at Darwen in Lancashire, the first of a course, generously bestowed upon the literary institution of that town by one of its magnates. Admission being free, the hall was crammed, and a more attentive or enthusiastic auditory—almost exclusively of factory hands—I never addressed. On the following day I travelled to

Manchester to adjudicate, for the second time, the Gold Medal Competition in Cottonopolis, and returned to town on the 25th.

The silver-point drawings of Charles Sainton, the son of my old friends Prosper and Charlotte Sainton, attracted at this time much attention, and the exhibition of these beautifully-finished drawings on the 30th of November was largely attended, and I believe that there was not one left on the walls unsold; that which I possess is much admired.

On the 5th of December, I carried my lecture-recital over the water, and found the inhabitants of Clapham quite as appreciative as those on the Middlesex side; this lecture-recital was under the auspices of my pupil Walter Mackway, and like other things of which I have spoken, it became an annual affair. A lecture on December 9th, at the London Institution on "Orthography, and the Derivation of Words," by a learned lecturer —whose name, I am ashamed to say, I forget— was most interesting and instructive, and afforded me insight into our vernacular which has been of great value to me and stored in my memory ever since. A supper at Broadwood's to inaugurate the assumption by my old friend Frederick Rose (now, alas! no more) of the chief position in the firm, and at which the principal employés—clerks, foremen, etc.—were present, was a very gratifying

affair, and exhibited the head of the feast in the happiest light; not the least pleasing incident of the evening being the proposal of my health in all too flattering terms by my old friend Alfred J. Hipkins.

On the 18th of January, 1890, I made my first visit to the Round, Catch, and Canon Club, on the invitation of my genial friend Fred Walker, and greatly enjoyed the singing of my brother's "King Canute" and my own "You Stole my Love"; and I have since frequently enjoyed the privilege of attending these delightful reunions on the invitation of one of its lay members, my friend Mr. Alfred Jackson. On the 30th of the same month, I lectured to a crowded audience at the London Institution on "Mendelssohn, and his *Lieder ohne Worte*," illustrating my remarks with numerous excerpts from that delightful bouquet of melodies, and I found it difficult to leave the platform at its conclusion in consequence of the prolonged applause with which I was cheered. The Westminster Orchestral Society gave a capital performance of my Symphony in B flat, under my direction, on the 12th of March; and on the 14th, I made the acquaintance of the celebrated organist and composer, Carl Marie Widor, who gave on that afternoon a recital to the students in the Academy concert-room, in the course of which he played his difficult "Toccata" from his Fifth Symphony for the

Organ, and I was much impressed by his remarkable staccato, and by his clever use of the swell-pedal for accentuation.

On the 2nd of April, the firm of John Broadwood & Sons gave a great reception in honour of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, it being the eve of their departure for Australia; and there was such an immense throng of musicians, friends, and admirers, that something nearly approaching a very serious catastrophe occurred, and the incident of the Black Hole of Calcutta was never more nearly realised.

On Thursday evening, the 1st of May, there was a capital performance, which I personally directed, of my Symphony in B flat at one of Douglas Redman's Orchestral Concerts in the Town Hall, Brixton; especially memorable to me from the circumstance that owing to some misunderstanding there was only one double-bass (contra-basso), and that one being no other than that redoubtable performer the late A. C. White, he wrought with such astonishing power and precision as to be literally a "host in himself."

At my own residence, 3 Osnaburgh Terrace, on the 2nd, 16th, and 30th of June, I was "at home" to a very large number of friends and musical people, on which occasions much music was made by Clara Samuell, Mary Willis, Walter Mackway, Fred King, the late Henry Lazarus,

Maud Valérie White, and others of my pupils, each little programme terminating with a short manifestation of my own pianism. The 4th of July was also a notable "at home," when the late Rev. H. R. Haweis and his lady received a large circle of friends, and provided for them an interesting musical programme, in which I took a very humble part—simply accompanying Miss Kate Steel in a couple of my songs. *Apropos* of this reverend gentleman, although in some respects eccentric, I can testify to his goodness of heart and kind solicitude on behalf of suffering humanity.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the building provided for the Royal College of Music by the late Mr. Sampson Fox, was an imposing affair, in which the King (then Prince of Wales) took the principal rôle with his usual grace and distinction.

A couple of months at my old quarters, Westbourne Villas, Brighton, were agreeably passed in the society of numerous friends and pupils, and the tenure of another house in Tisbury Road for three months enabled me to enjoy what is called a "week-end" from Saturday afternoon to Tuesday morning during that period.

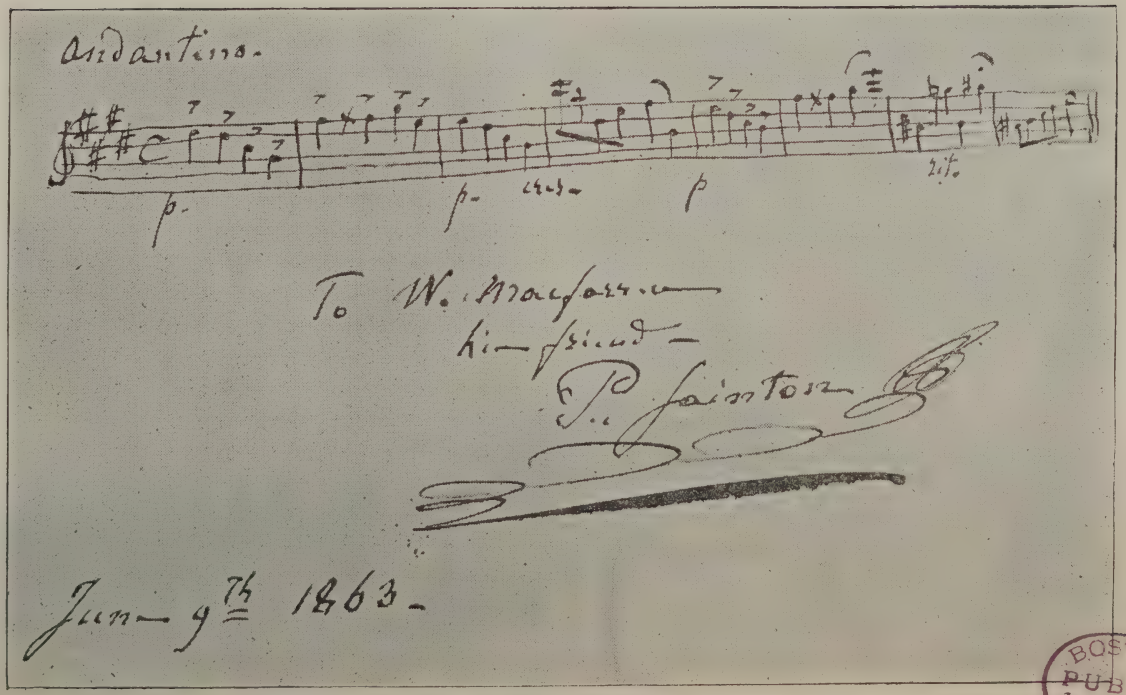
The death of one of my oldest, dearest, and most intimate friends, Prosper Sainton, on the 18th of October, greatly affected me; for, although a Frenchman by birth, he had been since the year

1845 resident in England, and possessed the best qualities of both nationalities—he had the courtesy, the fire, and the enthusiasm of the Frenchman, as well as the geniality, the reliability, and the domestic habits of the Englishman. The funeral of Sainton, who was laid beside his wife in Highgate, on the 23rd, was an affecting ceremony, attended by a crowd of notabilities.

On November 1st I went to Bristol, and on the 31st conducted one of my own compositions at Riseley's Orchestral Concert in the Colston Hall. On December 8th I conducted my Overture, "Hero and Leander," at a concert of Macpherson's Streatham Choral Society, and on the following evening my Overture, "King Henry V.," at the Stock Exchange Society's Orchestral Concert in St. James's Hall.

I delivered my lecture on "Mendelssohn, and his *Lieder ohne Worte*," to a crowded audience at the Leeds Church Institute, on the 29th January 1891, being most hospitably housed by my old friend Mr. Fred Barr.

My *Pianoforte Method* now greatly engrossed my attention, and my visit to the photographer, Walery's Gallery in Regent Street, in company with my publisher, Mr. Robert Cocks (grandson of the founder of the firm Robert Cocks & Co.), for the various portraits which—shall I say, disfigure that publication, was an amusing incident,



AUTOGRAPH OF PROSPER SAINTON, FROM MY ALBUM (P. 223).

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and the carrying of a pianoforte to the roof of the house that I might be seen seated at the keyboard was, to say the least of it, a perilous operation.

At the Philharmonic Concert on the 5th of March in this year, two items deserve special mention—the Prelude and Entr'actes to *Ravenswood*, by A. C. Mackenzie, and the Overture to *The Tempest*, by Benedict, the former being powerfully stirring movements, and the latter replete with poetic feeling. On the invitation of Mr. Spencer Curwen, I, on the 30th of April, presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the annual Stratford Musical Festival, a function instituted by that gentleman in imitation of the Welsh Eisteddfod—well remembered, because I handed several of these coveted tokens to a little girl who afterwards became my distinguished pupil—Elsie Horne, A.R.A.M.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan was to have presided at the annual dinner of the R.A.M. Club on the 29th of July, but being prevented by illness, I was invited to act as his *locum tenens*, when a full attendance of members gave me a cordial reception.

I have nothing of any note to recall until the 14th of December, when I delivered one of my lecture-recitals at Lancaster, in the beautiful new building presented to the town by the late Sir Thomas Storey, who kindly entertained me, and

whose daughter had been a pupil of mine, when she accomplished the remarkable feat of playing the whole of Bach's forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, and the whole of Beethoven's thirty-two Sonatas.

The 25th of January, 1892, saw me once again at Clapham with a new lecture-recital. The Philharmonic Society honoured the memory of Mozart, and itself in so doing, by devoting the first concert of this season, on the 10th of March, entirely to works from that immortal musician's pen, amongst which the beautiful Concerto in C minor, played by that admirable Belgian pianist M. De Greef, especially dwells in my memory. The occasion was also notable for the recitation, by the able elocutionist Mr. Charles Fry, of an appropriate ode, written expressly by Mr. Joseph Bennett. The Society of Professional Musicians (now known as the Incorporated Society of Musicians) induced me to give them one of my lecture-recitals, which event took place in the Academy concert-room, on the evening of the 14th of March, the subject being the favourite one of "Mendelssohn, and his *Lieder ohne Worte*," at the conclusion of which the late Mr. E. Barnes (who was in the chair) said that I had "taken the cake," a fact of which I was totally unaware, for to tell the truth I was very hungry and should have been glad of even that refreshment.

Henry Lazarus

At the instance of Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, I undertook the examination in pianoforte playing at the annual Stratford Festival (Eisteddfod), which function went off bravely, with the assistance of my excellent pupils, Maude E. Wilson and George Aitken, both of whom are now Associates of the R.A.M., and the latter the highly-esteemed organist and choirmaster of Hampstead Parish Church.

My favourite resort, Brighton, afforded me a very agreeable month's cessation from work, and enabled me to return to London with renewed vigour.

The 11th of May was a red-letter day for me and my gifted pupil Dora Bright, for at the Philharmonic Concert of that date she played a Fantasia, with orchestral accompaniment, of her own composition with much success; and at the same concert Fräulein Wietrowetz made a successful *début* in Mendelssohn's delightful Violin Concerto.

The farewell concert of my old friend, the famous clarinettist, Henry Lazarus, was a brilliant and at the same time a sad affair, for on that occasion this great artist made his final appearance on the platform which he had graced so many, many times, and his regretted death took place not long afterwards.

The Goring Thomas Memorial Concert, which

occurred on the 13th of July, was also a very notable event, most of the great vocalists of the day, including Melba, Calvé, Ravogli, Plançon, and others, evincing their sympathy with the object in view, and helping materially to raise the fund which has perpetuated the name of this gifted but unfortunate musician in the Goring Thomas Scholarship at the R.A.M., of which institution he was for several years a distinguished student.

I attended the annual dinner of the Associated Board on the following day, and recollect the enthusiasm, in which I shared, occasioned by the beautiful speech of the late Dean Hole, an oration that was distinguished by dignity, grace, an occasional touch of humour, a perfect delivery, and which was in truth a model of its kind.

On the 23rd of July I presided, in my own right, at the annual dinner of the R.A.M. Club, a function I was called upon to fulfil so frequently that I began to think I was to the "manner born."

On the 16th of November I commenced a course of six lectures, which became annual, at the R.A.M., my subject on this occasion being "The History of the Pianoforte." This I illustrated with excerpts from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Sterndale Bennett.

Another function that became annual was my examination in pianoforte playing at the Croydon

Conservatoire, of which for some years I had been the President, and this brought me into renewed contact with my late much-valued pupil F. W. W. Bampfylde, whose subsequent early death was a great sorrow to his brother artists.

CHAPTER XIII.

1893-98.

J. Spencer Curwen—Macfarren Room—Agnes Zimmermann—George T. Rose—Philharmonic—Stratford Musical Festival—Radley—Stewart Macpherson—*Pagliacci*—Service in A—Testimonial—Trinity College—Lord Mayor Knill's dinner—G. A. Osborne—Lecture at Hull—Arts Club dinner—Lecture at Scarborough—Academy Lectures—"Symphonie Patétique"—Lecture at Croydon—Manuel Garcia—Commemoration concert—St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and Westminster Abbey—Lecture at Trinity College—August Manns—Dr. Steggall—Lectures at the R.A.M.—St. Paul's—Emil Sauer—R.A.M. Club dinner—Adelina Patti—Royal Academy of Arts banquet—*St. John the Baptist*—Lord Leighton—Abingdon—Purcell—Hampstead Parish Church—Dr. E. G. Monk—Overture, *Othello*—Dvořák—Lewis Thomas—William Farren—I.S.M.—Jubilee dinner to myself—Pupils' testimonial—Walter Macfarren gold medals—*Othello* at Crystal Palace and Bristol—William Dorrell—Arts Club—Reception at Broadwood's by old pupils—Lectures—Brynmawr—Charlton Speer—Prince and Princess of Wales—National Eisteddfod—Leschetitzky.

A PLEASANT visit on the 12th of February from Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, resulted in a friendly memoir of myself in his monthly paper, the *Musical Herald*, in which he spoke of me as being one of the last links with the great musician, Mendelssohn.

Messrs. Broadwood gave, on the 2nd of March, the anniversary of G. A. Macfarren's birth, a great reception to inaugurate an apartment in Great Pulteney Street, bearing the name of "The Mac-

farren Room," on the walls of which were hung portraits of my brother and myself, and many of our most distinguished pupils. On this memorable occasion, Miss Agnes Zimmermann performed superbly my brother's Sonata in G minor, which is dedicated to her, and of which she was the amanuensis; my pupils, Dora Bright and Ethel Boyce, played the former's duet for two pianos on a theme (the last he ever wrote) by G. A. Macfarren. Stewart Macpherson played admirably a selection from my studies, and I played a movement from one of my brother's sonatas; the Misses Kate Cove and Greta Williams sang songs of mine to my own accompaniment. At the conclusion of this little concert, I delivered an address on my brother's life and works, which was to me indeed a labour of love.

This occasion is also sadly memorable from the circumstance that my old friend George T. Rose died suddenly on the morning of that day, a fact which was kept from everybody but myself until after the reception, as it was felt that it would have been impossible at a few hours' notice to cancel the large number of invitations that had been sent out; but to me the loss of a friend who had been a prominent partner in Broadwood's, and a dear kind friend, was a great shock, and I needed to summon all my fortitude to carry out the duties I had undertaken.

The season of the Philharmonic was marked by a change of conductor, Mr. (now Dr.) F. H. Cowen giving place to Dr. (now Sir) A. C. Mackenzie, who assumed this responsible office at its first concert on the 9th of March, an occasion also remarkable for the performance of Dr. (now Sir) Hubert Parry's incidental music to *Hypatia*.

With the assistance of my faithful ally, George Aitken, I examined once more and for the last time at the Stratford Musical Festival—a very useful, nay, valuable function, but a very trying one for those engaged in its duties.

My Easter vacation was passed at Radley, and in the picturesque house and garden of my late friend Dr. E. G. Monk, from whom I took "East Cottage" for a month, and this sojourn is fraught with many pleasant memories.

At the Philharmonic Concert of May 4th, the Irish Symphony of Professor (now Sir) Charles Villiers Stanford proved to be a highly characteristic work which made a strong impression.

On May 17th the Westminster Orchestral Society gave a complimentary concert to its conductor, Stewart Macpherson, at St. James's Hall, on which occasion I for the nonce resumed the conductor's bâton, directing the performance of my brother's overture, *Don Quixote*, and the piano Concertstück (manuscript) of Macpherson, who took the solo himself.

"I Pagliacci"

The hearing of Leoncavallo's strident music in his opera, *I Pagliacci*, and the powerful singing and impersonation of the principal character in that remarkable work by De Lucia, greatly impressed me, the former by its novel orchestration and continuous excitement, the latter by its strenuous characterisation and marvellous display of sustained power.

The Philharmonic Concert on June 1st had some very interesting features, the first being a good performance of Sterndale Bennett's delightful overture, "The Naiads," which came out as fresh, crisp, and clear as ever. The other remarkable items were the Symphony in F minor of Tschaïkovsky, conducted by its deeply-regretted composer in person, and the Concerto in G minor of Saint-Saëns, played by its author with consummate skill and exquisite delicacy. At the succeeding concert of this old Society on June 15th, Max Bruch was the hero, and conducted three interesting orchestral pieces, and his violin Concerto in G minor played on this occasion by M. Gorski.

At the instance of Mr. Docker, the organist of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, I composed a service in the key of A, consisting of "Te Deum," "Benedictus," "Jubilate," "Kyrie," "Magnificat," and "Nunc Dimittis," the first performance of a portion of which I heard in the church just named on July 2nd. It redounded to the credit of that choir and

its choirmaster (F. A. W. Docker), to whom the composition is dedicated.

In the course of this month my Academy pupils presented me with a very gratifying address and a beautiful engraving of "The Haunt of the Sea-Mew," by Peter Graham, Maude Wilson as the senior, being their spokeswoman on the occasion.

I rendered a small service to Trinity College by presiding at the distribution of their prizes and certificates on the 23rd of October, and showed in my speech that, although an Academy man, I was ready to do anything on behalf of music whereso-ever I might be called upon.

The banquet given by Lord Mayor Knill to musicians and firms connected with music at the Mansion House was a singular event, for we were packed together like sardines in a tin, and the speech-making was not of the most exciting character. Still, the meeting of so many of my *confrères* was agreeable, and as I was placed between Mr. Edwin Ashdown and my late friend Frederick Rose (Broadwood's), I passed a pleasant evening, notwithstanding the discomfort of having no elbow room.

The death of G. A. Osborne, the talented pianist and composer, and a friend of my father and brother, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, was a source of regret to a very large circle of friends, including myself, and in attending the memorial

service at Holy Trinity Church, opposite my own residence, on November 30th, I felt the world was poorer by the loss of this genial, kind-hearted, and witty Irishman.

On November 28th, I gave my lecture-recital, "Pianoforte Music, Ancient and Modern," at Hull, a town which it may not be generally known is really named Kingstown-upon-Hull, the "Hull" being a small river, a tributary of the Humber. I returned to town on the 30th, that I might be present at the dinner given by my club (the Arts) to celebrate the honour of knighthood conferred on three of its members—Sir John Tenniel, Sir Francis Powell (President of the R.S. of Water Colours), and Sir Benjamin Richardson, M.D. On my arrival I was met by the courteous secretary, Mr. Duncan Irvine, with the request that I would orate about music in the absence of Sir A. C. Mackenzie through indisposition. This was rather a tall order, but backed up by the encouragement of more immediate friends amongst the members, I complied, and accomplished the task without coming to grief. The late Edmund Yates was to have taken the chair on this occasion, but illness depriving us of his presence, the late Val Prinsep (then A.R.A.) presided in his usual cheery manner, and the Vice-President was the late George du Maurier.

The only incident I desire to record in 1893 was the capital performance at the concert of the

Westminster Orchestral Society, on December 20th, of my overture to *King Henry V.*, directed by the conductor of the Society, Stewart Macpherson.

The year 1894 commenced in a very cold and miserable fashion, and my journey on January 2nd to Scarborough, to give a lecture-recital on behalf of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, was a great success from an artistic point of view, but attended with considerable personal discomfort, for having concluded my performance in the late afternoon, I had brief time in which to catch the train going south, and arrived home in the early hours of the following day cold and tired.

On the 17th of January I commenced my annual course of six lectures at the Royal Academy of Music, the subject on this occasion being "Beethoven as a Pianoforte Writer," which I illustrated with many excerpts from the category of this immortal composer's contribution to this class of music. The 28th of February was the date of the first Philharmonic Concert of the season, notable for two reasons—the first being the removal of the Society from St. James's Hall to the larger arena of the Queen's Hall; and the second, the initial performance in England of the "Symphonie Patétique," by Tschaïkovsky, which produced a profound impression, increased probably by its composer's recent demise. The sensation this work caused, and the curiosity manifested to make its acquaintance,

gave rise to its renewed performance at the succeeding concert on the 14th of March. Frequent hearing of the Pathetic Symphony has induced me to modify the somewhat unfavourable opinion I ventured to express on its first performance; but while bowing reverentially before the undoubted beauties and masterful orchestration which distinguishes it throughout, I cannot accept 5-4 as a legitimate time.

On the 12th of March I gave my—shall I say, popular lecture-recital, "Pianoforte Music, Ancient and Modern," with all the usual tokens of success; and on the railway platform returning to town I met Dr. (now Sir) Frederick Bridge, who had also been lecturing in another part of Croydon on his "Musical Gestures."

The 17th of March in this year is very memorable, for on that day Manuel Garcia entered upon his ninetieth year, when the professors of the R.A.M. subscribed to present the veteran with a beautiful silver service, and I, as the *doyen* of the professorial staff, was entrusted with the duty of making the presentation to my old colleague at the meeting held in the Academy concert-room. In the course of my speech I said that Manuel Garcia should have been an Irishman, being born on St. Patrick's Day; but that, although he did not first see the light on Hibernian soil, yet I had little doubt that as a Spaniard he owed his origin, like the Irish, to

the Celtic race, and that I felt sure many of his distinguishing characteristics were due to that circumstance.

At the Philharmonic Concert on the 2nd of May, Edward German's Symphony in A minor was given, its exciting last movement making a marked impression.

The Royal Academy of Music commemorated the seventy-second year of its existence by giving a concert on a large scale at the Queen's Hall, which was attended by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the then President of the institution. This function was very largely patronised, and its proceeds were devoted to the Students' Aid Fund. The programme on this occasion was composed exclusively of productions by old *alumni* of the institution, and consisted of Sullivan's striking Overture to *Macbeth*, Sterndale Bennett's Caprice, op. 22, played by Agnes Zimmermann, two movements from G. A. Macfarren's Symphony in E minor, A. C. Mackenzie's racy Overture, "Britannia," a choral work by Frederick Corder, Edward German's Trio, "Orpheus with his Lute," sung by Mary Davies, Clara Samuell, and Hilda Wilson, and my songs, "The Linnet Song" and "Awake, O Heart," charmingly sung by Clara Samuell and accompanied by the composer, singer and accompanist having the honour of a double recall. I remember very well the cordial congratulations, amongst

many others, of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and of the late Sir George Grove, which latter, in particular, were very gratifying to me. At the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians on the evening of that day, these were renewed from many friends *ad infinitum*. I may add that at the benefit concert of Mr. Eyre, at the Crystal Palace (who was for many years its organist), on the 26th, Madame Clara Samuell repeated her charming performance of these songs to my accompaniment.

On the following day (Sunday), in company with Dr. E. G. Monk, who was staying with me at the time, I attended divine service at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, in the morning, and at Westminster Abbey in the afternoon, at both of which places my Service in A was down to be sung, and an opportunity was thus afforded my friend of hearing my complete setting of the Morning and Evening Canticles.

The last time I met the late Sir Charles Hallé was at the great reception held by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Threlfall at their residence in Hyde Park Terrace, where there was a prodigious crush and small opportunity of attending to the choice music which had been provided for our entertainment. On the 14th of June I delivered one of my lecture-recitals to a crowded audience, at Trinity College in Mandeville Place, the chair on the occasion being taken by the warden, Dr. E. H. Turpin.

On Friday, the 22nd, I was present at the rehearsal in the Crystal Palace for the Handel Festival, which was directed with all his old vigour, good taste, and judgment by Mr. (now Sir) August Manns, and I was again deeply moved by the overpowering effect, especially of the *Israel* choruses. On the 15th of the month (Sunday), I had the gratification of hearing my Service in A admirably rendered under the direction of my old friend, Dr. Steggall, at the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, Reginald Steggall presiding at the organ.

At the annual R.A.M. Club dinner, on the 25th, I was again called upon to preside as *locum tenens* for the late Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, the president of the year, who was absent on duty.

The following two months passed at Radley in the picturesque house and grounds of Dr. Monk (of which I was again the temporary owner) were most enjoyable. On the 8th of November I gave at Clapham my annual lecture-recital, the subject being this time "Beethoven as a Pianoforte Composer."

On the 16th of January, 1895, I commenced my annual course of six lectures at the R.A.M., on "Beethoven's Concerted Music," the illustrations consisting of most of the ten sonatas for violin and piano, the five for piano and 'cello, and the seven trios for those three instruments, large extracts from these masterly compositions being played by

my own pupils and some of the string *alumni* of the Academy.

A visit to St. Paul's on Sunday, the 10th of February, afforded me intense satisfaction, the "Te Deum" and "Benedictus" from my Service in A being rendered by the choir and organ of that great edifice so admirably, as to send me away a proud and happy man. All honour then to Sir George Martin, the able and conscientious organist of the Metropolitan Cathedral.

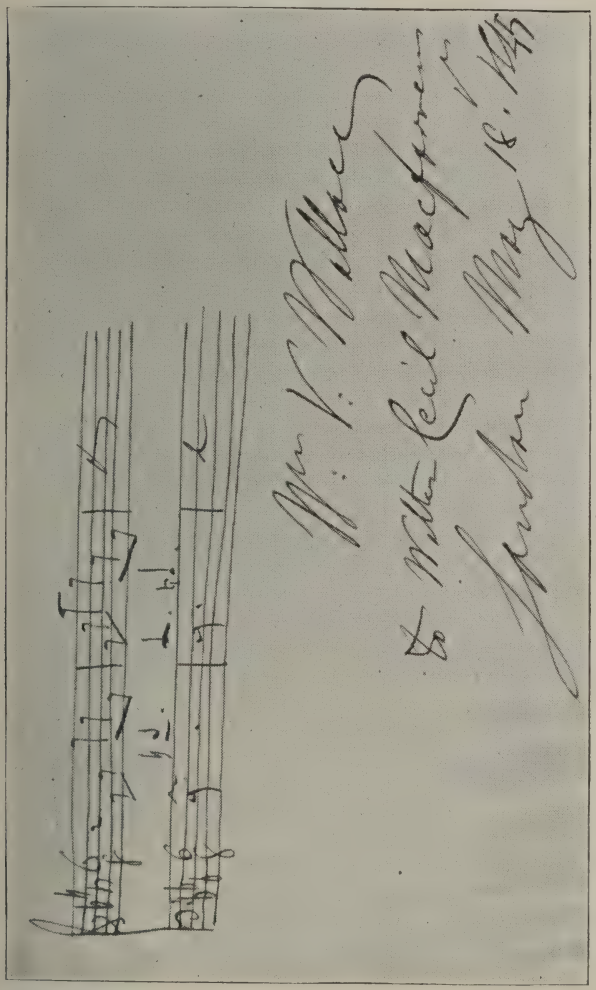
At the concert on March 7th of the Philharmonic Society, Emil Sauer undertook the remarkable feat of playing Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, and Weber's Concertstück, but I cannot, in strict truth, say that either satisfied me; the former was too fast in the first and last movements, and the lovely slow movement was spoilt by being taken too slow. In Weber's romantic work the liberties taken with the text were not at all to my liking.

The R.A.M. Club became the tenants of rooms in the Portland Hotel, Great Portland Street, and at a largely attended dinner given to inaugurate them on Tuesday, the 26th of March, I was called upon to preside, Alberto Randegger being on my left and the late Frederick Westlake on my right side. In the course of my address I referred to the many interesting historical associations connected with this locality. Carl Maria von Weber had lived for three months and died within two doors of the hotel, at

the house of Sir George Smart, himself a notable musician in his time, and the conductor of the Handel Festival in the Abbey in 1834, and of the music at Queen Victoria's Coronation. Then a little farther north resided Tom Cooke, the composer of many sterling concerted vocal pieces, who was also a violinist and frequently led the Philharmonic band, a vocalist who sang in the first performance of *Der Freischütz* in this country. He was a popular vocal teacher, likewise director of the music at Covent Garden Theatre for many years, and so notable a wit that every humorous saying of the day was attributed to him. It is recorded that when suffering on his death-bed from yellow jaundice, he said: "My liver will be my dyer." A little higher up Great Portland Street resided Vincent Wallace, the composer of *Maritana*, a specimen of whose writing is shown on the opposite page; and still higher up resided that handsome and genial baritone, Willoughby H. Weiss.

A few doors farther down the street is the house in which Mendelssohn resided when he first came to England, and on two or three subsequent occasions; it is at the corner of Riding House Street, and was originally occupied by a German ironmonger, Heinke by name. Mr. Heinke was the person (no workmen being at hand) who was called upon to force the door of poor Weber's bed-chamber, at the house of Sir George Smart,

when it was discovered that the composer of *Oberon* had passed away in his sleep.



AUTOGRAPH OF W. VINCENT WALLACE, FROM MY ALBUM.

The distinguished vocalist, Adelina Patti, gave her services to the Philharmonic at the concert

which took place on the 3rd of April, when she sang "Una Voce" and "Voi che sapete" with all her old brilliancy, and at its conclusion she was presented with the gold medal of the Society. Dr. Cummings acted as spokesman, and he, with Mr. Francesco Berger, tied the decoration round the accomplished artist's neck, amidst the thundering applause of the audience.

On the 3rd of April took place the interesting ceremony of presenting August Manns with an address on his attainment of three-score years and ten, when the speeches of the late Sir George Grove and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, together with the reply of the veteran conductor himself, were the chief features of the function.

Another very interesting experience was my first attendance at the annual Royal Academy of Arts banquet in Burlington House, when the late Sir John Everett Millais took the chair in the absence, through illness, of the President, Lord Leighton. Poor Millais himself was not in much better condition, and what was then attributed to hoarseness, rendered his speeches very difficult of understanding. Those present little thought that he would so soon follow the illustrious man (to whose office he succeeded for a brief space), to "that bourne whence none return." The occasion was one of supreme interest, and fraught with memorable incidents. For instance, in proposing the health of the visitors,

Sir J. E. Millais called upon the Archbishop of York to respond, and when that dignitary stated that he was utterly unprepared to do so, the chairman rose again and said he had made a mistake, and that it should have been his Grace of *Canterbury*, and not of York; and there was a roar of laughter when the Primate of England rose and expressed his disappointment that he was not let off. The other notable speeches on that occasion were those of Lord Rosebery, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Mr. Pinero; and when I was, after dinner, wandering about amongst the pictures, a gentleman addressed me by name and shook hands, and when I said that he had the advantage of me, he gave me his name, which was that of the lamented Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whom, in the uncertain light, I had not recognised.

On the 6th of May, Stewart Macpherson gave a capital performance of my brother's *St. John the Baptist*, at Streatham, his choral society there sustaining, with great efficiency, the choral part of the work, while Miss Williams (soprano), Greta Williams (contralto), Edward Branscombe (tenor), and Arthur Oswald (bass), in the title-rôle, gave a good account of the solo parts.

The Royal Academy of Arts Soirée on the 4th of July is fixed in my memory, from the circumstance of its being the last occasion on which I saw the then President of that great institu-

tion, Lord Leighton, whose courteous reception and handshake will ever dwell in my memory.

My vacation this year was passed in the quaint old town of Abingdon, where I tenanted a charming house and grounds for a couple of months, and had many pleasant trips on the river.

On the 22nd of November, the Philharmonic devoted the whole programme of a concert given on that date to the music of Henry Purcell, in celebration of the bi-centenary of that great English musician's death. For my own part I dislike the custom of celebrating the death of great men, and would much rather that the day of their entrance into the world should be signalised.

On the 27th of November I renewed my annual course of six lectures at the Royal Academy of Music.

The performance of Sheridan's inimitable comedy *The Rivals*, at the Court Theatre, on the 30th, was noteworthy for the capital interpretation of the character of Mrs. Malaprop, by that admirable actress Mrs. John Wood, who kept us in fits of laughter whenever she was on the stage.

My old pupil, George Aitken, having become the organist and choirmaster of Hampstead Parish Church, I was much interested in visiting that sacred edifice on the 20th of December, to hear a performance of Spohr's *Last Judgment*, which was most impressively given.

An Accident

The last occasion on which I ever saw my very intimate friend Dr. E. G. Monk, was on the 23rd of December, when I made a flying visit to Radley, and passed the night at East Cottage. I was a good deal distressed on finding that accomplished and amiable gentleman greatly changed by the illness which, although he survived until January 1900, rendered the rest of his life painful to himself and a source of anxiety to his friends.

The year 1896 did not open auspiciously for me, as on the evening of the 10th of January I was nearly knocked into a cocked hat by a cyclist in that short turning between Chandos Street and Portland Place, which was attended by the usual concomitants of an accident—a crowd, a policeman, name and address of the offending party, etc. On my reaching home in a cab, I was still nearly speechless, and as my head had come in collision with the curbstone, I concluded, like Jack in the nursery rhyme, that I had "cracked my crown"; that I did not do so, is proof of the thickness of my skull. It was a nasty accident, from the effects of which I more or less suffered for years afterwards; the handle of the villainous machine having struck me on my side, and, I believe, bent some of my ribs. That I was not permanently injured, was due to the assiduous care and attention of my friend and neighbour, Dr. Mason.

I had been invited by George Riseley to compose some work for the Bristol Festival, which he was to conduct for the first time; but some cause or other postponed that great meeting for another year; and the overture to *Othello* being left on my hands, I offered it to the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, which, on the 18th of February, gave a capital account of the work at its concert in the Queen's Hall under my direction.

The Philharmonic Concert of the 19th of March was notable for the appearance in the conductor's rostrum of the late Anton Dvořák, who directed the performance of a symphony, five Biblical songs, and a new violoncello concerto, the solo part being taken by Leo Stern, and this occasion is to be remembered as the last on which the Bohemian composer came amongst us. I have to record here also, with regret, the death, on the 14th of June, of that excellent vocal artist, my old friend Lewis Thomas, whose funeral on the 17th, at Finchley, I attended in company with Dr. Cummings (who, by-the-bye, had just been elected Principal of the Guildhall School of Music), when the service was most impressively read by Dr. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of his Majesty's Chapels Royal.

On the 1st of July I witnessed a performance of Sheridan's perennial comedy, *The School for Scandal*, at the Lyceum Theatre, which was remarkable for the truly admirable Sir Peter of

Mr. William Farren, whose father I am old enough to have seen in the same character, which my friend his son now sustains in such a delightfully natural manner. On the evening of the 11th of July I had undertaken to play some of my compositions at a conversazione of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and I put in an appearance according to promise, but had an unlucky fall down some six or seven steps, which I had not observed, and although I did not break any bones, I received something of a shock. Nevertheless, I carried out my promise, and after my performance was glad enough to get away home. The following evening, Sunday, July 12th, is a very memorable one to me, for the Principal and my brother professors of the R.A.M. on that occasion celebrated at a dinner at the Arts Club, the jubilee of my professorship at the Academy. Sir A. C. Mackenzie, in a very genial speech, proposed my health, to which I responded as well as my strong emotion would allow. The dinner passed off brilliantly, and the speeches of Emile Sauret and Randegger were well worth recording, but as we had no shorthand writer, they have unfortunately been lost to the world. However, the address with which I was presented on this occasion hangs in my study, and it runs as follows:—

"We offer you our sincerely cordial congratulations upon the unique position to which you have attained

among the Professors of the Royal Academy of Music. Fifty years' service in its best and highest interest deserves thanks—thanks, indeed, much more public than we a handful of your friends may offer you at this moment.

"But we *do* desire to assure you of our high admiration of your *gifts* shown in the artist, the teacher, and the man Walter Macfarren, the major part of whose life has been spent in that school which is certainly not the only bond of attachment between us, your colleagues and friends."

The pupils at this time in my class at the R.A.M. presented me, as a mark of their appreciation of my work and their affection for me, with a revolving bookcase accompanied by an address, my senior pupil and sub-professor at this time (Miss Edith Pratt) acting as their mouthpiece.

To celebrate my Jubilee, I sank between four and five hundred pounds to found two Annual Gold Medals, to be awarded respectively to a male and a female student who, as pianists, should have already gained all the possible awards obtainable in the Academic curriculum. The first of these competitions for the Walter Macfarren Gold Medals took place in 1897, and they will be continued annually in perpetuity. My attainment of the three-score years and ten allotted to mankind by the Psalmist was coincident with my Academy Jubilee, and it was celebrated by two pleasant little dinner-parties; the one given by my old friend and pupil,

Fred Westlake, at the hotel at Hassocks, where he was staying, on the 26th of August (two days before the event), and the other at my own residence at Brighton, on the 29th (one day after the event). The same friends assisted on both occasions.

The Overture *Othello*, to which reference has been made before, had several hearings in the latter part of this year. On the 10th of October at the Crystal Palace, where I conducted a capital performance, and was honoured with a double recall. On the 13th of October I travelled to Bristol, and greatly enjoyed a magnificent rendering of *Elijah* on the evening of that day, under the direction of George Riseley, whose assumption of the conductorship of the Bristol Festival was the theme of general rejoicing. On the evening of the 14th my *Othello* Overture was again heard—as on the last occasion, under my own direction, and with the same pleasant result; and on the 15th, I returned to London and my ordinary work.

On the 22nd of November I called on my old friend William Dorrell, whom I then saw for the last time, his death occurring two or three weeks subsequently, when I heard, to my great surprise, that he had left me £100 as a souvenir of our long acquaintance. Dorrell was a sterling musician, and a pianist of more than ordinary attainment, who, as professor of the instrument of which he was a

master, did excellent work at the R.A.M. until his retirement at the close of the year 1874.

The Overture *Othello* was again to the fore on the 30th of August, at one of the Sunday Concerts in the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Alberto Randegger; and again at one of these concerts on the 6th of December, under my own bâton.

The Arts Club, of which I had been a member since the year 1873, was, owing to the expiration of the lease of its premises in Hanover Square, compelled to shift its abode, and the commodious and handsome house No. 40 Dover Street, Piccadilly, having been acquired, the Club removed its quarters to that new *locale* on the 12th of December in this year, and there it is likely to remain long after I have joined the majority. But from the prevalence of ladies' clubs, dressmakers, and milliners abounding lately in the street, I think the Arts Club will, in course of time, become known as the "Hearts."

Another, and perhaps the most gratifying notice of my seventieth anniversary was the largely-attended meeting of my "old pupils" on the 19th of December at Broadwood's, in Great Pulteney Street, when the late Frederick Westlake presided, and when I was presented with a most touching address signed by about a hundred of my former *alumni*, a beautiful bust of Mendelssohn with an antique pedestal and a *bijou* Broadwood pianoforte. In justice to their

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enthusiastic work in connection with this function, I should mention that my valued pupils George Aitken and William J. Kipps were respectively the secretary and treasurer of the affair, and that their exertions were crowned with complete success.

On the 11th of February 1897, I delivered my Lecture-Recital at Clapham, under the auspices of Walter Mackway; and on the 24th of the same month I commenced my annual series of lectures at the Academy, the subject being "Mozart as a Pianoforte-Composer," which was largely attended. At the conclusion of the last lecture, on the 31st of March, I received a more than usually fervent acknowledgment from the audience, which included many professors in addition to the students.

The Overture *Othello* was again heard on the 27th of March, at a concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society, which, under my own direction, gave a capital account of the work.

I went to Brighton on the 3rd of April, where I passed a very jolly time with the sisters Wheldon (Agnes and May), who accompanied me, my sister's illness preventing her from doing so. After this well-remembered *congé* I went, on the 2nd of May, accompanied by my *fidus Achates*, George Aitken, to fulfil an engagement as an adjudicator at an Eisteddfod held at Brynmawr, where we had some curious experiences, and encountered extremely bad

weather. On our journey to town on the 5th we were horrified on hearing of that frightful catastrophe in Paris owing to the fire caused by the cinametograph. *Othello* was again heard at a concert given by my old pupil Charlton Speer, at the Town Hall, Sutton, on the 12th of May, when the Crystal Palace Band gave a capital rendering of the overture, and my pupil Claude Pollard played with good effect my Concertstück. The vocalist on this occasion was William Shakespeare, who, at Speer's house, where we passed the night, delighted us all for hours together with his singing of Lieder, by Brahms, Schumann, and other Teutonic composers.

I attended the celebration of divine service at St. Paul's on the 20th of June, when the music to be performed at the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was the feature of interest, which attracted an enormous congregation.

The annual distribution of the prizes of the Royal Academy of Music took place in St. James's Hall, on Thursday the 22nd of July, when H.R.H. the Princess of Wales (now Queen Alexandra) delighted everybody by the grace and genial manner in which she discharged the duties of the office she had so kindly undertaken to fulfil. In acknowledgment of the thanks moved by the chairman of our committee, Mr. Thomas Threlfall, the King (then the Prince of Wales) delivered a little speech in his

accustomed agreeable manner, every word being instinct with kindly feeling and articulated with perfect distinctness.

I was associated with Sir A. C. Mackenzie in the adjudication of the various musical prizes at the National Eisteddfod, held this year (1897) at Newport, Mon., for which Welsh town I started, accompanied by George Aitken, on August 2nd. I must say that a more fatiguing week I never experienced in my life. The heat was at a maximum, and it culminated in a terrific storm on the Friday. The town was dirty and crowded, and what with the racing backwards and forwards from our hotel to the temporary pavilion in which the performances took place, the speech-making, the late hours and sleepless nights, I was fairly knocked up, registering an inward vow I would never again undertake a similar engagement. To add to our annoyances, the adjudication of Sir A. C. Mackenzie and myself in the principal choral competition was unpopular with a section of the huge audience. We went in danger of brickbats, and had to enlist the protection of the police. However, there were some agreeable features in the week's experience. In the first place, there was a capital performance of *Elijah* on Tuesday evening, Clara Butt and Ben Davies acquitting themselves with their usual success, and Ffrangçon Davies as the Prophet greatly moving me by

his excellent and truly artistic rendering of the music allotted to him. On the Wednesday even ing the band gave an effective rendering of my Overture *Othello*, when my pupil, Llewela Davies, played admirably Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, both of these latter under my direction. There was a capital performance of Mackenzie's powerful work, *The Dream of Jubal*, which the composer conducted, Ben Davies and Ffrangçon Davies being again to the fore. The nocturnal meetings in the smoke-room of our hotel, which lasted frequently till the small hours of the morning, were also among the agreeable incidents of that exciting week.

I was one of a large crowd of professionals, male and female, who attended at the Salle Erard on September 30th, to meet the celebrated pianoforte teacher, Leschetitzky, an occasion I remember with pleasure, because it was then that my friend Carlo Albanesi offered me the dedication of his second Sonata, a compliment which I accepted with much pleasure. I must also place on record the very interesting and efficient performance of *Elijah* on the 12th of November, under the conductorship of Alberto Randegger, on behalf of the Royal Society of Musicians.

CHAPTER XIV.

1898-1902.

Broadwood — Frederick Westlake — Academy lectures — Associated Board—Aske School—Temple Orchestral Society—York Bowen—Natalie Davenport—Royal Society of Musicians—Arthur Thompson—Alma Mater choir—*Elijah* at the Crystal Palace—Sir A. C. and Lady Mackenzie—Stock Exchange Orchestral Society—*St. Paul*—*David Garrick*—Arthur Sullivan—Stewart Macpherson—Authors' Club—Frankfort Moore—Lectures on Beethoven's Sonatas—Death of Queen Victoria—*The Golden Legend*—Academy Lectures—Sir Hubert Parry.

THE Incorporated Society of Musicians held their Conference in London in 1898, and Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons invited its members to visit their factory in the Horseferry Road, and afterwards to hear an address from myself in their concert-room in Great Pulteney Street, when I commented on the foundation, in 1732, of that great firm of pianoforte manufacturers by Schudi, the harpsichord maker, and its rapid growth after John Broadwood became associated with it. The latter was a young Scotch cabinetmaker, who came to London in about the year 1753, and obtained employment from Schudi, whose daughter he subsequently married. He then became a partner with his father-in-law. Thenceforward,

under John Broadwood, his sons James and Thomas, Henry Fowler the son of James Broadwood, and now under the two sons of Henry Fowler (the great-grandsons of the original John Broadwood), the business has rapidly grown until it has reached its present pre-eminence. I also remarked upon the great services rendered to the old firm by the family of the Roses, the Blacks, and last, but not least, by Alfred J. Hipkins.

My old pupil, and afterwards friend and colleague, Frederick Westlake, to the deep regret of every one, and not least of myself, died, after a short illness, on the 11th of February. I attended the mournful ceremony of his obsequies on the Wednesday following (the 16th of February) at the Church of Our Lady in Grove Road, and his subsequent interment in Kensal Green Cemetery. Fred Westlake had been a pupil of G. A. Macfarren as well as myself, and reflected the greatest credit on both his professors, for he was an admirable musician, and as a teacher of the pianoforte he produced many distinguished pupils; moreover, he was a well-educated and well-read man, a great Shakespearian scholar, and a fellow of such bright intelligence as to be a delightful companion.

On the 23rd of February I commenced my annual series of six lectures at the R.A.M., taking as my theme on this occasion, "The Concerted Pianoforte Music of Mozart."

I had in the first instance been opposed to the association of the R.A.M. with the R.C.M. for the purposes of examination, feeling that the former institution was doing very well by itself, and I therefore declined a seat on the Associated Board; but on the death of Frederick Westlake, nine years after, I was induced to accept that vacated by his demise, which I have continued to retain ever since. It is needless to add that the Associated Board having become an established fact, a further opposition would have been only factious, and my joining has had at least one pleasant experience, in that it has brought me more into contact with Sir Hubert Parry (the Director of the Royal College of Music), Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Franklin Taylor, and the other College members of the Board.

On the 5th of July I examined candidates for the scholarships at the Streatham School of Music; and on the 8th I was engaged in a similar capacity at the Aske School at Hatcham, New Cross, a large and flourishing institution in connection with the Haberdashers' Company, where I have annually examined ever since, and invariably received from the lady-principal, Miss Connolly, the greatest kindness and attention; indeed, I regard my visit there as a red-letter day.

A pleasant remembrance is that of a concert in the Great Hall of the Temple during the

summer of this year, the orchestral performers being members of the Bar, who, under the able conductorship of Mr. Arthur Payne, acquitted themselves most creditably, and that excellent amateur pianist, Mr. Philip Agnew, performed my pianoforte Concertstück like a true artist.

My Academy lectures commenced on the 28th of September, after a long and enjoyable rest at Brighton, where I met my old pupil Miss Kate Lever, whose pretty touch on the pianoforte always leaves a charming impression. On the 22nd of November I delivered an address and gave the prizes at the Blackheath Conservatoire, where I made the acquaintance of York Bowen (then a lad of fifteen or sixteen), to whom I had to hand a gold medal, which coveted distinction he also gained five years later at the Royal Academy of Music, when he gained the Walter Macfarren Gold Medal after a close competition; and I may add that the rapid and brilliant progress of this young artist, both as composer and pianist, has afforded me high gratification. I should also record the pleasure I derived from hearing the performance, on the 18th of December, of two cantatas by my great-niece Natalie Davenport, the granddaughter of my late brother George, who inherits from her grandsire no few of his musical gifts.

A very curious sensation was produced upon me on the 9th of February, 1899, when I dined with

my old pupil Edwin Lemare, who after dinner exhibited to me his phonograph, and when I improvised on the pianoforte, broke down in the middle and burst out laughing, and held disjointed conversation with my host, the whole was reproduced on the phonograph with the most ludicrous effect, and filled me with astonishment; but so many wonderful things are nowadays accomplished, that one ceases to wonder.

I began another course of six lectures at the Academy on February 22nd, which terminated on the 29th of March, and then I sought rest and change for a month at my favourite Brighton.

At the annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians on the 12th of May, Lord Battersea was prevented by illness from fulfilling his promise to preside, and at the eleventh hour the honorary treasurer, Dr. W. H. Cummings, pressed me to undertake that honourable position. I was very busy at the time, and if I had had even a week's instead of a day's notice, I could not have given time to the consideration of my speech; but I had for many years been greatly interested in the beneficent work of this grand old Institution, so without a moment's hesitation I stepped into the breach, and I believe the Society's subscription did not suffer in consequence.

On the 30th of the same month, that finished vocalist Arthur Thompson sang songs of mine to

my own accompaniment at the concert of the Alma Mater Choir in St. James's Hall, and I take this opportunity of recording the many occasions on which that inimitable artist and dear friend has rendered me a similar service. At the same time it seems appropriate to say a word about the Alma Mater Choir. This male voice choir, consisting of present and former students of the R.A.M., has made a name for itself by its capital performances, in which tone, light and shade, and attack have been its distinguishing features, and has reflected the highest credit upon its untiring and enthusiastic conductor, Henry R. Eyers.

The performance of *Elijah*, under the able directorship of the veteran August Manns, at the Crystal Palace, on behalf of the Royal Society of Musicians, on the 24th of June 1899, was a noteworthy occasion for many reasons. In the first place, the effect of the immense choir in the "Baal" chorus and "Thanks be to God" was astounding, and made me think of my early friend their composer, and how his well-remembered features would have lighted up if he could but have heard the effect produced by his music given by that stupendous choir and orchestra. Then the singing of Albani, Clara Butt, Clara Samuell, Ben Davies, Arthur Thompson, and last, but not by any means least, of Charles Santley, was what was to be expected from these great artists.

The last-named, indeed, seemed to be inspired, and in "Is not His Word like a Fire?" he roused the immense audience to enthusiasm, sitting down amid prolonged cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

After the Academy prize-giving, on the 21st of July (1899), an interesting affair took place in which I was called upon to play a somewhat conspicuous part. It was the celebration of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's silver wedding, when he and his lady were presented with a silver service by the professors and committee of the Academy, and I, being the *doyen* of both, was deputed to fulfil the honourable duty of addressing the Principal. The Academy concert-room was filled to repletion, and when I mounted the platform the sight was picturesque in the extreme, the balcony being filled with the girls in their academic costumes of white material adorned with scarlet sash and medals, and the area with a throng of musicians and their wives and daughters. When the Principal entered with his wife and daughter, the cheering might have been heard at Hyde Park Corner. I think the situation and my speech, in which I commented on the career of the hero, greatly moved the recipient of our gift.

A long holiday of nine weeks' duration at my old quarters at Brighton, and a round of the usual engagements—the Lyric Vocal Union, the Croydon

Conservatoire, and the like—brought the year 1899 to a close.

1900, the *fin de siècle*, opened very quietly for me, the first noteworthy incident being my acceptance of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's invitation to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at a smoking concert, in the Queen's Hall, when that admirable body of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Payne, rendered a varied programme with striking effect.

Mendelssohn's first Oratorio, *St. Paul*, at the Albert Hall, under Sir Frederick Bridge, on the 25th of January, was to me especially interesting, not only on account of the fine rendering of the work, but because it recalled my early experiences as a choir-boy, when on more than one occasion I sang in the chorus at the performances of the oratorio by the old Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall. The splendid "How great is the depth," St. Paul's great song, "O God, have mercy," and the exquisite "Jerusalem" reproduced in me the former situation vividly.

I had seen those excellent actors, Sothern and Hermann Vezin, in the play of *David Garrick*, but never having witnessed the performance of Sir Charles Wyndham in the same character, I availed myself of the opportunity of doing so on the 12th of February (1900), when I was most struck by the veteran William Farren as Squire Ingot, whose

every word was distinct, and his embodiment of the character most natural.

On the 21st of the same month, I entered once more upon my annual task of lecturing for six consecutive Wednesdays at the Academy, in the course of which I was assisted in the illustrations of my interesting subject, "Mozart," by some of my pupils and by Sauret's talented pupil, Margaret Sutton.

The Ladies' Night of the old Madrigal Society, on 17th of May, is a very memorable occasion to me, it being the last time on which I met Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was in the chair, and in proposing the toast of the evening made a very interesting speech. Sullivan was looking ill and jaded, but I little thought before the year was out he would have passed away, and I now recall with renewed pleasure my early acquaintance with him, when as a boy he won the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and my more or less intimate knowledge of him throughout his brilliant career.

My little Cantata for female voices, *The Song of the Sunbeam*, was capitally rendered at a concert of Walter Mackway's Choir, when I was induced once more to take the stick in hand, and was welcomed on the platform with the kindliest of greetings. Stewart Macpherson having accepted the invitation of the Associated Board to visit Australia and New Zealand as examiner, took a sort of farewell at the concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society, on

the 30th of May, and having expressed a wish that a work of mine should be included in the programme, my Overture "Hero and Leander" was given under his conductorship; and at the rehearsal, while thanking him for the great pains he had bestowed on my composition, I expressed the hope that he would have a *bon voyage*, a very successful tour, and a happy return in improved health, a hope which was heartily endorsed by all present.

At the instance of Algernon Rose (a member), I received and accepted the invitation of the Authors' Club to dine as the guest of the evening, on the 2nd of July, and a very interesting affair it was, with an excellent chairman in the person of Frankfort Moore, supported by many other celebrities. In response to the toast of my health, I of course eulogised especially the Art of which I am a humble votary, my address including many quotations from the poets in praise of the divine gift of music. Suffice it to say that I received the warm congratulations of all present. In reply to my quotation of Dr. Johnson's remark that "music was the *least* disagreeable of noises," the Chairman said that on hearing the Doctor's observation Goldsmith exclaimed, "'Ah! sir, you never heard me play the flute.' 'No, sir,' retorted the Doctor; 'if I had, I should not have said music was the *least* disagreeable of noises.'" I should add that illness unfortunately prevented Algernon Rose — who was really the

founder of the feast—from being present on that memorable occasion, but at his instance a select party of the Lyric Vocal Union gave a capital performance of some of my part-songs for male voices.

The latter half of the year 1900 was bare of incident, but on the 9th of January 1901 the new century was inaugurated by one of the most arduous undertakings of my life. This was a course of lectures on "Beethoven's Solo Pianoforte Sonatas," a subject I had long had the ambition to attempt, yet which it was impracticable to complete in six *séances;* but on this occasion, in compliance with my wish, the Committee of the R.A.M. extended the number to twelve, which gave me ample opportunity of discussing and analysing these thirty-two masterpieces. In doing so I had the assistance of my old pupils Stewart Macpherson, Maude Wilson, May Wheldon, Walter Fitton, Llewela Davies, Margaret Gyde, Annie Cantelo, Claude Pollard, Elsie Horne, Dora Bright, and that admirable pianist and excellent musician Agnes Zimmermann, who played the three Sonatas op. 2 at the initial lecture, and the two Sonatas op. 110 and op. 111 at the final lecture, so that she was my Alpha and Omega. The renewed study of these great works, in preparation for my lectures, kept me more than ever in touch with them, and, if possible, increased my admiration and veneration for their immortal composer. The third lecture, which was to have

occurred on the 23rd of January, had to be deferred to the 26th of the same month in consequence of the lamented death of Queen Victoria, whose brilliant reign of nearly sixty-four years' duration has been so graphically described by many more capable pens than mine, that I will not attempt to enlarge on this great theme; but I may venture to say that, remembering well her accession to the throne of this great country, and having assisted in the humble capacity of a boy-chorister at her coronation, the death of this august lady affected me greatly.

The performance at St. James's Hall on the 21st of January of Stewart Macpherson's Mass is an incident I should not pass over, for this remarkable work of my old pupil raised him considerably in the estimation of those capable of judging.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave their annual concert this year in the Crystal Palace, and the death of Arthur Sullivan having occurred so recently as the end of the previous year, that lamented English composer's Cantata *The Golden Legend* was appropriately chosen for performance on the occasion, and on the 22nd June it was given under the direction of August Manns (who had ever been a staunch friend of the deceased musician), with all the completeness that the utmost care and loving reverence could bestow upon it. I need scarcely add that it produced a deep impression, and upon none more than upon myself.

My annual visit of two months to Brighton afforded me opportunity of preparing another course of lectures for the Academy, the second in this year. This course consisted of six lectures, commencing on the 23rd of October, and the subject was "Pianists, Ancient and Modern: Clementi to Brahms." In the illustration of these lectures I was assisted by my old pupils Walter Fitton, Stewart Macpherson, Margaret Gyde, W. J. Kipps, Llewela Davies, and Elsie Horne.

On the 13th of November, at the annual dinner of the Musical Association, I had the pleasure of proposing the health of its recently-elected president, Sir Hubert Parry, and in the course of my speech I referred to the interesting facts that I had given his father, the late Gambier Parry, harmony lessons when I was scarcely out of my teens, and that Sir Hubert had received some lessons from my brother, G. A. Macfarren, on the same subject.

CHAPTER XV.

1902-1904.

Fishmongers' Hall—Alfred Gilbert—Manuel Garcia—Emile Sauret—*Merrie England*—King Edward VII.—Lyric Vocal Union—Metropolitan Examination—Resignation of Academy professorship—Robertson's Othello—Last lectures at the Academy—Memoir in the *World*—Marquis of Northampton—Prince of Wales—Re-election as member of Philharmonic—Presentation on my retirement—Sir A. C. Mackenzie—Pupils' testimonial—Tonal Art Club—*Richard II.*—Wilhelm Kuhe—Joseph Heming—Tonal Art Club concert—Ben Davies—Tonal Art Club Dinner—John Thomas—Wesselly Quartet—Manuel Garcia—Joseph Joachim—Royal Society of Musicians' dinner—Worshipful Company of Musicians—Autograph hunter.

A DINNER at the Fishmongers' Hall, whither I went in company with Alberto Randegger, reminded me of a similar function which I attended some twenty years earlier with my late brother, when I met the late Sir John Stainer and the late Frank Buckland, the latter of whom made us all roar with laughter when he said that if we wanted to keep up the supply of oysters we should preserve the baby oysters, and not sacrifice their innocent young lives to our greedy appetites.

My late friend Alfred Gilbert was to have lectured on "Mendelssohn" at the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" on the 6th of

February, but serious illness preventing the fulfilment of his promise, I was requested to take his place, and received from his son, Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the sad intelligence of my friend's demise as I was entering the room to commence my address. In the acknowledgment of my annual congratulations, the veteran Manuel Garcia wrote me a charming letter, in which he apologised for having left my missive so long unanswered, as he had been to Egypt!—pretty well for a youngster entering, on the 17th of March, his ninety-eighth year.

The great violinist, Emile Sauret, celebrated his fiftieth birthday by assembling his friends and admirers at the Great Central Hotel on the 22nd of this month, in the large hall of which he afforded them an interesting programme, which however lacked any exhibition of his own inimitable talent; but he invited me to play with his excellent pupil Margaret Sutton my Romance for pianoforte and violin, "Angelus" (dedicated to himself), which was received in the kindest manner.

Sunday the 1st of June is memorable to me in this year (1902) from the performance in Brixton Church of my Symphony in B flat, by a capital band of some thirty professionals, under the able direction of my old pupil Douglas Redman. While waiting for the commencement of the programme, another pupil regaled an immense assemblage of listeners with copious extracts from my *Forty*

Preludes, which, although written for the pianoforte, came out, under Welton Hickin's capable fingers and feet, with good effect on the organ.

On the 7th of June, in Broadwood's Concert Room in Great Pulteney Street, a very interesting little performance took place, on the invitation of May Wheldon and Margaret Sutton, these two young artists being heard to great advantage in works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and the latter joining me again in my little piece "Angelus."

I greatly enjoyed, on the 13th of this month, Edward German's bright and fresh *Merrie England* at the Savoy Theatre, the individuality of which I found as striking as the admirable art exhibited in its composition.

I was at a concert of the Tonal Art Club on the 17th, whereat Emile Sauret was presented with silver candlesticks and an address, which was read by the vice-president of the club, Mr. Van der Straeten. At this concert I accompanied Clara Samuell once again in a successful performance of my two songs, "Awake, O Heart!" and "The Linnet Song"; and on the 29th I was present at the annual dinner of the Society for Promoting the Fine Arts, at which Lord Saye and Seale presided, and I had to orate.

It is matter of history that the intended Coronation of King Edward the Seventh on the 26th was cancelled, in consequence of his Majesty's serious illness, but I may record the deep regret which that

unfortunate *contretemps* caused, and at the same time express my heartfelt gratification at his Majesty's recovery, for he is ever foremost in promoting every philanthropic movement; he encourages the advance of Science and Art, he shares in our amusements and recreations, he makes himself known to his subjects throughout the length and breadth of the land, and, in a word, he is one of the most public-spirited and constitutional monarchs that ever sat on the throne of this great country. Speaking of royalty, it is appropriate to note my visit, as a member of the Associated Board, to St. James's Palace, when we and the local representatives were received at the annual meeting of that important institution by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, its president.

My annual *congé* at Brighton was this year (1902) rendered more than usually enjoyable by the presence there of my old pupil Linda Scates (Mrs. Charles Yates), who, with her husband, are excellent company, and joined us in many an agreeable afternoon.

I presided at the annual "Ladies' Night" of the Lyric Vocal Union, when, amongst other items, the programme contained my Romance "Angelus" (Margaret Sutton and myself) and my humorous part-song, "Old King Cole," both of which had a tremendous reception.

On the 22nd of December commenced the

annual Metropolitan Examination of the R.A.M., and as this was the last of many similar functions with which I had been associated, I am particular to note its date, and to state that my associates on the Board were Carlo Albanesi, Henry R. Eyers, and on several days, Stewart Macpherson.

The year 1903 found me still at work on the Metropolitan Examination, which did not terminate until the 10th of January, and that my reader may understand the nature of the work I had on hand, I should say that for eighteen consecutive days I was engaged at the Academy in practical examination, eight hours on each day, and after a brief interval for dinner in the evening, I was occupied until midnight in examining the theory papers in connection with the examination. Small wonder then that I was completely exhausted, and that an unfortunate attack of bronchitis finding me in weakly condition, I was quite prostrated. During my enforced imprisonment for some three weeks I made up my mind, first, that I would have no more to do with "exams.," and, second, that I ought to give myself more liberty. With this fixed resolve in my mind, I wrote to the committee of the R.A.M. expressing my intention to receive no new pupils, and to let my class die out; but the committee were of opinion that this would be undignified, and unsuited to the position I had for so many years held in the Academy, and it was therefore decided that I should

continue my professorship until the end of the academic year, and then definitely retire.

I ought to mention that in the midst of my heavy work I indulged in the relaxation of a visit to the theatre, and on the 3rd of January I witnessed Mr. Forbes Robertson's very powerful impersonation of Othello, Miss Gertrude Elliott (his wife) sustaining the character of Desdemona with all requisite gentleness and grace.

My annual course of lectures was to have commenced on the 4th of February, but on that date I was still confined to my room, and the initial lecture had to be deferred until the 11th, on which date I opened the subject of "Musical Forms." As this must stand as the last occasion on which I shall ever appear on the platform as a lecturer, I will describe the subject more particularly than usual. The first lecture treated of "Ancient Fugue," and my illustrations consisted of Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue" (the subject of which is said to have been suggested by a poor puss walking over the keyboard of the composer's harpsichord), Handel's Fugue in E minor, Bach's two-part Fugue in E minor and five-part Fugue in B flat minor, and Mozart's Fugue in C, in the performance of which I was assisted by Ismay Connelly (a pupil of Stewart Macpherson) and my own pupil Dorothy Felce. The second lecture (18th of February) was on "Modern Fugue," and the illustrations consisted of Beethoven's Fugue in

A flat op. 110, Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor op. 35, Raff's Prelude and Fugue in E minor op. 72, and Brahms's Fugue in B flat op. 24, which were performed by my pupils Isabel Clark and Minnie Moss. "Sonata Form" was that dealt with at the third lecture on the 25th of February, and the illustrations consisted of the Allegro from Haydn's Sonata in E flat, the Allegro from Mozart's Sonata in F (that in common time), the Adagio in B minor of Mozart, the Allegretto in A flat from Sonata op. 31, and the Allegro from that in C op. 53 of Beethoven, the whole of which were performed by my pupil Mabel Colyer. The fourth lecture (4th of March) was devoted to "Ancient and Modern Rondo," the illustrations comprising the Allegretto from Sonata in G, Haydn, Rondo in A minor, Mozart, Rondo in G op. 51, Beethoven, Rondo in E flat, Weber, and Capriccio in E minor op. 16, Mendelssohn, which were performed by my pupil and great-nephew Herbert Macfarren. The fifth and last lecture, on the 11th of March, was on the subject of "Ancient and Modern Dance Forms," the illustrations comprising Bach's Gavotte and Musette in D minor, Polacca in E, Weber, Polonaise in C sharp minor, Chopin, "Invitation pour la Valse," Weber, Mazurka in F sharp minor, Chopin, and Valse in E op. 32, Moskowski, the performers being my pupils Dorothy Forster and Florence Reeves. A vote of thanks at the conclusion was

moved in flattering terms by my old pupil Walter Fitton, and I then made my final bow as lecturer at the R.A.M.

On the 19th of May (1903) I was visited by Mr. Kalisch, for the purpose of an interview in connection with the article on myself which appeared in the *World* on July 28th, under the title: "Mr. Walter Macfarren at 3 Osnaburgh Terrace," it being one of the series of articles in that paper entitled "Celebrities at Home," and I take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgment to that gentleman for the kindly spirit in which this *brochure* was written, and my admiration of the article as a literary accomplishment.

I was much struck with the able chairmanship of the Marquis of Northampton at the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians on the 26th of June, his speech on proposing the toast of the evening being one of the best I remember to have heard at these gatherings; and at the annual meeting of the Associated Board at Marlborough House on the 8th of July, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I was also struck by the clear, genial, and business-like manner in which the Heir-Apparent conducted the proceedings.

On the 12th of July (1903) my old friend and fellow-student John Thomas called upon me to give me two items of gratifying personal news. The first of these was, that on the previous evening

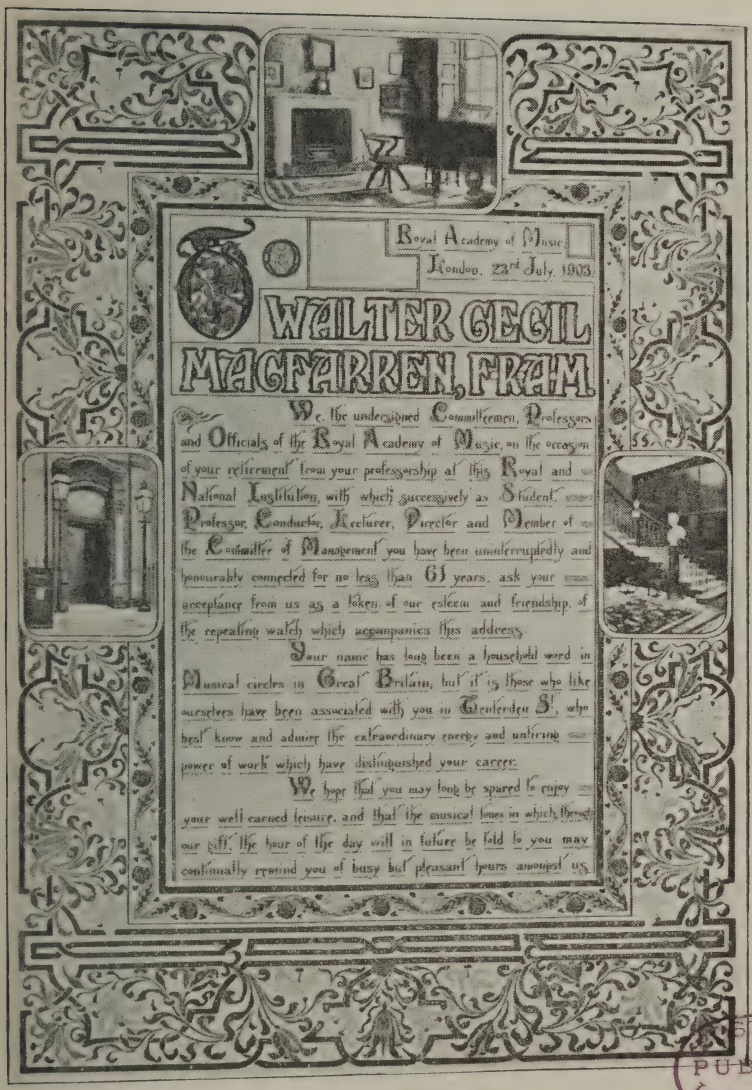
the Philharmonic Society had re-elected me a member of that historic association—a position I had, in a moment of heat, resigned twenty years previously—and I am not ashamed to admit that this spontaneous compliment afforded me the very highest gratification. The second piece of intelligence was that the Committee and Professors of the Academy were going to make some demonstration on the occasion of my retirement, and that they desired to give me something as a souvenir, they having entrusted him with the delicate task of ascertaining if there was anything in particular that I coveted. The nature of my reply will be gathered from the account of the proceedings, which took place on the 23rd of the same month. On that day I was invited to attend in the concert-room of the Academy, and on appearing on the platform, I was greeted with such overwhelming applause as very nearly overcame me, by an assembly of members of the committee and professorial staff. My valued old friend Alberto Randegger was voted to the chair, and he was supported on the platform by Mr. Thomas Threlfall, by my colleagues Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Oscar Beringer, John Thomas, and Mr. F. W. Renaut (the secretary). After a few genial words from the chairman, my old "school and form-fellow" John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia) acted as the mouthpiece of the assembly and

presented me with that which I most coveted—an English gold minute-repeater watch, and the promise (when completed) of an album containing an address which Mr. Threlfall read, and of which, I have since learned, he was the author. (This album has since come to completion, and is a very imposing affair about eighteen inches by fourteen in size, bound in scarlet morocco, inscribed with my initials and the date. Following the address are the autograph signatures of the committee of management, the professors, the official staff, and the domestics. The book is beautifully illuminated, and the first page contains little water-colour drawings of the room and chair I had occupied for so many years, the grand staircase, and the entrance-door, all of which are due to the highly artistic skill and taste of Mr. W. E. Renaut, the eldest son of the Academy's esteemed secretary, Mr. F. W. Renaut.) The address ran as follows:—

"To Walter Cecil Macfarren, F.R.A.M.

"We, the undersigned Committeemen, Professors, and Officials of the Royal Academy of Music, on the occasion of your retirement from your professorship of this royal and national institution, with which successively as student, professor, conductor, lecturer, director, and member of the Committee of Management you have been uninterruptedly and honourably connected for no less than sixty-one years, ask your acceptance from us,

Presentation Album


Royal Academy of Music
London, 23rd July, 1903.
WALTER CECIL
MACFARREN, ESQ.M.
We the undersigned Committeemen, Professors and Officials of the Royal Academy of Music, on the occasion of your retirement from your professorship at this Royal and National Institution, with which successively as Student, Professor, Conductor, Lecturer, Director and Member of the Committee of Management you have been uninterruptedly and honourably connected for no less than 61 years, ask your acceptance from us as a token of our esteem and friendship, of the repeating watch which accompanies this address.
Your name has long been a household word in Musical circles in Great Britain, but it is those who like ourselves have been associated with you in Tenterden St. who best know and admire the extraordinary energy and untiring power of work which have distinguished your career.
We hope that you may long be spared to enjoy your well earned leisure, and that the musical tones in which these our gift, the hour of the day will in future be told to you may continually remind you of busy but pleasant hours amongst us.

FRONTISPIECE OF ALBUM PRESENTED IN 1903.

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as a token of our esteem and friendship, of the repeating-watch which accompanies this address. Your name has long been a household word in musical circles in Great Britain, but it is those who like ourselves have been associated with you in Tenterden Street who best know and admire the extraordinary energy and untiring power of work which have distinguished your career. We hope that you may long be spared to enjoy your well-earned leisure, and that the musical tones in which, through our gift, the hour of the day will in future be told to you may continually remind you of busy but pleasant hours amongst us."

To speech and address I made as coherent a reply as the strong emotion by which I was swayed would permit, and thus ended perhaps the most significant event of my life. I cannot conclude my account of this memorable occasion without recording the charming letters I received from Frederick Corder, Carlo Albanesi, and Fred Walker, two of whom were unable to be present.

The annual prize distribution of the Academy took place in St. James's Hall on July 24th, and in the course of his customary address, the Principal, Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, referred to the retirement of certain members of the professorial staff, and to myself in particular in the following terms:—

"The first has, in course of time, become traditional among us; nor need I say that a quite exceptionally long

career as a professor entitles it to be spoken of singly. Mr. Walter Macfarren has been connected with the Academy for a trifle of sixty-one years—(cheers),—entering it as a student in 1842, and acting as professor as early as the year 1846; yet it cannot be said that he retires from teaching within its walls on account of any diminution of those powers which have placed him in the high place he holds in the estimation of his brother-musicians and the public. If he will allow me to say it, although the Nestor of the school, he is as keen and vigorous still as any of his oldest friends ever knew him to be. But it is not quite an 'adieu' that he is bidding us, but only an 'au revoir,' for he remains on the Committee of Management, where he will still, like Martha, 'trouble about many things' which can benefit the school to which he has proved himself so much attached." (Loud cheers.)

As this is a faithful record of "memories," I must not allow modesty to stand in the way of recounting one of the most moving events of my career. This was when, at the mention of my name by the Principal, the whole of that great audience, including students, professors, and the public, cheered so lustily and so long that I was compelled to rise from my seat and bow acknowledgments of their enthusiastic greeting, which I shall never forget as long as I live.

The following day (the 25th of July), however, was that which I shall ever recall with the happiest feelings, for on that day, at an appointed hour, the twenty-five pupils I was leaving came into my room,

led by their senior, Mabel Colyer, who read me the following address :—

"To Walter Macfarren, Esq., F.R.A.M.

"We, your present and recent pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, hope that you will accept the accompanying present as a token of our great esteem and affection. May we assure you of our deep regret that you are retiring from the Academy, and also of our heartfelt gratitude for the care and unfailing kindness you have always bestowed upon us. We sincerely wish that you may have many years in which to enjoy the rest you so richly deserve, and trust that you may be blessed with every possible happiness and comfort in the future."

And then in the name of her fellow-students she presented me with a gold cigar-case, bearing my initials and a suitable inscription on the inside. Then nothing would do but that I must play to them, and presently my friend Arthur Thompson was fetched down and sang my "Linnet Song" to the delight of everybody. With chat and much laughing and hand-shaking a very genial hour was passed, and I quitted my old room for ever, which, as it has been converted into the Angelina Goetz Library, will never again be used for teaching purposes.

A couple of months at Brighton were welcome after all the excitement of the last few days, and on returning to town I had the novel experience of being entirely out of harness, like a horse that has

been let loose in grass land. However, it was not destined that I should be entirely idle, for some of my Academy pupils still came to me in my private capacity, and I had the preparation of many candidates for the much-coveted letters L.R.A.M. Then the Tonal Art Club, having lost its first President, Emile Sauret (that great artist having made Chicago his headquarters), elected me his successor, and I have felt it my duty to attend the meetings of the club as often as possible. I have had, however, ample leisure to indulge my taste for the drama, which had been in abeyance for some years, and amongst other interesting experiences I witnessed Mr. Beerbohm Tree's powerful performance in *Richard the Second*, which was presented with all imaginable propriety and splendour; but I could not help smiling when, in the scene of the Lists of Coventry, real horses were introduced, and both they and their riders looked as uncomfortable as could be. There is much talk nowadays of the superior manner in which Shakespeare is staged, but I can recollect Charles Kean's presentation of this very play, and apart from the fact that his performance of the ill-fated monarch was a striking one, the tragedy was mounted at the old Princess's Theatre with a magnificence and attention to historic details at least equal to that I recently witnessed at His Majesty's Theatre.

At the instance of my old friend Arthur O'Leary,

I presented the prizes at the Beckenham School of Music, and made the students an address on the occasion; and on the 25th of the same month I performed a similar duty on behalf of the Associated Board at Hastings, where I was most hospitably entertained by the honorary local representative, Mr. Henry Bailey, and myself and my address cordially welcomed. On the 28th I attended an interesting function nearer home, it being the organ recital of my old pupil George Aitken, at the Hampstead Parish Church, of which he has been the much valued organist and choirmaster for close upon ten years, and I was much gratified by the admirable manner with which he acquitted himself on this occasion. My old friend Wilhelm Kuhe, the husband of one of my earliest pupils, reached his eightieth milestone on the 10th of December, and I went to congratulate him on his accomplishment of a long journey, and his continuance in good form. Another old friend, Joseph Heming, celebrated his eighty-second birthday by a dinner at the Metropole, which I had great pleasure in attending, and in the course of the evening proposing the health of the veteran host, who as an amateur alto rendered such great service to Henry Leslie's choir, of which he was in reality the founder; and I may here mention that he was the first person to conduct in public my well-known part-song, "You Stole my Love." When I left on this interesting occasion Joseph

Heming insisted on seeing me out even to my cab door, in evening costume, and without head covering, and when I entreated him not to do so, fearing that he would take cold (it was a bitter night), he assured me that he had not had a cold for thirty years, and that he had no fear on that account!

As President of the Tonal Art Club, I felt it incumbent on me to provide the programme of an early "Ladies' Night," consequently on the 18th of January 1904 I gave them a little concert, which took place in the Wharncliffe Room of the Great Central Hotel, when Dora Bright played with B. Albert my Violoncello Sonata, and with that excellent 'cellist and Margaret Sutton, Sterndale Bennett's Trio in A. The last-named charming violinist played with me my Romance, "Angelus"; Arthur Thompson and Miss Katie Moss sang several songs, all of which I accompanied; and I also played an Andante from my brother's First Sonata, it being most probably the last occasion on which I shall ever pose as a solo pianist.

I was greatly pleased on the 30th of January by a performance at the Lyric Theatre of *Ib and Little Christina*, the music of which, by Franco Leoni, is charming, and went under his direction with spirit and precision; and the singing of my old friend Ben Davies was delightful, lifting the whole performance into one of importance. Another musical

treat, but of a very different character, was that I experienced at St. Paul's on the 31st, when, it being Septuagesima, old Papa Haydn's mysterious Chaos and its subsequent Recitative "In the beginning," followed by the grand Chorus "The Heavens are telling" from the *Creation*, went with an effect nearly approaching sublimity.

My old love for what is called "Art," but which is after all only one of the Arts, was revived by a visit to the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House on the 1st of February, when I was peculiarly fascinated by the numerous examples of the genius of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and at the risk of being thought presumptuous, I cannot help expressing my strongest admiration for the grace of his compositions, and the delicacy and exquisite finish of his faces and hands.

On the 23rd of this month I presided for the first time at the annual dinner of the Tonal Art Club, on which occasion I was supported on my right by Agnes Zimmermann and Mrs. H. R. Eyers, and on my left by my own old pupil May Wheldon, and by Carl Weber, the son of an ancient and highly esteemed acquaintance, the organist of the German Chapel Royal.

The Ides of March bring with them the thought of my old friend John Thomas—who was born on St. David's Day (the first of that month) and ought surely to have been christened after his patron saint

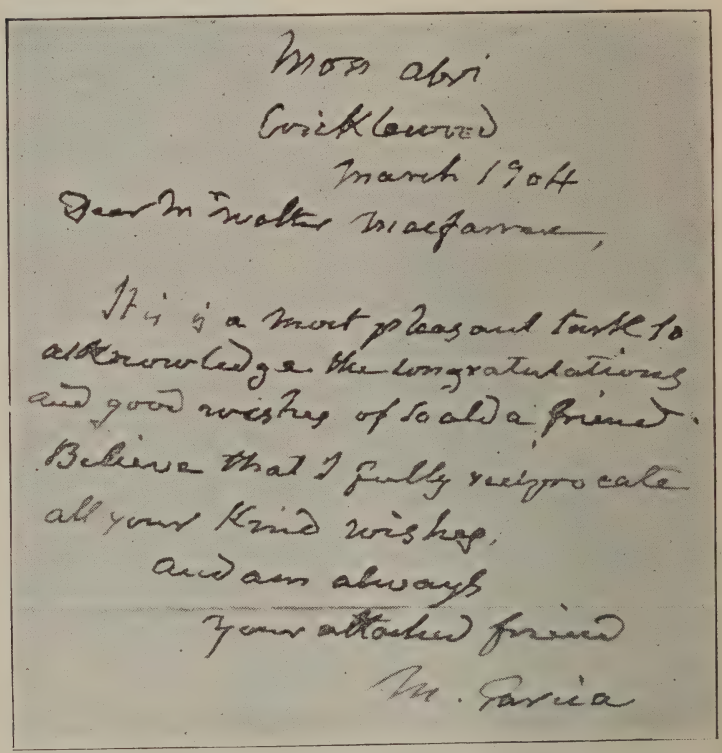
—and according to immemorial custom I greeted him with the respect due to a senior by nearly six months. I say this with no desire to boast of my juvenility, but rather as it affords me opportunity of expressing wonderment at the lightness with which time has dealt with the Chief Minstrel of the Principality, who is the youngest man of his years of my acquaintance.

I must mention the high gratification I derived from the performances of the Hans Wesselly Quartet, which, under the able direction of that eminent violinist, approach very nearly to perfection, and on the 16th of March the performance of Mozart's lovely Quintet in G minor was worthy of the music, the very highest praise I can accord to it; also on the same occasion the Quartet of J. B. McEwen made a strong impression on me.

The concerts of the Alma Mater Choir, under the direction of my friend Henry R. Eyers, one of which took place on the 17th, have been most interesting, and I am glad the choir is making a name for itself.

The mention of the 17th of March reminds me that, having had the honour to address the grand old man Manuel Garcia on his entrance upon the ninetieth anniversary of his birth, I was now called upon to write an address *àpropos* of his entrance upon his hundredth year, and this address was signed by all the professors of the R.A.M. and the

R.C.M., and forwarded to him on the morning of the auspicious day. I also wrote to my ancient colleague privately on this remarkable occasion, and received in reply the autograph letter which is here facsimiled:—



Mon abri
Cricklewood
March 1904

Dear M^r Walter Macfarren,

It is a most pleasant task to acknowledge the congratulations and good wishes of so old a friend. Believe that I fully reciprocate all your kind wishes, and am always

Your attached friend
M. Garcia

The old and honoured house of John Broadwood & Sons, after an experience of over one hundred and seventy years in Great Pulteney Street, having changed its *locale* to Conduit Street, I visited the new premises with great interest, and the Exhibition

of Ancient and Modern Stringed Instruments quite fascinated me. It is curious to reflect that when this eminent firm of pianoforte-makers was founded in the year 1732, Great Pulteney Street and Golden Square were fashionable suburbs of the Court of St. James's, and I am led to wonder whether Conduit Street will have, in accordance with the natural course of events, in another hundred years to give place to a still more westerly site.

Previous to the presentation to Dr. Joachim of his portrait by J. S. Sargent, on the 16th of May, in the Queen's Hall, I had the pleasure of shaking hands with the hero of the day, when I remarked to him that I doubted if there was another subscriber present who had also witnessed his performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto at the Philharmonic on May 27th, 1844, under the direction of Mendelssohn. I have since learned, however, that there was one lady present who had also enjoyed that privilege. The Right Honourable Arthur Balfour made the presentation in a graceful speech, and Sir Hubert Parry, Bart., read the address. Joseph Joachim replied in a speech which was marked by feeling, good taste, and humour, and he afterwards delighted us by an interpretation of the Beethoven Concerto, which was an intellectual treat of the very highest order.

On receiving the invitation of its Court of Assistants to preside for the second time at the

annual Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, I doubted if in the interest of that institution I was justified in its acceptance; but when I reflected that—not to speak of royalty—Charles Dickens, William Sterndale Bennett, Arthur Sullivan, and many another, distinguished in literature, science, and art, had occupied that position, I felt that it was a great compliment, not so much to myself personally, as to the profession of which I am a humble member. I also reflected that music had not only been the source of my livelihood, but a solace and comfort in time of trouble and anxiety. It had added joy in moments of success, and had proved a constant companion throughout my life of unvarying sweetness. I felt, therefore, that music having done so much for me, it would have been ungrateful to refuse to render this little service on behalf of music; so I accepted the honourable position, and on June 25th presided over a very large assemblage of musicians and music-lovers. I proposed the toast of the evening in a speech which elicited from the Rev. Dr. Edgar Sheppard, the Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal, who was on my left, the single word "Excellent!" which touched me almost more than the prolonged applause of my large auditory. On that occasion, my old friend Dr. W. H. Cummings, the hon. treasurer of the society, proposed my health with his customary eloquence and such heartiness as to assure me the

task was not a disagreeable one, and the hearty vote of thanks I received, later, from the Court of Assistants was accompanied by the gratifying assurance that the attendance at the dinner was one of the largest on record, and that the donations and subscriptions had considerably exceeded those of the previous year.

The last memory I have to record is my presence at the inauguration of the Loan Exhibition of Musical Instruments, Portraits, and Autographs, by the Worshipful Company of Musicians, in the Fishmongers' Hall, kindly lent for the occasion by that worshipful Company. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the exhibition, which was attended by the *élite* of the musical profession; and, in connection with this event, I may add that I had the pleasure of lending the portrait of Mendelssohn, by Magnus of Berlin; and that of my brother, Sir G. A. Macfarren, by Mrs. Goodman. A few days later I attended in the same hall a very interesting and well-delivered lecture by Algernon Rose on the subject of "Dances of Bygone Days."

Old persons whose names are familiar to the public are liable to the importunity of autograph hunters, and I have not been exempt from this species of mild persecution, but the following is one of the most original examples of the genus I ever received:—

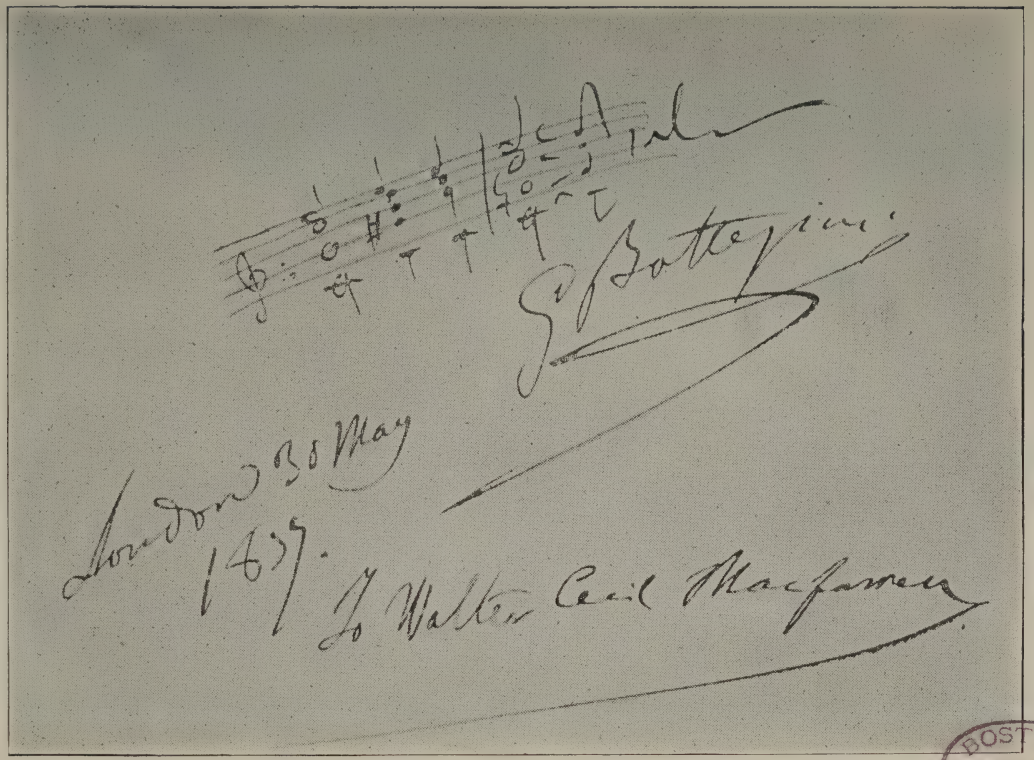
Walter Macfarren

"ETON COLLEGE,
"13/6/03.

"DEAR SIR,—Could you, unless you *totally* disapprove of it, send me your autograph for my collection, if it can as yet be called so? I should be awfully grateful! If you do disapprove, all I can do is to express the hope that you will have already forgiven the audacity of—Your obedient, yet budding, 'friend,' H. J. F——R."

To which epistle I replied, signing myself "your obedient but full-blown friend."

One more pleasant memory is that of my acquaintance with the great contra-bassist and eminent musician, G. Bottesini, whose unique talent was not more remarkable than his modesty.



AUTOGRAPH OF BOTTESINI.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Letters—G. A. Macfarren—Moscheles—Cipriani Potter—Charlotte Helen Dolby—W. S. Bennett—Lord Coleridge—Mrs. Anderson—John Stainer—Joseph Joachim—J. W. Davison—Manuel Garcia.

Now that my "Memories" are all recorded, and my readers' patience, I fear, well-nigh exhausted, it has occurred to me that I might have spared them the trouble of wading through these pages, as many of the particulars contained therein concerning myself have been already told by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen in the *Musical Herald*, in the year 1894; by Mr. F. G. Edwards in the *Musical Times* (1896); by myself in *M.A.P.*, in 1901; by Mr. Kalisch in the *World* (1903); and by Mr. Tann in the *Musical Age* (1903). Still, these recollections do not refer exclusively to myself, and the matters personal will perhaps be more acceptable in my own words than in those of another; but I avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments to the gentlemen above named, who have one and all dealt with me in the kindliest spirit, and given me credit for much more than I deserve.

It has been my practice for many years to destroy letters, the mass of correspondence in which

I have been engaged rendering this proceeding necessary, unless I would devote a room especially to their retention, and a special secretary to tabulate them. This habit, however, has its inconveniences, and these I feel at the present moment when I should like to submit to those who do me the honour to read these pages interesting communications from many eminent men, but in searching my various receptacles I can discover only a few of these which are suitable for the purpose. The earliest in point of date is from my brother, G. A. Macfarren, written in the Isle of Man, and it may be as well to explain that the Mr. Stanfield mentioned therein was the great marine painter, Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. Basil was a brother nearly three years my senior, who died in 1837. The new master spoken of was J. W. Davison.

"DOUGLAS,

"*December 20th*, 1836.

"MY DEAR WALTER,—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you. I hope they will let you off at the Abbey on Sunday before the pudding be cold, and that you will enjoy a right roystering rumpus in the evening. You must be very good and kind to mamma, for you know this is the best—indeed the only way to make her happy. I suppose you will go to Mr. Stanfield's. Would you not be very much surprised to see me in the midst of you playing showman to Mr. Adcock's Punch? Indeed I should; and even more pleased than astonished, as I

do not think there is much chance of this delightful accident coming to pass. I hereby engage Basil and you as my deputies, to take my turn to be funny between you, and as a recompense I give you my share of the enjoyment (which if I were there would not be a little one) in addition to your own, and I desire you to kiss mamma and Ellen for my sake; of course you will begin by kissing each other. The people here do not seem to know what Christmas means—(poor creatures!),—for they think more of going to church than making merry. If I do not get a pleasant invitation for Christmas Day, I am taking a long walk to see the ruins of Peel Castle, a famous old place about which many strange stories are told, and I shall very likely pass the night there.

"I am thinking very anxiously about Basil and his examination at the Academy, which I understand takes place to-day. Poor Basil! I hope he has been pegging hard, for that is the only thing to put him in good spirits about it. And you, my master, must not be idle. You must be attentive to your lessons at school and to your practice at home, or you will never be a man. I trust that when next I hear you play I shall find you much improved, and that you do credit to your new music master. Mind everything mamma says to you, and be very kind to Ellen and Basil, and you will be sure to be happy and to make them so.—Your affectionate brother,

"George.

"P.S.—How do you manage with the puddles on your way to Westminster? You would not get on well here, for this is the dirtiest, crookedest, rainiest, windiest place I ever saw.—G. A. M."

The following extract from a letter of Ignaz

Moscheles was addressed to me during my brother's absence in America, and it explains itself :—

"Leipsic,
"*6th December*, 1848.

"To W. C. Macfarren, Esq.

"My dear Sir,—In answer to your note dated 23rd November, I will give you information about your brother's Quintett, which is still in my possession yet unpublished. When I first made proposals to several publishers of Leipsic they found objections in the usual way, viz.: 'Due respect to the merit of the work, but we have so many things in hand (works on account of the authors), and dramatic works in fashion, arrangements therefrom, a Quintett is a serious heavy work, etc.,' they said. Then the political events operated such a standstill of the Arts on the Continent, that a total change of public affairs must be expected before the publishers may gain confidence to publish greater works. How much I still suffer under these circumstances you may easily imagine.

"In expectation of better times, which seem to approach, I will seize the first opportunity to begin new negotiations about the Quintett. Should your brother, on his return to England, wish to have the MS. returned, it might be easily done, or a copy of it sent, or I would most willingly keep it till a favourable chance offers. . . .

"My dear sir, yours very truly,

"I. Moscheles."

Cipriani Potter's last appearance in public was at a concert of mine in March 1857, and in reply to my letter of thanks he wrote as follows :—

"Inverness Terrace,
"Bayswater,
"*March 27th*, 1857.

"Dear Macfarren,—I thank you for your kind note, and beg to assure you that the gratification was quite mutual as regards the performance of the duet by Mozart; my regard for *you* and your *talents* induced me readily to acquiesce to your wishes.

"Your performance on Monday was excellent in every respect, it was nicely subdued, and you produced an excellent tone, and your playing highly successful.—Believe me, with much esteem, yours faithfully,

"Cipriani Potter.

"P.S.—I was delighted with the Sonata."

The following letter from Charlotte Helen Dolby was in acknowledgment of my little gift on her marriage with Prosper Sainton :—

"*February 3rd*, 1860.

"My dear Mr. Macfarren,—I was far from imagining you would feel sufficient interest in my welfare to induce you to remember me in so very generous a manner; thank you then from my heart for the handsome gift I have just received. You will be glad to hear that Campbell is the only one of the English poets whose works I have not received in a collected form, so that yours is a most appropriate gift. A thousand thanks then, dear Mr. Macfarren, and ever believe me your sincere friend,

"Charlotte H. Dolby."

Letters

The following letter from Sir William Sterndale Bennett speaks for itself:—

"50 Inverness Terrace,
"Kensington Gardens,
"*July 21st*, 1863.

"My dear Walter Macfarren,—I am very much gratified by the compliment you have paid me in dedicating your 'Elaine' to me. I hope to play it very often myself, and to hear it played very often by others. It is very melodious and clear in its construction, and I assure you has given me much pleasure even to look at it. When my holidays come (in a few days) I hope to realise it.—Ever yours sincerely,

"William Sterndale Bennett."

Here is another charming letter from my old master, Cipriani Potter, in reference to one of my concerts :—

"*April 10th*, 1870.

"My dear Macfarren,—I heard your Sonata for the third time, and never enjoyed it so much; it went off most beautifully—good things one cannot hear too often. I was obliged to leave after your Sonata for the Royal Society of Musicians' dinner. Mozart's Trio was delightful; you all did your duty. Hummel's Duet was well played. The two songs pleased me very much, as well as the audience. —With kind regards, believe me, yours sincerely,

"Cipriani Potter."

The annexed letter of the late Lord Coleridge

(then Sir John Duke Coleridge) was addressed to me as honorary treasurer of the Sterndale Bennett Testimonial Fund :—

"Heath's Court,
"Ottery Saint Mary,
"*October 3rd*, 1871.

"Sir,—I enclose you with much pleasure two guineas towards the Sterndale Bennett Exhibition. I have the highest respect and regard for the great musician in whose honour it is to be founded, and I only regret that through some inadvertence of my own I have not sent my name long since to be added to the list of contributors.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"John Duke Coleridge.

"W. Macfarren, Esq."

The following letter from Mrs. Anderson will be read with interest by those old enough to remember her stately figure, and by a younger generation on learning something of her remarkable career. Mrs. Anderson was a native of Bath, and as Miss Philpot achieved a great reputation as a pianist in that fashionable city before coming to London, where she had the honour of instructing the future Queen Victoria in pianoforte playing, and subsequently married Mr. G. F. Anderson (master of Queen Victoria's private band). This admirable pianist and musician was also the instructress, I believe, of all Queen Victoria's children, and was respected, and I may say beloved by the Royal Family. She

played much in public, and annually at the Philharmonic, and at that society's jubilee she played Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, being at the time seventy-five years of age; she survived her husband, and did not leave us until she had become a nonogenarian. As a corollary to the foregoing remarks I may mention that Mrs. Anderson's niece, Kate Loder (Lady Thompson), played Mendelssohn's Second Concerto (dedicated to Mrs. Anderson) at a concert of her aunt and teacher in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre in the presence of the composer, who expressed high admiration for the young pianist's talent.

"54 Nottingham Place, W.,
"*March 4th*, 1870.

"My dear Sir,—Pray accept my best thanks for your polite attention in sending me a copy of your Sonata; there is so little music of this sort written now, that it forms a welcome addition to my library. Hoping I may soon have an opportunity of hearing it,—Believe me, with our united kind compliments, yours very truly,

"Lucy Anderson."

The letter which follows was an acknowledgment by Sir William Sterndale Bennett of the part I had taken as honorary treasurer in connection with the foundation of the scholarship and prize which perpetuate his name at the Royal Academy of Music:—

"24 Queensborough Terrace.

"My dear Walter Macfarren,—Many sincere thanks for your most kind letter, which I shall ever remember.—Sincerely yours,

"William Sterndale Bennett."

The following letter from the late Sir John Stainer was in reply to one of mine asking him to arrange so as to let the orchestral players off timely for a concert of my own :—

"7 Upper Montague Place, W.

"Dear Sir,—Unfortunately I am prevented from beginning my rehearsal before 12, owing to the morning service in the Cathedral, which will not close till then. The only thing I can do will be to rehearse the day before; but I cannot definitely decide on this until I have seen our clerk of the works and found out whether he can arrange our platforms, etc., before morning service on Monday, 30th. I think you had better not delay your concert—as under no circumstances could my band get through the rehearsal and up to the Hanover Square Rooms in two hours. Evidently I *must* alter the day of rehearsal and shall do so with great pleasure, rather than interfere in any way with your work.—Believe me, yours faithfully, "John Stainer."

The annexed letter from Dr. Joseph Joachim tells its own story:—

"25 Phillimore Gardens, W.

"My dear Macfarren,—To my great sorrow I must say I cannot come to your concert to-morrow (excuse the

rhyme!). I must go to Windsor in the evening to play at the Castle; the day cannot be changed, as it is for the birthday of Princess Louise that the musical party is arranged. I look forward to the Tuesday appointed by you with great interest. — In great haste, and ever sincerely yours, "JOSEPH JOACHIM.

"*March 18th*, 1876."

A notice of the performance of my Symphony in B flat having appeared in the *Times*, I wrote to the eminent musical critic of that journal, asking if I was right in attributing this kindly reference to my work to the hand of my old friend and early teacher, J. W. Davison, and I received the following reply:—

"36 TAVISTOCK PLACE, W.,

"*August 24th*, 1880.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—The hand was the hand you surmise—always ready to give a hearty grip whenever it may be allowed the opportunity.—Believe me, yours as ever,

"J. W. D."

The two following letters from the almost centenarian, Manuel Garcia, were in response to my annual congratulations:—

"MON ABRI,

"CRICKLEWOOD,

"*Mai* 1, 1901.

"MON CHER AMI,—Permettez moi de répondre en Français à votre lettre. Comme vous, je garde vivante la

mémoire des principaux accidents qui ont eu lieu durant ma carrière à l'A.R. de M. Un entr'autres, mémorable pour moi, fut la présentation du 'Testimonial.' Chargé de cette tâche difficile, vous sutes en faire un texte flatteur pour moi.

"Actuellement vous trouvez une autre occasion de m'addresser l'expression de sentiments sympatiques. . . . C'est un nouveau tribut de reconnaissance que je vous dois. Le retard de ces lignes vous sera expliqué par mon séjour en Egypte pendant l'hiver.—Votre sincère

"M. Garcia."

"Wetherfield, Camberley.

"Dear Friend,—I accept with pleasure, from an old friend and comrade, words of felicitation, meaning less in some people's mouths, but in yours I feel their value, for they are in harmony with my own feeling towards you. Wishing you health, which is the desideratum of men advancing in age,—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"M. Garcia."

I like not taking leave, and my last words will therefore be very brief; but I cannot close this volume without expressing my satisfaction at the unabated prosperity of my *Alma Mater*—the Royal Academy of Music, the grand old Philharmonic Society, and the great philanthropic Royal Society of Musicians, three institutions with which I have been more or less associated throughout the greater part of my life, and which have my earnest and sincere good wishes. I must also place on record

my deep indebtedness to my old friend and publisher of many of my works, Edwin Ashdown, and likewise to old pupils, who, since the commencement of my sight-failure, have rendered me invaluable service as amanuenses. In mentioning the names of Kate Steel, Dora Bright, Maude Wilson, George Aitken, my niece Julia Macfarren, and May Wheldon, I have not words in which to duly express my obligations. The last-named especially, who is now my adopted daughter, has been most helpful in this work, it having been her pen which has inscribed the greater part of the foregoing pages. In conclusion, while taking leave of those who have honoured me so long with their attention, I would express the hope that no word has escaped me in the course of these pages calculated to pain the living or reflect on those who have passed away. At the same time I would also venture to express the hope that the readers who have followed me in this attempt to narrate some of the incidents, experiences, and vicissitudes of a long life, will have derived at least some little of the interest I have had in recalling and placing them on record.

APPENDIX.

Walter Macfarren's Published Works.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Sonata (No. 1) in F, Pianoforte and Violin.
Dedicated to Henry Holmes.

Sonata (No. 2) in D, Pianoforte and Violin.
Dedicated to G. A. Macfarren.

Sonata in E minor, Pianoforte and Violoncello.
Dedicated to J. F. H. Read.

Four Romances for Pianoforte and Violin.
Dedicated to Prosper Sainton.

Romance, "Angelus," for Pianoforte and Violin.
Dedicated to Emile Sauret.

Scherzo in E minor, for Pianoforte and Violin.
Dedicated to Margaret Sutton.

Concertstück for Pianoforte and Orchestra.
Dedicated to Nanette Kuhe.

Twelve Studies for Pianoforte, in Style and Technique (first set).
Dedicated to Dora Bright.

Twelve Studies for Pianoforte, in Style and Technique (second set).
Dedicated to A. J. Hipkins.

Forty Preludes for Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Maude Wilson.

Andante and Bolero—Pianoforte Duet.
Dedicated to Lady Thompson.

Appendix

Andante and Scherzo—Pianoforte Duet.
L'Appassionata ,,
La Gracieuse ,,
La Fête d'Hiver ,,
La Bouquetière ,,
,, Two Pianofortes and four Performers.

First Suite de Pièces (D minor), Pianoforte Solo.
Dedicated to Kate Steel.

Second Suite de Pièces (E flat).
Dedicated to Ethel Boyce, Edith Young, and Dora Bright.

Third Suite de Pièces (in C), Pianoforte.
Dedicated to George Riseley.

Suite Ancienne (No. 4) in A, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Henry R. Eyers.

Suite des Roses (No. 5) in G, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to May Wheldon.

Caprice (No. 1) in G, Pianoforte.

Caprice (No. 2) in F sharp minor, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Carlo Albanesi.

Allegro Appassionata in A minor, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Cipriani Potter.

Allegro Cantabile in B, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Mary Lock.

Scherzo (No. 1) in G, Pianoforte.

Scherzo (No. 2) in A minor ,,
Dedicated to Charlton T. Speer.

Scherzo (No. 3) in F, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to May Wheldon.

Polonaise (No. 1) in D flat, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Lindsay Sloper.

Polonaise (No. 2) in G minor, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Frederick Westlake.

Polonaise (No. 3) in A, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Mabel Colyer.

Walter Macfarren

Polonaise (No. 4) in D minor, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Florence Reeves.

Impromptu (No. 1) in A ("Mountain Stream"), Pianoforte.

Impromptu (No. 2) in B flat ("Sul Mare"), Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Mrs. Joseph Robinson.

Impromptu (No. 3) in E flat, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Stewart Macpherson.

Impromptu (No. 4) in G minor, Pianoforte ("Chanson d'Amour").
Dedicated to Ada Hazard.

Impromptu Gavotte in A minor, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Brinley Richards.

Cappriccio in B flat, Pianoforte.

Rondo-Caprice in A ("May Morn").

Rondeau à la Berceuse, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Oscar Beringer.

Rondoletto in A ("La Primavera"), Pianoforte.

Rondino Grazioso in G, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Mrs. Robert Bruce Steel.

Rondino Espressivo in F, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Annie Cantelo.

Rondino Patetico in A minor, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Stewart Macpherson.

Rondino Scherzando in C, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Arthur O'Leary.

Barcarolle in F sharp, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Carlo Albanesi.

Barcarolle in B flat ("Il dolce far niente"), Pianoforte.

Barcarolle in B flat ("The Fairy Boat"), Pianoforte.

Valse Brillante ("The Skylark"), Pianoforte.

Valse Impromptu in E flat, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to W. J. Kipps.

Valse-Caprice in D flat, Pianoforte.

Valse de Concert in E flat, Pianoforte.
Dedicated to Emma Buer.

Appendix

Valse Romanesque in E flat ("La Bien-aimée"), Pianoforte.

Valse in E flat ("La Joyeuse"), Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Linda Scates.

Valse Romanesque ("Titania"), Pianoforte.

Valse Romanesque in D, Pianoforte Solo.

Dedicated to Oscar Beringer.

Valse Brillante in E flat ("La Rossignol"), Pianoforte.

Dedicated to W. H. Holmes.

Valse Romanesque in G minor ("Elise"), Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Miss Esner.

Tarantella (No. 1) in G, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Wilhelm Kuhe.

Tarantella (No. 2) in C minor, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Agnes Zimmermann.

Tarantella (No. 3) in F minor, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Lady Thompson.

Tarantella (No. 4) in E flat, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Adolph Schloesser.

Tarantella (No. 5) in B flat, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Edith Young

Tarantella (No. 6) in A minor, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mary Philpot.

Gavotte (No. 1) in D, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Miss Caroline Lane Fox.

Gavotte (No. 2) in E flat, Pianoforte.

Gavotte (No. 3) in G, Pianoforte.

Gavotte Moderne (No. 4) in C, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Margaret Gyde.

Romance Tenerezza (No. 1) in B flat, Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 2) in E ("Madeline"), Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 3) in D ("Bianca"), Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 4) in F sharp minor ("Mariana"), Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 5) in F ("Elaine"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to William Sterndale Bennett.

Walter Macfarren

Romance (No. 6) ("Carina"), for Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 7) in A flat ("Eleänore"), for Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 8) in B flat ("La Gondola"), for Pianoforte.

Romance (No. 9) in E ("Parmi les Montagnes"), for Pianoforte.

Two Nocturnes in E minor and E major, for Pianoforte.

Nocturne in A minor ("Music on the Lake"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.

Nocturne in C sharp minor ("Twilight"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Miss Emily Burrell.

Nocturne-Caprice in E flat ("Daydream"), for Pianoforte.

Berceuse in G ("Golden Slumbers"), for Pianoforte.

Berceuse ("Cradle Song"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Lady Burrell.

Nocturne in D flat ("La Penserosa"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mrs. J. F. H. Reed.

Spinning Song in C, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Lady Trevelyan.

Spring Song in A, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Maude Wilson.

Autumn Song in A minor, for Pianoforte.

The Naiad's Song in B, for Pianoforte.

Morning Song in G, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mary Taylor.

Evening Song in C, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Annie Taylor.

Two Bourrées in C minor and C major, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Walter Fitton.

Bourrée Nouvelle in G, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mrs. Harvey.

Bourrée in C minor, for Pianoforte.

Marche de Concert in A flat, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Sidney Smith.

Appendix

Galop de Concert in E flat, for Pianoforte.

Galop Brillante in E flat ("Le Réveil"), for Pianoforte.

Galop in D flat ("Les Etincelles"), for Pianoforte.

Galop di Bravura ("Will o' the Wisp"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mrs. Joseph Robinson.

Mazurka Caractéristique in F minor ("Hyacinthe"), for Pianoforte.

Second Mazurka Caractéristique in F, for Pianoforte.

Third Mazurka Caractéristique in A flat ("Perdita"), for Pianoforte.

Two Mazurkas in B flat minor and F major, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Nanette Kuhe.

Fourth Mazurka in A ("Zephyrus"), for Pianoforte.

Fifth Mazurka Caractéristique in D minor, for Pianoforte.

Saltarella in A minor, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Arabella Goddard.

Melody in F ("A Wild Rose"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Alice Hart.

Melody in D flat ("Alpine Rose"), for Pianoforte.

Melody in E flat ("Two Buds"), for Pianoforte.

Melody in G ("Jessamine"), for Pianoforte.

Marche Joyeuse in C, for Pianoforte.

First Menuetto in E flat, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Stephen Kemp.

Arabesque in F, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Agnes Zimmermann.

Vivace in D, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to W. H. Holmes.

Sarabande in D minor, for Pianoforte.

Serenade in E major.

Sarabande in C, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mrs. Clippingdale.

Walter Macfarren

La Spirituelle in C, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Cecelia Lachlan.

Bourrée in D, Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Miss Macirone.

Ballade in A, for Pianoforte.

Second Ballade in B flat, for Pianoforte.

La Fête d'Été in B flat ("Bohemienne"), for Pianoforte.

Polka de Concert in B flat, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mrs. Kuhe.

Canzonetta in C, for Pianoforte.

Venezia in A minor, for Pianoforte.

Fleur de Luce in A flat ("Reverie").

Sylvia in B flat ("Pastorale"), for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to J. Baptiste Calkin.

Album Leaf in A.

Dedicated to Mrs. Woodin.

La Reveillée in D ("Morceau Militaire"), for Pianoforte.

Tendresse in G ("Album Leaf").

Dedicated to H. A. J. Campbell.

La Danoise in D flat ("Galop Brillante"), for Pianoforte.

Three Sonatinas in C, G minor, and D, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to George Aitken.

Reverie in A, for Pianoforte.

Dedicated to Mrs. Russell-Starr.

Fantasia on G. A. Macfarren's Opera "Don Quixote."

Dedicated to Julius Benedict.

Fantasia on G. A. Macfarren's Opera "She Stoops to Conquer."

Fantasia on G. A. Macfarren's Opera "Jessie Lea."

Fantasia on G. A. Macfarren's Opera "The Soldier's Legacy."

Fantasia on G. A. Macfarren's Opera "Robin Hood."

Fantasia on Balfe's Opera "The Bondman."

Fantasia on Balfe's Opera "The Maid of Honour."

Appendix

Transcription of T. Barnby's Part-song "Sweet and Low."
Method for the Pianoforte, including thirty-six original little pieces.
Comprehensive Scale and Arpeggio Manual.
Prelude in G, for the Organ.

VOCAL.

Morning and Evening Service in A: Te Deum, Benedictus, Jubilate, Kyrie Eleison, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis.
Morning and Evening Service in C: Te Deum, Jubilate, Kyrie, Sanctus, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis.
Evening Service: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in C.
The Song of the Sunbeam (cantata for female voices, with piano accompaniment).
Spring (four-part song).
Summer ,,
Autumn ,,
Winter ,,
You Stole my Love (four-part song).
Dainty Love ,,
Hunting Song ,,
Summer Song ("Gentle Summer Rain").
The Curfew Bell (four-part song).
The Warrior ,,
Love's Heigh ho ,,
Good night, good rest (madrigal).
The Fairies (four-part song).
Cradle Song ,,
Morning Song ,,
Go, Pretty Birds ,,

Walter Macfarren

More Life, more Love, more Light (four-part song).
Sweet Content ,,
O Lady, leave thy Silken Thread ,,
Lovers' Parting ,,
Shepherds all and Maidens fair ,,
Night, Sable Goddess ,,
Hence, all you Vain Delights ,,
Swallow, Swallow, hither Wing ,,
Harvest Song ,,
An Emigrant's Song ,,
Sylvia (four-part song).
Daybreak ,,
Two Stars ,,
Bells across the Sea (four-part song).
Old King Cole (four-part song for male voices).
Victoria's Year of Jubilee (four-part song for male voices).
Sea Song ,, ,,
The Stars are with the Voyager ,, ,,
Autumn ,, ,,
Highland War Song ("Pibroch o' Donal' Dhu") ,,
Shortest and Longest (four-part song for male voices).
Windlass Song ,, ,,
I Saw thee Weep (song).
Where is my Lover? (song).
'Tis Sweet when the Breeze is Swelling (song).
Heart! Heart be Gay (song).
Song of the Minstrel Boy (song).
She Wept when Last we Parted (song).
Flow down, Cold Rivulet, to the Sea ,,
Take, O take those Lips away ,,
Love's Trial ,,
The Sea hath its Pearls ,,

Appendix

The Hemlock Tree (song).
A Widow Bird sat Mourning „
O Love, arise! „
Art Dreaming, Sweet? „
Sail Swiftly, O my Soul „
Awake, O Heart! „
The Linnet Song „
Ne'er to Meet Again „
O were my Love yon Lilac fair „
The Water Lady „
Welcome Spring „
While my Lady Sleepeth „
Coming o'er the Sea „
All along the Valley. „
The Willow Tree. „
Life's Seasons. „
Songs and Smiles. „
The Voice of the Sea. „
The Lord is my Shepherd (sacred song).
O Lord, rebuke me not „
I will praise Thee, O Lord „
Let the words of my mouth „
O sing unto the Lord „
Unto Thee, O Lord „

EDITORIAL WORKS.

Mozart's Pianoforte Sonatas (20 Nos.).
Mozart's Miscellaneous Works (30 Nos.).
Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas (35 Nos.).
Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Works (51 Nos.).
Morceaux Classiques (40 Nos.).

Excerpts from Great Masters (24 Nos.).
Popular Classics (240 Nos.).

WALTER MACFARREN'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

Concerto in B minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra (1845).
Overture ("Blue Beard") for Orchestra (1845).
„ to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," for Orchestra (1845).
Overture to Shakespeare's "Othello" (No. 1), for Orchestra (1845).
Overture to Lord Byron's "Beppo," for Orchestra (1846).
„ to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," for Orchestra (1847).
Overture in A ("Pastoral"), for Orchestra (1878).
„ to Leigh Hunt's "Hero and Leander," for Orchestra (1878).
Symphony in B flat, for Orchestra (1879-80).
Overture to Shakespeare's "King Henry V.," for Orchestra (1881).
Overture to Shakespeare's "Othello" (No. 2), for Orchestra (1895).
Sonata in F, pianoforte solo (1843).
„ in C sharp minor, pianoforte solo (1844).
„ in A „ (1845).
Trio in C minor, pianoforte, violin, and 'cello (1843).
„ in E minor „ „ „ (1844).
„ in C sharp minor „ „ „ (1848).

Songs, Hymn Tunes, Chants, etc.

Professional Pupils at the R.A.M. and elsewhere

1848.

H. Weist Hill, F.R.A.M.
First Principal of Guildhall School of Music.

Thomas A. Wallworth.

1849.

Fred. Folkes.

William Egerton.

Oliver Johnson.

1852.

Amy Dolby.

George Dolby.

Laura Banks.

1855.

Frederick Westlake, F.R.A.M.
Professor and Committee-man, R.A.M.

1856.

John Radcliffe, A.R.A.M.
Principal Flautist, Royal Italian Opera.

1857.

Jane Bailey.

Jane Meagan.

1858.

Mina Wyatt, A.R.A.M. (Mrs. Hardie).

1859.

E. Robertine Henderson, F.R.A.M.

John P. Hill.
King's Scholar 1860.

John Anderson.

1861.

Ridley Prentice, A.R.A.M.

Thomas Walstein.

1862.

George E. Bambridge, F.R.A.M.

Josephine Williams (Mrs. Blake), A.R.A.M.

1863.

Emma Buer, A.R.A.M.
Westmoreland Scholar 1865.

1865.

Stephen Kemp, F.R.A.M.
Extra Royal Academy Scholar 1866, and Professor R.A.M.

Walter Macfarren

1866.

Linda Scates, A.R.A.M. (Mrs. Charles Yates).
Extra Royal Academy Scholar 1866.

1868.

Mary Taylor, A.R.A.M.
Organist of Charterhouse.

Nessie Goode, A.R.A.M.

1869.

Annie Martin (Mrs. Russell-Starr), F.R.A.M.
Sterndale Bennett Prize 1874.

Florence Newman.

1870.

Ethel Gregory (Mrs. Bennett)

Julia Macfarren

1871.

Walter Fitton, A.R.A.M.
Potter Exhibition 1873, Professor R.A.M.

Jena Goode.

1872.

F. W. Bampfylde, A.R.A.M.
Professor R.A.M.

Ellen Holmes.

1873.

Julia Chute.

Mary Boole.

Charlton T. Speer, A.R.A.M.
Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1874, and late Professor R.A.M.

Emily Brown.

Louisa Greenhill.

1874.

Ethel Goold, A.R.A.M.
Lady Goldsmid Scholar 1876.

Kate Steel, A.R.A.M.
Potter Exhibition and Sterndale Bennett Prize 1874, Professor R.A.M.

Helen Hancock.

Ada Hazard, A.R.A.M.

Jane Brown.

Mary Lock, A.R.A.M.

M. Robertson.

Clara Lilwall.

Florence Anwyl.

1875.

Tobias Matthay, F.R.A.M.
First Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1872, Professor R.A.M.

Thomas Silver.
Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1876.

Mary Frost.

Alice Heathcote.
First Thalberg Scholar 1877.

Margaret Bucknall, A.R.A.M. (Mrs. Eyre).

1876.

Jessie Berry.

Mary Wyeth.

Henry R. Rose, F.R.A.M.
Professor R.A.M.

E. Elvey.

Clara Fischel.

Ellen Crummack.

Florence Taylor, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Jamieson).

1877.

Emily Latter, A.R.A.M.

Mary Goodwin.

Henry J. Cockram.
Twice Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1877-78.

Marian Lobb.

Margaret Gyde, A.R.A.M.
Sterndale Bennett Prize 1879, Potter Exhibition 1880, Lady Goldsmid Scholar 1881, Thalberg Scholar 1882.

Mary Robinson.

Elizabeth Foskett.

1878.

Mary Forty (Mrs. Frank Lawson).

Maude Valérie White, F.R.A.M.
Mendelssohn Scholar 1879.

Thomas B. Knott, F.R.A.M.
Professor R.A.M.

Amy Gell.

Annie Scates.

E. Darby.

— Ince.

Kate Lever.

— Nicholls.

Mary Grist.

Kate Bishop.

Ralph Wilkinson.

— Young.

1879.

— Moore.

Annie Cantelo, A.R.A.M. (Mrs. Cox).
Sterndale Bennett Prize 1881, Lady Goldsmid Scholar and Potter Exhibitor 1882.

H. Inwards.

J. Bayley.

— Powell.

1880.

J. Foalstone.

B. Davis.

Emily Spark.

M. Josephs.

Mary Dyer.

Stewart Macpherson, F.R.A.M.
Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1880, Balfe Scholar 1882, Lucas Medal 1884, Potter Exhibition 1885, Professor R.A.M.

Maude Willett.

Jean Ridout.

Kate Cahill.

Lily Goodchild.

Douglas Redman, A.R.A.M.
Organist and Choirmaster Brixton Parish Church.

Arthur Dace, A.R.A.M.

1881.

Edith L. Young, A.R.A.M.
Lady Goldsmid Scholar 1887, Sterndale Bennett Prize 1888.

R. C. Mauley.

1881.

E. Sharp.
Mary Pope.
Mary Moore.
Dora E. Bright, A.R.A.M. (Mrs. Knatchbull).
Porter Exhibition 1884, Lady Goldsmid Scholar 1886, Sterndale Bennett Prize 1887, Lucas Prize 1888.
Henrietta Gilder.
Annie Taylor, L.R.A.M.
A. Dacre.
N. Webb.
Mary Garland.
E. Thompson.
Ethel M. Boyce, A.R.A.M.
Lady Goldsmid Scholar 1885, Potter Exhibition 1886, Sterndale Bennett Prize 1886, Lucas Prize 1889.
Lucia Corbett.
Helen Pamphillon.
Lotty Butler (Mrs. Leonard).
Mary East.

1882.

Marian Dudeney.
Jane Prichard.
Oldfield Marshall.
Albert Fox, A.R.A.M.
Hine Gift 1883, Balfe Scholar 1884, Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1886, Heathcote Long Prize 1886.
Walter Mackway, A.R.A.M.
Professor R.A.M.
Edwin H. Lemare, F.R.A.M.
Sir John Goss Scholar 1878, late Professor R.A.M.
Margaret Driscoll.
A. Boyer.
Mary Bull.

1883.

Lucy Hann.
Marie James, A.R.A.M.
Thalberg Scholar, 1885.
H. Gwynne.
William J. Kipps, A.R.A.M.
Henry Smart Scholar 1884, Potter Exhibition 1887, Santley Prize 1887, Heathcote Long Prize 1888, Professor R.A.M.
Emma Warren.
George John Bennett.
Mus. Doc. Cantab., F.R.A.M., Organist of Lincoln Cathedral, Balfe Scholar 1878-80.
Catherine Kingston.
— Sunning.
— Sutton.

1884.

H. R. A. Robinson, A.R.A.M.
Medora Gunning.
L. Harrison.
E. Cooper.
J. Drinkwater.
Edith Faraday.
John Williams.

Appendix

1884.

G. Richards.
Kate Mortimer.
Edith Plomer.
Dora Robinson.
Sterndale Bennett Prize 1882.
E. Hoby.
Maude E. Wilson, A.R.A.M.
E. Garcia.
E. Simon.
Meta Scott.
M. Hawkins.
Helen Coldwell.
T. Harris.
Eleanor Quick.

1885.

Margaret Ford, A.R.A.M.
Sterndale Bennett Prize, 1890.
Alice Schloesser.
A. Campbell.
Florence Easton.
George Aitken, A.R.A.M.
Organist and Choirmaster Hampstead Parish Church, Robert Cocks Prize, 1895.
Theodore Ward.
Alfred Izard, A.R.A.M.
Professor R.A.M., Heathcote Long Prize 1884.
Henry A. Hurdle, A.R.A.M.
Annie Gilbert.
Ada Tunks, A.R.A.M.
Hine Gift, 1889.
S. Adam.

1886.

J. Hart.
M. Kynaston.
A. Heffer.
Ellen Glanville.
J. T. Williams.
Florence Flecher
G. Poulter.
M. Biffen.
Charlotte Walters.
Florence Heathcote.
Henrietta Wells.
Maud Mason.
M. Cobham.
E. Cocks.
C. Dunlop.
E. Moore.

1887.

J. Caddell.
E. Macrae.
A. Kingdon.
Alice White.
A. Martin.
Edith Barnes.
Llewela Davies, A.R.A.M.
John Thomas Welsh Scholar 1887, Macfarren Scholar 1892, Sterndale Bennett Prize 1891, Louisa Hopkins Prize 1892, Musicians' Company's Medal 1893, Charles Lucas Prize 1894.
Ethel Larking.
Gilbert Grummitt.
— Phillips.

Walter Macfarren

1887.

Henry J. Wood, F.R.A.M.
Conductor Queen's Hall Orchestra.
Jane Wilkinson.
Maud Brown.
Mary Barnard.
Edith Dean.
Emily Russell.
Ethel Beaver.

1888.

Mary Lovett.
Alice Scott (Mrs. Flack).
— Tufnell.
E. Hoare.
— Thorn.
Eliza Brooks.
E. Bourner (Mrs. Clement Hann).
Mary Parsey, L.R.A.M.

1889.

Oceana Hinton.
Eva Dunham.
Anne Hargraves.
Georgiana Ascough.
Lucy Godwin.
Edith Pratt, A.R.A.M.
Grace Armitage.
Amy Goslin.

1890.

Lucy Bell.
Joseph Marsh.
Kate Igglesden, L.R.A.M.
Rebecca Mander (Mrs. Fox).
M. Hollow.
Beatrice Waddington.
H. Stothert.
Blanche Thomas.
Laura G. Lemon.

1891.

Ethel Savage.
Maud Bennett.
Beatrice Macdonald.
Bernard Flanders, A.R.A.M.
Robert Cocks Prize 1894, Walter Macfarren Gold Medal 1898.
Helen Claxton.
Isabel Mackenzie.
Henry Jenkins.

1892.

John Clarke, L.R.A.M.
Harry Maclean.
Harold E. Macpherson, A.R.A.M.
Robert Cocks Prize and Heathcote Long Prize, 1893.
Mary Wilkes.
Herbert L. Cooke.
Organist and Choirmaster St. Luke's, Kentish Town.
Mary Plaskett.
Grace Ierson, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.
Ellen Bowick.
May Wheldon, L.R.A.M.

Appendix

1892.

Alice Andrews, L.R.A.M.

L. Marles Thomas.

Mary Philpot, L.R.A.M.

Constance Riseley.

Hannah Smith, L.R.A.M.

Welton Hickin, A.R.A.M.

Robert Cocks Prize 1896, Charles Mortimer Prize 1898.

Esther Caine.

1893.

Clare Powell.

Percy Harmon.

Stanislaus Szczepanowski.

Hine Prize, Sterndale Bennett Scholar 1892.

E. Haskett Smith.

Robert Neville Flux, A.R.A.M.

Hine Prize 1894, Potter Exhibition 1896, Sir Michael Costa Scholar 1897, Walter Macfarren Gold Medal 1900, Bandmaster of the Royal Engineers.

Claude Pollard, A.R.A.M.

Professor R.A.M., Thalberg Scholar and Heathcote Long Prize 1895, Walter Macfarren Gold Medal 1897.

Leta Edwards.

1894.

Mabel Colyer, A.R.A.M.

Potter Exhibition 1898, Walter Macfarren Gold Medal 1900.

Mary Davies.

Elsie E. Horne, A.R.A.M.

Thalberg Scholar and Sterndale Bennett Prize 1897, Louisa Hopkins Prize 1899, Agnes Zimmermann Prize 1899.

May Walker.

Isabel Macfarren.

Robin Finch.

Marion Railton.

Elsie Foster.

Minnie Pettigrew.

1895.

Kate Rooney.

Rose Phillips.

Octavia de Ward.

M. Aldrich.

1896.

Rose Joyner.

May Savage, L.R.A.M.

Minnie Prendergast.

Florence Kirk.

Ethel Travis Kirk, L.R.A.M.

Annie Ross.

Ellen Crowe.

Kathleen Redmond.

Annie Smallpage.

Gerald F. Kahn.

Heathcote Long Prize 1898.

Rachel Sniders.

Muriel Rusden.

Madeline Campbell.

Walter Macfarren

1896.

— Broadhurst.

1897.

Margaret Biggam.
Violet Haymes, L.R.A.M.
Herbert Macfarren, A.R.A.M.
F. M. Underwood.
Gertrude Saunders.
Olivia Upcott-Gill.
A. J. Hunt.
F. M. Partridge, L.R.A.M.

1898.

Gertrude Brooks.
Florence I. Reeves, L.R.A.M.
Sterndale Bennett Prize and Walter Macfarren Gold Medal 1902.
Ethel Winifred Rose.
Ethel Beverley.
Regina Druiff (Mrs. Gruntwag).
Liszt Scholar 1897.
Horace Bowen.
Associated Board Scholar 1897.
M. Wigley.
May Davis (Mrs. Abrahams), L.R.A.M.
Molly Ames, L.R.A.M.
Gladys Law.
Frederick Westlake Prize 1904.

1899.

Phyllis Caldicott.
E. Quéhen.
L. Woods.
Cecelia Cary.
Dorothy Forster.
Winifred Helby.
Jeanie Ellison.
Muriel Carne.
Margaret Reid.
Constance Jones.
Margaret Bennett.
Associated Board Scholar 1899.

1900.

Isabel Clarke, L.R.A.M.
Margaret Martin.
Violet Rumsey.
Florence Bonner.
Dorothy Felce.
Georgia Urban-Smith.
Lucy Thompson.
Linda Bradley.
Lucy Holeyman.
M. Kempe.
May Kennett.
Hannah Koppenhagen.

1901.

Henry Brown.
Constance V. Hunter.
Minnie Moss, L.R.A.M.
Winifred Vinson.
Edith Jackson.
Florence E. Axtens, L.R.A.M.
Marjorie Fleming.

Appendix

1902.

D. Haydn Richards.
O. L. Blakemore.
May L. Thompson.
Henrietta Morgan.
C. Mary Pellatt.
Linda Chesterman.
Eva M. Andrew.
Victoria Fox.
Thomas, Mrs.
Joy Guerrier, L.R.A.M.
Catherine Bennett.
Lilian Honiss.
Gertrude Cotter.

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